

Life Histories of

Morris Clayson Benson

Jean Anne Johnson Benson

Kurt Lanzen Johnson

Sarah Lucille Keppner Johnson

Orval Dunckley Benson

Lourena May Clayson Benson

Lovingly Dedicated to our children:

Laurie

Shannon

Bonnie

Joel

Julie

and

Kimball



Morris Clayton Benson

LIFE HISTORY OF MORRIS CLAYSON BENSON

I came into the world on a cold winter day, December 21, 1939, the fifth child and fourth son of Orval Dunkley Benson and Lourena May Clayson Benson. I was born in the living room of our home in Whitney, Franklin County, Idaho, the same home that my grandfather, George T. Benson had built for his family, the one my father was born and reared in. Our address was Rt. #1, Preston, Idaho, and remained the same for many years. I was named after my father's cousin, Morris Poole, also of Whitney. My middle name is my mother's maiden name. She was born in American Fork, Utah, and met my father when she, at the age of 13, was visiting her sister, Lucy Tanner, in Whitney for the summer. I was blessed by my father in the Whitney Ward. I had three older brothers, Orval C., Kent, and Larry and one sister, Mignon, who had passed away at the age of three months from a heart defect. The only grandparent I ever knew was my mother's father, Eli Clayson, a white haired gentleman who stayed with us for a short time on one occasion. Through the years, Mother's older sister, Lucy Tanner was like a grandmother to us. We always went to her home for Thanksgiving and she always had such good snacks around her place. Our family farmed her place after her husband, Roy, died.

My earliest memory is of standing in my crib in my parents bedroom, looking over the side. My childhood was a very happy one. As a pre-schooler, I loved to go to the livestock auctions in Ogden, Utah, every Monday morning with my father. I would follow him around like a shadow all day. I pretty well had free run of the place and when I'd get tired of sitting in the auction, I'd amble along the walkways above the cattle pens. I especially liked to walk over to see the sheep and goats. I remember how delicious the food was at the auction cafe - especially the hot beef sandwiches and potatoes and gravy.

Dad always farmed and raised cattle. One of my first jobs was to ride the derrick horse while they were pulling the hay up into the barn with the Jackson Fork. At the age of six I drove the truck for sugar beet harvest. The neighbors always took turns helping each other out with the hay crop. In the early years, we had a threshing crew come to our place to help in the harvest. Mother would feed them a hearty noon meal.

I remember my father reading much of the time, usually something gospel oriented. He'd often come outside and play softball with us. Through the years, Dad always emphasized that sportsmanship was more important than winning and that you never, ever, badmouthed an umpire or referee. Dad said that if any of us boys ever lost their tempers or showed bad sportsmanship, and the coach didn't pull us out of the game, he would.

My first friends were Richard Bodily and K. C. Ballif, neighbor boys of my age. We'd play softball in our yard or pasture or go down to Bodily's to ride their calves (against our parent's wishes).

Towards the end of World War II, barracks were erected down by the Sugar Factory to house some prisoners of war from Europe. These prisoners worked in the sugar beet fields in Whitney and I loved to go out and eat lunch with them because they always had big bags of doughnuts. They only had one guard watching them and after a while they didn't even have him.

As soon as we were big enough to pull weeds, we were out working in the sugar beet fields. Dad worked right beside us. When we were small, and the weeds were too hard to pull out, we'd have to get someone bigger to help us. We liked working in the fields better just after we'd irrigated because the ground was muddy and we'd all go barefoot. We spent a great deal of time in the beet fields throughout our lives, planting, weeding, thinning, hoeing or harvesting.

We had two stoves in our kitchen - a cooking stove and one that heated water. On Saturday nights, we took turns bathing in a tub in front of the Heatrol stove in the living room. We didn't worry much about privacy because there weren't any sisters in our family then. At night we'd listen to radio programs like "The Shadow", "Sky King" and the "Lone Ranger". In the summer we'd be outside playing games like "Annie I Over" (over the telephone wire, the house was too tall) "Hide Go Seek" and "No Bears Are Out Tonight". Often, neighbor kids joined us. The winter months would find us sleigh riding down the Whitney hill or

behind a car.

Christmas' were pretty typical at our house - it was nearly impossible to fall asleep on Christmas Eve and sometimes we never did. My brothers and I would just stay up trying to find things to do to pass the time. One year we woke up at 2:00 a.m. and that 3-4 hours until we could go downstairs seemed like an eternity. I remember getting a brown Teddy Bear from Santa when I was very young. I believe Shannon has it now.

Every night before bed, all of us children would pile on Mother's bed and she would read us Bible stories. Mother was always playing the piano and would often gather us around the piano to sing. It seemed that she was constantly being asked to help with music in the church and community.

From the time I graduated from my crib, the only bedroom I remember sleeping in was the north upstairs bedroom that I shared with my brother Larry. Whenever my parents went out for the evening, the babysitters, Orval C. and Kent, would try to make Larry and me go to bed and it would inevitably result in a major battle.

My sister, Marsha, was born two years after me. We were always proud of her for her beautiful singing voice, but we boys thought she was quite spoiled, being the only girl in the family. I remember when Vaughn, the last child in our family was born, and the day they brought him home from the hospital.

Our family would eat dinner together in the evenings - good country-style meals. Mother would always insist that we eat our vegetables, a trait of hers that persists to this day. She is the one who taught me how to make homemade noodles. When I was in Primary, we made a recipe booklet that included a divinity recipe. This became a specialty item of mine. (Many years later, when I was married and we moved to Sioux Avenue in Idaho Falls, a neighbor, Dorothy Piquet, taught me how to make caramels - a tradition I have carried out every Christmas since.) Once in a while my father would cook. His specialty was Lumpy Dick. I think it consisted of flour and milk cooked together. Every morning, before going out to care for the livestock, Dad would put the hot cereal on the stove to cook, so that it would be ready when we got up.

I don't think my parents ever spanked me (the school principal took care of that later). I never wanted to disappoint my parents, so I tried to do what was right. That was their method of discipline.

Back then, children did not attend Primary until they became of school age, so two "big events" took place when I turned six - beginning school and starting Primary. The Whitney School was next door to the church and every Wednesday afternoon school was dismissed early, at 2:00 p.m., and everyone went to Primary. I loved singing the Primary songs, especially "Light Divine" and "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old". I don't remember all the names of the classes, but I do recall being one of "Zion's Boys and Girls." I was baptized in the stake building by a young man with the last name of Oliverson. They didn't make the fuss over baptisms like they do now. Usually, they had one of the priests do all the baptisms for that day.

I don't think our family ever missed a Sunday of church attendance. Junior Sunday School was in the basement of the church and we would frequently walk home from church. Sacrament Meeting was held in the evenings.

Mrs. Reese, a kindly, grandmotherly woman, was my first grade teacher. She not only taught all of my brothers and sisters, but was my father's first grade teacher as well. I can still see in my mind the "ABC's" across the top of the blackboard in her classroom. For recess we'd get to play with blocks or go outside for basketball or softball. During the winter we'd sit on the cement floor in the hallway over the furnace room (it was warmer there) and play jacks. School lunches, prepared by Sister Beckstead and Sister Swainston, were delicious. I loved the slices of fresh bread and the chocolate pudding. I'd always get the pudding from those who didn't want theirs, plus the cooks would always come around offering whatever was left over after everyone was served.

Perhaps I had a bit too much pudding, because Carl Beckstead, our bus driver and school custodian, nicknamed me "Butterball" (at a later date shortened to "Butter") a name that stuck. Some people from Whitney still call me that.

Other favorite recess games were "Kiss Tag" and "Post Office". In the spring and fall we'd go out into the big grove of trees behind the Whitney church and catch water snakes with which to tease the girls. We liked to make "brick dust" (for what purpose I have no idea) by pounding rocks and old bricks into a fine powder.

In the summers we slept out on the lawn nearly every night, sometimes in pup tents, but usually just under the stars. Our cat would crawl into the sleeping bag with me and sleep in the bottom.

We got an allowance of 25 cents a week. With it, we could go to the movie in Preston on Saturday afternoon. It cost 15 cents to get in. That left us 10 cents for candy. One day they had a drawing at the theater and I won a glass rabbit full of candy. Roy Rogers and Gene Autry were the hot stars of the cinema then. There were always newsreels and cartoons before the main feature. Bugs Bunny was my favorite cartoon. We spent a lot of time at the Whitney store, our stopping-over place, buying pop and candy and just socializing.

As kids, we liked to hunt magpies and sparrows with our air rifles. They were dirty birds that messed up our cattle feed and were a big nuisance. The county agents had bounties on them. We'd get 10 cents apiece for the heads of magpies and 5 cents apiece for baby ones (these we'd get out of the nests). I learned that magpies are smart birds - they seemed to have a way of knowing when you were packing a gun and took off fast.

Dad would often take us boys camping to the canyon overnight. I recall coming back from a camping trip to the Narrows at Bear River. As we came down Giraffe Hill, going at a pretty good clip, we went over a bridge too fast and broke all of Mother's dishes in the back window. We spent a lot of time during the summers swimming in Johnson Reservoir and fishing at Lamont Dam.

When Vaughn was a baby, we left him at Aunt Lucy's for a week and the rest of the family took a trip to Utah's southern parks and to see the Grand Canyon. I remember having a bad toothache on this trip and stopping at a Moab drugstore to buy some medicine to put on it. We also took a few trips to Yellowstone Park. I bought a wooden buffalo and small cedar box that I had for years. I bought pennants wherever we traveled and had them all over the walls of my room.

Learning to read was difficult for me. My parents took me to Provo a few times so that my mother's sister, Lillian, an educator, could work with me. She also tried to help with my stuttering problem, which I'd had since I was small. I had speech therapy in grade school also, but it didn't help much. The stuttering finally left, but was replaced with "speech blocks" a condition where it is very difficult to say certain sounds and words. It was very hard to have to stand up in class when called upon to read, or, as a priest, to say the Sacrament prayer, because I knew that it had to be letter perfect. Sometimes it seemed to take forever to get a word out. I'm sure it seemed much longer to me that it did to others. Although this problem has been a difficult and often embarrassing challenge in my life, I decided that I would never let it prevent me from doing the things I needed or wanted to do.

Another challenge I faced at an early age (a situation that still persists still) was a nervous condition of my legs, actually my entire body from the waist down. Sitting has always been so miserable for me and as a child I would wear my pants out from shifting back and forth. Sitting in school was especially hard.

I, along with all the boys in my class, were in love with our second grade teacher, Miss Smith. She had just graduated from college and rode her horse to school each day. Having her as a teacher made our third and fourth grade teacher, Mrs. Taylor (a.k.a. the "mean teacher") even harder to tolerate. She had a paddle and would go around tapping us on the head if we got out of line. My pals were George Foster and Emery Beckstead. Together, we were known as the "Three Musketeers". It seems that we were always in trouble. Eldon Golightly and his family moved to Whitney during this year and we have been good friends ever since.

Mrs. Wright taught us in grades five and six. It was during these years that we got serious about our ball playing. It was also at this time that I had my infamous "Indian Boy" encounter. He and I were arguing over something in the school's gymnasium. Suddenly, he slugged me hard in the stomach then took off running towards the church. I ran after him, but he was a good 500' away by then. I picked up a rock

and threw it at him as hard as I could. My ballplaying experience came in handy because the rock smacked him right in the back of his head. He tattled to the principal, Dolan Condie, and I got the paddle. But it was worth it. It wasn't the first or last time I was spanked, whether by paddle, by hand or with a stick (if they could find one.) My friend, Emery Beckstead, and I were frequent guests of the principal in the Whitney School furnace room, usually for such infractions as throwing erasers or teasing the girls. The spankings never hurt much and we'd usually start laughing.

I don't remember learning to drive. It seems like I always knew how. As little kids we'd drive the tractor and other equipment. Larry operated the grain harvester when he was just 14. When I went to get my drivers license at the age of 14, one of the questions on the form was "how long have you been driving". When I wrote "Six Years", The examiner said, "I don't think we'd better put that down."

Mr. Condie, the principal, was also our 7th and 8th grade teacher, as well as our band teacher, basketball and softball coach. Every Friday afternoon our school would play another school in one of these sports. My Dad would always come to watch the games. We had excellent teams and usually won district. In fast pitch I was pretty good and became known as "The Home Run Hitter". My position on the team was catcher. I played guard in basketball and was called the "Hot Shot" because of my two specialties: hitting the long shots and stealing the ball.

Band instruction started in the 4th grade and I chose the trumpet as my instrument. I played it throughout elementary, high school and even in college bands. One memorable experience was when our grade school band was invited to our local radio station, KPST, to do a program. Big time entertainment!! I took private lessons from a Mr. Torbeson in Logan which helped me to advance quite rapidly. In high school there was one fellow, a year older than me, from Franklin who played as well. I was always first or second chair trumpet. I never had any trouble going up the musical scale, but coming down was another matter. In high school I played in a trumpet trio for many concerts. My favorite number was "Stormy Weather". When we played it, they'd flash the stage lights on and off and rolled the drums for special effects. We had so much fun on music clinic trips to other cities, Logan, Pocatello, American Falls, and I usually met girls from other schools that I would write to later.

There was no such thing as Cub Scouting when I was growing up, so my experience as a Scout began at age 12. Woodrow Winward was our Scoutmaster, and Bob Hull was our Explorer Advisor. We didn't go to Scout Camp as such, but we attended several "Camporees". At one such event, when we were all out of the camp, someone left a campfire burning and a whole row of tents caught on fire. We went on river trips to Moose, Wyoming, with the Cache Valley Council for four straight years. We'd float the river during the day and camp along the riverbank at night. Our guide would tell us wonderful stories about the Grand Tetons. I have always had the desire to climb the Tetons, but haven't gotten around to it yet. I eventually earned the rank of Silver Explorer.

I received the Priesthood when I turned twelve. Back then they never interviewed boys to receive or be advanced in the Priesthood. When you came of age, you just got ordained. I always gathered fast offerings on my horse. For years I had all the Dunkley families on my beat. I tried to plan my route to finish up at Carol Dunkley's place because her family had one of the first televisions in Whitney. I'd stay to watch TV with her until my mother called and made me come home. Usually, it was around 10:00 at night, so I'd ride home in the dark. The horse knew the way.

To break the monotony of working in the beet fields, I rigged a speaker to the roof of our house, then put a stack of Hi Fi records on the turntable. We had to turn it pretty loud to be heard out in the fields and I'm sure the neighbors could hear it too. I remember when crystal radios first came out. I figured out a way to get better reception by hooking up an antennae wire from the house to the barn to the silo and back to the house.

Maybe it was my active life style, or maybe I was just accident prone, but I had my share of injuries growing up. When I was quite young, six or so, I liked to climb up the ladder in the granary. Orval C. and Kent kept rabbits at the top of it and I wanted to see them. I fell off the ladder several times in doing so. I think this, combined with the family trait of back problems, was the beginning of my bad back. My parents

started taking me to a chiropractor about this time. Another time I was once carrying a broken window. I went around the corner of the house I caught the jagged glass on my leg and cut it quite badly.

My shoulder blade was broken when someone ran into me playing softball. They X-Rayed it, but couldn't see the fracture. The next day I fell on the woodpile and it finished cracking it through. (THEN it showed up on film) This was one of the most painful injuries I had because of the sharp pain I felt every time I tried to move.

When I was twelve or thirteen my parents had gone somewhere for the day. I was riding out the field on the back of the tractor, driven by Orval C. Orval and Elaine were recently married and lived in town. The harrow was lifted up on the hydraulic. Orval dropped the harrow down. One of the staples in a joint caught the side of my leg, causing a very deep 9" gash. I got off the tractor, pulled up my pant leg and saw how bad it was. Orval took me to town for stitches, then dropped me off at his and Elaine's place for her to look after me. Later that night he called for Dad to come and get me. We didn't tell Mother. I managed to get upstairs, but I couldn't sleep because of the pain. I came downstairs to lay down on the couch. Then I couldn't make it back up the stairs so Mother found me there and learned of the injury. I remember having to keep hot packs on it and how long it took to heal.

In the early years, we would go to Idaho Falls to get loose beet pulp to feed the cattle. Then they started shipping it to Preston. I would go to the railroad tracks with my father to get a load of beet pulp. We'd stack them in the barn. I got the idea to hang a rope swing from the top of the barn so that we could swing from one end of the barn to the other, between the stacks of beet pulp. I climbed on top of the barn, cut a hole in it and hooked on a chain that we then attached to a rope. It seems like the neighbor kids and everybody else came to have their turn on the barn swing. Once I was swinging really high when the rope broke and I came down hard, head first, into a hole between some of the bags. Coming down, my leg hit the sharp edge of a board, tearing a gash in my knee.

MIA was held every Tuesday night at the church. We'd go caroling each Christmas and put on roadshows every year. I rigged up a lighting system that we could carry around to the various meeting houses since they did not have lighted stages like we have now.

I attended Preston High School for my four high school years. I belonged to a group of guys known as the "Night Hawks". There were five of us; Richard Bodily, Eldon Golightly, Mark Porter, and Billy Poole. We'd indulge in such wild behavior as going to the movies or dragging Main (there wasn't much to drag). We'd try to create a little excitement by making our car backfire. We later found out the sheriff was always looking for whoever it was setting off dynamite. Our favorite hang-out was The Arctic Circle which was owned and operated by our seminary teacher, Bro. Judy. My favorite meal was a fish sandwich and a caramel marshmallow milkshake. We also played together on the ward softball team and won the stake championship every year. Our circle of friends included some great girls too; Carol Dunkley, Valene Vaterlaus, Sharon Beckstead, Deanne Dunkley and Linda Hinckley. Carol, Sharon, Deanne and Billy were my cousins. We took classes together, including band, and often had parties together.

On most school days, I'd drive the grain truck into Preston and leave it at the Grain Growers to be loaded with rolled barley. After school I'd pick it up and drive it home. We always had chores at home, morning and night, feeding the livestock, milking the cow, doing dishes or scrubbing the floor. Orval C. was in charge of milking the cow. When he got married, I inherited the job. Sometimes I was out looking for the cow at 10:00 at night because I had to listen to my radio programs first. My parents didn't ever have to remind me. I knew it was my job.

The Franklin County Fair was a long-awaited, greatly anticipated event. We'd go around looking at all the booths and displays and enjoy the wonderful food there. The Preston Rodeo and accompanying parade were other big summer events. A carnival always came to town at the same time, and we'd attend all three nights. I liked to visit my Whitney relatives and would go down to Joe Dunkley's place to climb his trees and top them for him when they got too tall.

My first date was to a girl's choice dance with Deanne Larson. I wasn't very excited about it. I enjoyed our group dates more, when the other guys would get dates and we'd go somewhere together. The

most common place to take dates was to Sacrament Meeting. We went to all the school dances and usually had dinner at the drive-in before or after the dances. I tried to never date a girl more than twice so that I wouldn't become serious with anyone before my mission. I decided not to kiss a girl until I found the one I would marry, because that is what my Dad told me he had done. One of my favorite girls was Shannon Nash, who was so cute and fun. I might have dated her more than twice, come to think of it. She was supposed to be going steady with someone else, but that didn't stop me.

I played high school football all four years - junior varsity the first two years, then first string running back on the varsity team my junior and senior years. I remember freezing to death at games towards the end of the season. I hurt my back a few times playing football.

Animals were a big part of my life while growing up. There was always an assortment of cats and dogs around. One of my favorite dogs was named Gus. There were always horses to ride. I especially liked to ride at night - to go and visit the neighbors or whatever. I rode a horse to Primary in the summer. We broke horses in the summer. One horse was so wild. I took him out to the field and got on him. He took off on a dead run towards the shed in the yard. I was sure he'd turn before hitting the shed, but he didn't even slow down and hit it at full force. I think we were both temporarily knocked out. After that someone held the rope so that he wouldn't run off again.

When we were quite young, Larry and I liked to catch pigeons in the silo or barn at night. One of us would shine the flashlight in the bird's eyes and the other would climb the ladder up and grab them. We kept them in a tree house that we had built in the tree just east of the house. Our idea was to make homing pigeons out of them, but it never quite worked out. They never seemed to come back.

I started 4-H when I was in the fourth grade. Dad bought a purebred Jersey calf for me and I named her Daffy. I took complete care of her for four years and got a blue ribbon on her every year. Just after she freshened and I started to milk her, she bloated up one day and died. It was one sad day for me.

We always had pet goats around the place. Most of them were well behaved, although some liked to jump up on our cars. We had one big Billy goat who was mean if you didn't know how to handle him. We kept him tied up most of the time. But if he'd get loose, he would chase us or come and bang his head on the back door. To control him, you'd have to grab his horns, then work your way behind him to get ahold of him. One time we boys had all gone to Priesthood Meeting. As Mother and Marsha tried to leave for church, the goat kept charging them and wouldn't let them out of the door. They finally had to phone us at the church to come and rescue them. Another time when Mother was gone, the goat got into the house. We chased him around trying to get him out. He ran into Dad and Mother's bedroom and got on the bed. Then he took a big jump and went flying out through their plate glass window onto the porch. Mother was less than pleased.

In our early high school years, Mark Porter and I decided to go into the "Skunk Business". We'd go out into the fields and chase the skunks into rabbit or gopher holes. Then we'd put a long stick down into the hole which had a ether-soaked cloth on the end. When we figured the skunk was asleep we'd dig him out with a shovel, then take him to the vet to be descented. (A service for which we were never charged) Hopefully, the critter would stay asleep until we got him to the clinic. Sometimes they didn't. One thing I learned about skunks was that they are VERY accurate with their aim - they were able to hit us with their spray when we were on a dead run away from them. We eventually had 9-10 skunks in the pen that we had built for them. Our plans included making pets out of them or selling them. I don't remember having much success with the latter. Buyers seemed to be pretty scarce. The skunks caught in the lowlands became pretty tame, but the ones captured on the dry farms stayed wild. We fed them cat food, which was cheap back then. One day we forgot to feed them. They ganged up on one of their own and ate him. I must have been allergic to skunk spray, because I always broke out in hives after being showered. This hobby lasted about a year and a half.

During my senior year I was elected Student Chief Justice and Parliamentarian. My job was to make sure parliamentary procedure was followed during Student Council Meetings. I belonged to FFA (Future Farmers of America) for three years. It was in this class that I learned how to weld. We had animal

projects and I always had a herd of cattle, as opposed to the "city boys" who only had one cow.

I attended seminary for all four years of high school. Brother Judy, Brother Eberhardt and Brother Cherryington were our teachers. I also enjoyed band, typing, bookkeeping and English in high school.

Our high school put on an operetta every year and the whole town would turn out to see it. I played in the orchestra. I recall doing "Naughty Marietta", "Brigadoon", "The Red Mill" and "Blue Moon". These productions developed in me a lifelong love of show tunes.

During these years, I had several interesting summer jobs. I think my Dad wanted me to learn how to fix things around the house, because he helped get me a variety of apprenticing jobs. I worked for Ken Porter, owner of Ken's Electric (and a ward member), as an electrician. It was when I worked for him that I rigged up my first set of Christmas lights for our house - something I've continued to do every year since. I learned plumbing while working for Lynn Fackrell Plumbing. I drove truck for the county one summer, building and repairing roads. Once, while dumping gravel on the side of a hill, I tipped the truck over on its side. For years afterwards I was fearful of being in any vehicle while moving on a tilted surface. I ran the family farm the summers before and after my mission. I raised corn, but got discouraged with farming when both corn crops froze.

I was close to several "adopted" families in our ward and spent many hours in their homes. Ken Porter's was one. His wife, Audene, was like a mother to me and easier to talk to than my own. I also "hung out" at Tom Hull's, Bill Davis' and Golightly's place.

When time for high school graduation rolled around in 1958, I asked a favorite (third) cousin of mine, Helen Hawkins, from Salt Lake, to go to the graduation dance with me. She was always such a good friend.

A few days later, we five "Night Hawks" took a trip to the Northwest for a week, visiting Oregon, Washington, British Columbia and Calgary. This trip opened up a whole new world to us. Dad let us take our family Chevy. We visited Virginia City, Montana and camped there for the night. That very night we felt the ground moving and shaking - the devastating Hebdon Lake earthquake had hit, killing many campers who were unfortunate enough to be in the area. If we hadn't gotten off a day late on our trip, we would have been buried in those campgrounds too, because that had been our destination for the next night.

In the fall of 1958 I enrolled as a freshman at BYU. I lived at Helaman Hall with my brother Kent. He was a student body officer and gone so much that at times I was quite lonely. It was as if I didn't even have a roommate. I took R.O.T.C. and was part of the band. I got to know several of my Benson cousins while there, including Uncle "T"'s daughters, Beverly and Bonnie Benson and the Colby twins. School was challenging for me, but I made it through the first semester.

Upon coming home from my first year of college, I began preparing for my mission. At that time all prospective missionaries had to be interviewed by a General Authority. I was interviewed by Joseph Fielding Smith, who was visiting our stake at the time. I remember him asking me if I had ever kissed a girl or held a girl's hand. I was glad to tell him I had never kissed any of the girls I had dated. Pretty tough standards!

My dream had always been to receive a mission call to Switzerland. When it came, in December of 1959, it was to a much warmer climate - the Southern States. My parents went with me to receive my endowments in the Logan Temple. We went through three sessions that day. The next day we went to the Idaho Falls Temple and did two more. I think it was a good way to get oriented to temple work.

Towards the first of January, 1960, my family took me to the Mission Home on North 1st East in Salt Lake City to receive my missionary training. The program was quite different from today's. We were only in the Mission Home for a week. The General Authorities did come to talk to us, but our training also included lessons on how to iron our clothes and classes on manners and etiquette. There were only 50-60 missionaries there at a time. I received my patriarchal blessing while in the Mission Home from Eldridge G. Smith, Patriarch of the Church.

This blessing included the promise that if I was faithful, my family would never want for the necessities of life. This has been a great blessing in my life. I have always served where I was called to serve and always paid a full tithing. In return, the Lord has blessed us financially throughout our lives.

I was in charge of the group of Elders going to the Southern States Mission, headquartered in Atlanta, Georgia. My family came to see me off on the train. We were excited to be on our way, and I didn't feel terribly sad telling my relatives goodbye. But about one hour into train travel reality hit me with a force. I thought "you're not going to see your family or friends for TWO WHOLE YEARS!!!"

We were greeted in Atlanta by President Byron Ravston. My first area of assignment was Ft. Lauderdale, Florida and my first companion was Elder Craigon from California. He was quite a renegade and didn't like following mission rules.

The members in Florida provided the missionary's transportation. In Ft. Lauderdale it was a pink '49 Ford with half the floor board missing. We could see the ground underfoot as we drove along. Eventually, Elder Craigon bought his own car and it was a great improvement. My first comp didn't like to cook, so we lived on postum and toast. I learned to like grits and eggs which we'd eat occasionally at a local cafe. If I remember correctly, we lived on \$60 a month, which paid for rent, food and upkeep on our car. A lot of the missionaries would run out of money and live on Jello for the last part of the month. It was cheap and they had their fridges full of it.

The first six months in the mission field were some of the toughest in my life. Our mission had a plan where we were required to memorize lengthy study guides for the four standard works, commit to memory more than 500 scriptures, as well as memorize the eight basic discussion lessons. It was so hard and there were times I wished I would break my leg or get sick enough to go home. In addition, I was concerned about my speech problems and doubted I would be able to teach the gospel effectively. Pres. Ravsten gave me a special blessing that I would be able to express myself as I taught investigators and the Lord certainly granted this blessing to me.

Another adjustment was getting used to the hot weather and high humidity. My clothes were damp when I'd put them on in the morning. They never did dry out. We were required to wear dark suits and hats at all times, even when the temperature was over 100 degrees. Our bedding was wet when we'd get in bed and stayed that way throughout the night.

During my mission the South was fully segregated. There were separate cafe's, drinking fountains, restrooms and sections in theaters and buses for black people. We weren't allowed to teach them either, for they couldn't hold the Priesthood at that time.

We had special families in each of the areas in which I labored. They took good care of the missionaries and frequently invited us to eat with them. I remember one Sister Lossee who used to feed us steak dinners.

We were able to live in some of the better apartments in the mission, but all of them were infested with cockroaches. We tried to keep our places clean, but they were common everywhere in the south. When we'd go back to our apartment at night and turn on the lights, the whole room seemed to move as the insects scattered for cover. If we'd get up at night, we'd hear "crunch, crunch" as we stepped on them. A couple of times we kept a tarantula in the apartment to keep the cockroach population down.

As happens with most missionaries, my testimony grew by leaps and bounds. I had never doubted that the gospel was true. But during some of our discussions during that first month, I recognized that the feelings I had felt earlier in my life about the church were the promptings of the Spirit, confirming to me the truths of the restored gospel.

I also labored in West Palm Beach, Ft. Pierce, Dunedin, and Clearwater. I was once companions to Elder Carlson, the traveling elder, also a Preston native. We worked out of Tampa, Florida. I was made Senior Companion when I had been out for six months. It was at that time that I bought my car - a 1957 green Plymouth with tail fins that cost me \$800. The Church didn't supply automobiles to the missionaries then and encouraged us to purchase our own if possible.

My first baptism was a memorable experience. We baptized a "Golden Family", the Kenneways, after teaching them for just 1 1/2 weeks. It was almost unheard of in those days. Usually the missionaries would teach for months before baptizing. But this family was ready for the gospel and it was a thrill to be able to perform that ordinance.

After I had been out a year, we heard that the mission was being divided and I was now assigned to the Florida Mission, to be headquartered in Orlando, Florida. Our new mission president, Karl R. Lyman came through visiting the districts.

Just a few days before Christmas I was called to be the mission treasurer, a position I held until the end of my mission. When we moved into the Mission Home, it was in the process of being remodeled. It had formerly been the mansion on a large plantation. It's previous owner was a prominent man who had entertained famous people there. Winston Churchill used to stay with him. We missionaries slept in the room he had occupied, dubbed the "Churchill Room".

Adell, a short grandmotherly type, was the Mission Home cook. We missionaries loved to tease her. A couple of black ladies came in to do the housekeeping.

My new assignment was comprised of many duties. I was in charge of all equipment and supplies for the mission. I paid the bills, kept track of the finances and sent reports to Salt Lake. I shipped cases of Books of Mormon to the other missionaries. I did the landscaping and gardening for the mission home a half day a week. I decorated it for Christmas two years straight. (since I went home just after Christmas).

Many of the General Authorities stayed in our mission home when they were in Florida to inspect the big church ranch. (I suspect it was actually a vacation of sorts for them) I met many of the Brethren. I remember sitting down to eat with LaGrand Richards (former pres. of the Southern States Mission) and having a long conversation with him. We told him of the troubles we faced in getting funding for new church buildings. He advised us "Do what I always did. Just build them, then send the bill to Salt Lake." Every once in a while one of the General Authorities would tell Pres. Lyman that they should send me back into the field - that I had been in the mission home too long. He'd nod in agreement, then continue to keep me there.

I always had a special relationship with Pres. and Sister Lyman and their 12 year old son, Chad. We adopted each other as family. They told me that I reminded them of one of their sons who had passed away. Sister Lyman was my substitute mother. I was the one she talked to when she became upset over things. I learned a lot more about mission happenings than I was supposed to know. Pres. Lyman is a man of great integrity. I learned organizational skills from him. He has such a down-to-earth philosophy of life and a great sense of humor. There was nothing at all pretentious about him and I idolized him. We have remained close throughout the years. He writes to us often and we visit whenever possible. He and Sis. Lyman have taken an interest in our children as well. They have traveled to Idaho Falls to attend their weddings and taken good care of them when they lived in the Provo area.

When I had been in the Mission Home for six months, a new Church-wide missionary program was introduced, quite different from the old. Along with the other Mission Home elders, I continued to take care of our responsibilities there. We also began proselyting in the evenings. I don't remember meeting with a great deal of success as far as baptisms then.

I spent the last two weeks of my mission in bed - with pneumonia. I never did tell my parents. They were on their way to pick me up, along with Orval C. and Elaine. I asked Elder Guymon, from Idaho Falls, to drive my car to Salt Lake, so that I could ride home with my family.

It was extremely difficult for me to leave the mission field and all the people I had come to love. It had become like home. I had been in the Mission Home for 13 months and sometimes it was hard to remember that my other life had ever existed.

After coming home, I enrolled once again at BYU. This time I roomed in the dorms with my old friend from Whitney, Richard Bodily. Academics were a struggle but the social life was great. I began steadily dating our ward Relief Society president, Alice Brooks, from California. She went home to Whitney with me a few times to meet my family. I think she was the only one (other than Jean) that I ever considered marrying. Her father wasn't a member of the Church. She had told me that he smoked too. I asked Dad what he thought of the situation and he advised me not to let it interfere with our relationship. When she and I went home our separate ways for the summer, I never did get around to writing to her. When I went to see her in the fall, I thought things would be the same, but they weren't. It was okay though. I had

decided that it might be better if my children's grandfather was able to set an example of gospel living.

I farmed the next summer. I didn't go back to school in the fall because I had been placed on academic probation. I worked on the farm and drove a cement truck part-time for Cove Concrete.

During the summer of 1963 I coached the Whitney Ward's girls softball team and made many good friends. It was during this time that I received my draft notice from Uncle Sam. The Viet Nam war was being waged in Southeast Asia and I didn't have much interest in vacationing there. My interest in higher education was suddenly renewed. (At that time, college enrollment gave young men an automatic deferment). I knew very little about Ricks College in Rexburg, Idaho. A niece of Jean Tanner's (Aunt Lucy's daughter-in-law) had told me about it encouraged me to study there. I decided to drive to Rexburg and look it over. I liked what I saw, applied and was accepted.

I was going to live at Jean Tanner's niece's basement apartment, but when I arrived in Rexburg, I found out that they had put six guys into what was supposed to be an apartment for four. I didn't care much for that arrangement. I met Richard Porter on campus, a friend from Franklin, who informed me that he had an apartment on West Main Street with one vacancy. It was a basement apartment in the home of Lehi and Ella Keppner.

The first night I was there, one of the Keppner's granddaughters, Jean Johnson, from Idaho Falls, and her roommate, Judy Brown came to see "what grandma had in her basement". I was invited up to meet them and they invited us to their place for cake. Jean was also in band with me. About a week later, I asked her on a date. We doubled with her roommate, Judy, and my roommate, Neil Kuntz, to see the movie "Hud" at a theater in Sugar City. It was the first time I had ever held hands with a girl on the first date. As we got acquainted, I was amazed to learn how much we had in common - our farm backgrounds, our political views, our ideals and values. Among other things, I was excited to learn that she was a staunch Republican and didn't drink Coke.

We began dating steadily. The more I got to know her the more I realized that she had every quality that I had been looking for: a sweet personality, a musical background (she sang, played the piano and flute), she came from a good family, had twin sisters (I thought it would be fun to have twins), she was a nursing student (I always wanted to marry a nurse), and had high moral standards. I believe she was the only girl I ever dated that hadn't kissed anyone before. She was good-looking. She was a brunette (a must). I knew within the first month or two that she was the girl I would marry. We both had years of school ahead of us, however, and neither of us was in a hurry to make a commitment.

I enjoyed being around her family. The first night I went home with her, things got pretty wild. Her uncles, Sherwood and Grant, were there with their instruments for a "hoedown", joined by Jerry and Clint (Jean's brothers) on their instruments. At one point some of the guys were dancing with mops on their heads. Her mother, Lucille, was so warm and friendly. We always got along well. Several times, when I couldn't figure Jean out, I'd drive to I.F. to talk to her mom - usually at the hospital when she was on duty. She always had good advice. I enjoyed getting to know her father, Kurt, also. The more I got to know him, the more admirable qualities I found in him.

We dated for two years. Three days a week, Jean had to catch a 5:30 a.m. bus to the hospital in Idaho Falls. She lived several blocks from campus, so frequently on those cold wintry mornings, I'd get up early to drive her to the bus. Then I'd go home and go back to bed. I must have been in love.

Sometimes we'd break up and date others for a while, but we always got back together. Whenever we were apart, I figured things would work out eventually. From the beginning of our relationship, we had talked of marriage.

At Ricks I took several automotive classes and learned skills that have served me well my entire life. I had always tinkered with cars, but it helped to get factual training and experience. I also took part in Ricks College bands and choirs. I played ward softball there. During one game I broke my hand and had to wear a cast for several weeks. Student wards were fun at Ricks. During my freshman year, I served as MLA President. The second year I was called to be Elder's Quorum president.

Jean took her psychiatric training at the State Hospital South in Blackfoot during the summer of

1964. We missed each other and wrote letters nearly every day. As I recall, she came to Preston, or I went to see her in Idaho Falls every weekend but one that summer.

In February of 1965, while Jean's parents were visiting Grandma and Grandpa Keppner in Rexburg, I asked Brother Johnson if I could visit with him in the bedroom. When we went in there, I asked him if I could marry his daughter. I expected a lengthy response, some advice, or to be questioned. Instead he simply answered, "Okay". Then I didn't know what to say, so I had to come up with some more topics for conversation. In April of that year, Jean and I went to Salt Lake with Eldon Golightly and his girlfriend, Mary Anne, (who would later become his wife.) Eldon and Mary Anne went to Provo, so Jean and I spent the day in Salt Lake. That evening, on Temple Square, on a bench by the Joseph Smith statue, I asked her to be my wife. Although we had been planning our wedding for two years (we had even secured an apartment in Provo), I think I surprised her. I had purchased the diamond for her engagement ring from Eldon, who had brought it home from Europe after his mission. We set the date for August 11 and were so happy.

We graduated together from Ricks College in May of 1965. I was doing much better scholastically - my GPA was 3.5. Both sets of parents were able to attend our commencement. That summer, I lived with Orval and Elaine in Idaho Falls and worked with him at the feedlot.

We were married, as planned, in August, on a beautiful summer morning. The ceremony was performed by Jean's great uncle, Clarence Johnson. Receptions were held for us in Idaho Falls and Whitney. We had a week-long honeymoon to the Northwest, camping out every other night. (I can't believe Jean ever did that). We then set up housekeeping in the "E" Street Apartments in Idaho Falls for a month before heading to BYU.

We loaded all our belongings onto a cattle truck and headed to Provo. Mom and Dad Johnson drove the green Plymouth there for us. We moved into a basement apartment owned by Eloise Judd on 9th North, across the street from old BYU Academy. Our rent was \$60 a month. We belonged to a married students ward and were called as the "Young Marrieds Leaders", which basically included everyone. We directed all the activities and parties for couples. For Christmas, we had a major food drive for the needy, although most of us were probably poorer than they.

I had a difficult time deciding on a major. I wanted to work with the youth, so the decision came down to teaching seminary or going into Youth Leadership. I chose Youth Leadership with a recreation minor, thinking I would like to be a professional Scouter.

I took an early morning archery class at the "Y" for a P.E. credit. One day, as I drew the arrow back, it broke, sending a large splinter through my hand. I had a classmate drive me home so that Jean could take me to the hospital. She hadn't gotten ready for the day yet. I remember sitting there for half an hour, with the arrow through my hand, while Jean did her hair and make-up. She was worried she'd run into someone she knew at the hospital.

Jean worked in the operating room at Utah Valley Hospital. During both our summers in Provo, I worked construction for my cousins, Joe Dell and Keith Benson. One of the structures I helped build was the Travel Lodge Motel on South University.

Although we enjoyed our college ward, we missed the diversity of a "regular" ward. After my junior year, we moved to a small home on 9th West and 2nd South. We paid \$75/month rent here and were delighted to have our own yard and garage. We attended the Provo 2nd Ward. I was called to be secretary of the Elder's Quorum. We were one of the two wards in the church where the Priesthood Committee conducted a prayer circle, as in the temple, every Sunday morning. That summer I played left field on the ward's softball team. This was an excellent team and we made it to the "All Church" tournament in Salt Lake City. We lost the championship by one game, and by only one point at that.

In August of 1966, our first child, Lauralee, was born. I was so excited to have a little girl - I guess because of growing up with brothers. Although I was working part-time, it wasn't quite enough to support us through that last year of school. My dad felt very strongly that mothers shouldn't work outside the home, so he offered to send us \$200 a month until we were out of school. I paid him back within the first six

months after graduation.

As graduation neared, we sent out resumes to Scout offices across the country. We had several offers, one from Chicago, Illinois. But when it came down to a final decision, I made the choice to return to the family cattle business. I liked it better and felt it held more promise than Scouting. Dad had already offered me a partnership in Benson Livestock. He thought I would be an asset with my knowledge of mechanics. He said that, because of that, I was the only one of the boys that he would offer a partnership to with him and Orval C. So, after graduating from BYU, we moved back to Idaho Falls. We rented a nice brick home from Wayne Cooper, on the Ririe Highway for (WOW!) \$100 a month. Jean and I both wanted to live in a farm setting.

I bought an old Army Jeep at a farm auction to drive to work. Orval and I started out our partnership with a 40% - 60% agreement. In a couple of years, we were 50 - 50. Eventually we bought out Dad's share. Orval oversaw the business- end of things and going to auctions, and I took care of things at the feedlot. We averaged feeding 1,000 head of cattle at a time. I enjoyed the work in the summer, but it could be pretty miserable in the winter when it thawed and the pens would be knee-deep in muck. I did a variety of things besides feeding the cattle: branding, vaccinating and doctoring them, keeping all the trucks and other equipment running, pumping water out of the pens in the spring, and hauling wood chips from Stoddard's Pole Mill, used to bed the cattle in the winter. I would also truck cattle to and from auctions in Smithfield, Ogden and Preston. As the kids came along, I'd usually have one or two of them with me in the truck. They also liked to help brand and give shots to the cattle and ride horses at the feedlot.

On two occasions the wood chip stacks caught on fire. Putting out this kind of fire was impossible, so the fire truck crews would just stay there all day to keep the fire from spreading. At least once a year someone from Henderson Trailer Park would break into our shop at the feedlot and steal our tools. Then we'd have to buy new ones.

We thought we were really rolling in the money, living on our allowance of \$500 a month. It seemed that we were buying a new appliance or piece of furniture every other month. We loved our new ward - ~~home 1st. It was comprised of good country people as in the wards we had grown up in.~~ My callings in this ward (we lived here twice) included choir director, Explorer Advisor, and Elder's Quorum President. As president, I was proud of the fact that we always had 100% home teaching. I also served as Executive Secretary to Bp. Dee Armstrong. As always, I played ball on the men's sports teams.

After living at this location for a year, we moved to a rental home on First Street, just east of Hitt Road, next to Willow Creek. We rented the place from Ivan Ashment. We were now much closer to town and to the feedlot. This place had corrals and outbuildings. We soon acquired a milk cow, chickens, pigs and other assorted animals. During the winter of 1968 the canal froze up, causing a huge ice jam. It led to a flood, which came up to the foundation of our house. It affected quite a large section of east Idaho Falls. All of our livestock had to be taken to the feedlot. I had to wade out or take a boat to go work.

Shannon was born while we lived on First Street. When she was little, I would take her to the auctions with me. The cattle buyers would always tell her that her freckles were cute - that they were "angel kisses".

We'd lived in Ashment's place for about a year when their hired man came one day and informed us that he was moving into our place - that we needed to be out in a week. The only place that was available on such short notice was our old place on the Ririe Highway. The Coopers son had just moved out of it. So back we went.

Our dark-haired third daughter came along in September of 1970. I had always liked the name "Bonnie Jean" from the musical, "Brigadoon" and it seemed to fit her perfectly.

When Bonnie was two months old, we moved to our present home, in which we have resided for the past 24 years. Prior to this, Jean had been calling bishops in the Lincoln area for weeks to inquire about available homes in the area. We needed to be closer to the feedlot. We looked at several homes. Then Bp. Vic Hanks told her about a four year old home at 3380 Sioux Avenue. The tenants were being evicted. They hadn't made a house payment in over a year. We liked the four level split design and the

half-acre yard. The yard was pretty bare, though, and the landscaping nonexistent. There was a little bit of grass out front, and a small patch behind, but that was about it. A gravel road ran in front of the place. Lorin Anderson, the owner, was in the process of repairing the damage to the home. He was having the holes in the walls repaired as well as hiring cleaners and painters to go through the entire home. He told us he would install an automatic garage door opener, and put in new bathroom fixtures. The previous tenants had been quite rough on the home. The asking price for the house was \$21,000. He wanted a \$2,000 down payment. I talked him down to \$1,500. We wondered how we would ever make the payments of \$145 a month.

After moving in, I went to work on the yard, hauling in loads of dirt to level the back yard, replanting the grass, and planting shrubs and flowers around the house. I also finished off the two bottom levels, which were bare and open. I eventually built two storage sheds, one in front, one behind the house. After five years, I planted rows of pine trees completely around the back yard and made more flower beds in front.

We were now members of the Lincoln First Ward - probably the favorite of all wards we have ever lived in. It was full of warm, wonderful people and we felt at home instantly. Lincoln had great men's softball and basketball teams and we won many stake and regional championships. While living in this ward I served as Elder's Quorum Councilor, Young Men's President, Explorer Advisor and Stake Young Men's President. I was second councilor in the bishopric to Cleon Olson and first councilor to Tebbin Johnson. One interesting week was when I was called to meet with a member of the stake presidency on a Saturday night. He asked me to be a councilor in the Stake Young Men's presidency. On the following Tuesday night, I was called in for another appointment with the stake presidency. I remember President Carl Day saying to me, "You haven't done a thing in the Stake Young Men's, so we are releasing you." That is when I was first called into the bishopric and ordained a high priest at the age of 29. I served in the bishopric with Bp. Johnson for six years and it was a choice experience.

Bp. Johnson is such a good man and I learned much from him. Our children idolized him. Once, when Jean and I were gone for the evening, the chimney on the wood burning stove came loose and the house filled with smoke. They called Bp. Johnson, who came over quickly and put things back together. We were a very close knit group and did so much together. Others who served were Bruce Stanger, Evan Godfrey, John Walker and Harland Rock. We were a bishopric before the days of Service and Activities Committees. Therefore, the bishopric got the job of putting on the annual ward Christmas party. We, along with our wives, decorated for many dances together in the old Lincoln cultural hall. One time we even put in a false ceiling with pink draped plastic and it looked beautiful. We always had live bands come to provide music for the dances. It became traditional for the three of us to hold up humorous posters depicting the "Twelve Days of Christmas" on the ward Christmas program as the ward sang it.

I was the councilor over the Youth programs. For years, I went to girls camps, Scout camps and many other outings. While serving in the bishopric, I always took one of our children to sit beside me on the stand. It helped Jean out. She had a good size crew to keep in line by herself. Joel liked to stand beside me as I conducted the meetings. I was in charge of the building facilities and worked closely with the custodians, Milo and Myrtle Bahr.

One night after bishopric meeting, I told Bruce and Tebbin that I was going home teaching. While visiting one older gentleman^{my} lost track of time and didn't get home until 1:00 in the morning. When I pulled into the driveway, I got a little nervous because both Bruce's and Tebbins cars were in our driveway. I wondered what was wrong. I went inside to find Jean upset and crying. She had become worried when I hadn't come home after bishopric meeting at the usual time. She had called the two others, who apparently had forgotten where I was going. It was a cold rainy night and the two of them had driven around looking for me and had even walked out to the feedlot (the gates were locked) to see if some misfortune had befallen me there.

We conducted 47 funerals while we were in the bishopric. The Lincoln Ward had many elderly people. A very sad and tragic incident was when Bruce and Kathy Stanger's four year old son was run over by a tractor and killed. Responsibilities in the bishopric were very demanding and time consuming, but it

probably the most enjoyable church calling I've held.

In January of 1973, we were surprised to become the parents of a baby - A BOY! I think we had about decided we were going to have a family of daughters. He was the first one of our children that I saw born. Although it was still taboo for the husband to be in the delivery room, Dr. J.D. Davis let me stand behind him, looking through a glass door. Joel started going to the feedlot and auctions with me as soon as he could walk. He loved being outdoors and doing everything that I did. When he was four, he was bucked from a horse and hurt his back. For several weeks, it was painful for him to walk.

About this time, we leased the Idaho Falls Meat Company so that we could process our own cattle. The name was changed to Benson Meat. Orval took care of the operation of the plant and I helped out occasionally when I wasn't busy at the feedlot.

Our fifth child, Julie, was born in October of 1975. She had so much dark hair and we joked that she looked like an Indian baby. They had changed the hospital rules by now and I was able to be in the delivery room when she was born. We had some names picked out for her, but I looked at her and said, "She looks like a 'Julie' ". It was a name we hadn't thought of before. She was always a happy, contented baby.

After leasing our feedlot from U and I Sugar Company for more than 25 years, they closed it down. The owners had plans to sell the land for a major shopping complex. (It never did materialize) Therefore, we were forced to look for another place to put our cattle. We never did find anything, and in the long run, I realize it was a blessing in disguise. We would have lost everything when the economy went bad. Eventually, we sold all the cattle and feedlot equipment, and depended on the packing plant alone for our livelihood. We sold meat to the school districts, sold custom meat, rented lockers and had the meat contract with the Church Cannery.

Kimball, our last child and second son, came along four years after Julie. Because he was our "tag-along" child, and home alone while the others were in school, he and I spent a great deal of time together. He went with me to the meat packing plant, to the schools to deliver meat and to the auctions to pick up cattle.

In 1980 it was announced that the Lincoln Ward was being divided and that part of us would combine with a section of Lincoln II to create a new ward, the Idaho Falls 41st. It was very hard to accept the fact that our neighborhood was being cut off and that we would no longer belong to the Lincoln Ward. It was almost like losing one's family. It was so hard to leave and we wondered at times if life would ever be the same. We had just finished building our new church in Lincoln and ~~was~~ looking forward to attending church there.

Our new ward met in the stake building on Kearney Drive. Brett Manwaring was our new bishop. The day I was released from the bishopric, I was called to the High Council, serving with Pres. Eldon Ward, then Pres. Harold McCracken. I served in this capacity for many years and got to know people from the other wards in the stake. I eventually became senior member of the council. During part of this time, one of my High Council assignments was being in the Stake Young Men's Presidency.

The economy took a downward turn in 1982 and business at Benson Meat became slower and slower. I never did enjoy working there much anyway - the work OR being indoors so much. It was hard for a plant of our size to compete with the big companies who were shipping meat into Idaho Falls every day. The final blow came when the Church cannery opened up their own meat plant in Utah. This eliminated our biggest contractor and it was a big loss to us. Eventually, we came to the point the plant couldn't keep both families going and I decided to go job hunting. Jean and I worked on resumes and sent them to companies in town as well as to the Site.

About this time, two men in Orval's ward, Kurt Krupp and Mike Hyde were starting a new telephone business. They named it Engineered Communication Systems, Inc. (ECSI). Orval put me in touch with them, thinking that my electrical experience might be useful to them. I went out on jobs with Mike and found that learning the business wasn't that difficult. They offered me a full time job. Meanwhile, the plant had gone completely under, and Orval was also looking for work. We decided to take our money, from the

sellout of the feedlot and plant, \$16,000, and invest it in ECSI. This made us co-owners with Kurt and Mike.

I have suffered from a bad back my entire life and had gone to chiropractors for years to get relief. In 1984 it had progressed and now involved severe sciatic pain down both legs. I knew that something had to be done. I made an appointment with Dr. Tom Setter, who put me in hospital for testing. The tests included a myelogram, where dye is injected into the spinal canal. Several hours later I suffered a terrible allergic reaction to the dye. My entire body went numb. I felt like I wasn't connecting to reality. I hallucinated and worried that if I went to sleep I would never wake up. I was terrified that this was a permanent condition. When I felt my body going numb, I got up to walk, hoping that it would help restore some feeling. Apparently, it was the worst thing I could have done, because it made my blood pressure go sky high. Jean had asked a couple of the men she worked with there in the hospital to give me a blessing and then insisted that the nurse call the doctor. He ordered a shot which finally put me to sleep. It was probably the worse experience I've ever been through.

The myelogram showed that I had three ruptured discs. A while later, I underwent a fairly new surgical procedure, called chemonucleolysis, in which an enzyme (chymopapain) is injected into the discs between the vertebrae, causing them to dissolve. The recovery was very painful. I could hardly move at first. I was on crutches and off work for six weeks. I had hoped it would help the nervous condition in my legs, but it didn't. It did, however, take care of the leg pain. But I guess I'll always have a bad back.

In addition to back pain, I had suffered from chronic stomach problems for years - cramps, ulcers, burning and bleeding. After seeing several doctors about it, Dr. Barth had me undergo a series of tests, some of which were very painful. He diagnosed me as having Crohn's disease, an auto-immune disease which not only affects the digestive system, but causes fatigue and arthritis-like pain in the joints. I started doing better after being put on a daily dose of Sulfa and a milk free diet. It is just another "thorns of the flesh" that I'll always have to live with. They tell me now that I have arthritis as well. My right shoulder is often painful as well as one hip and my back.

In August of 1990, Jean and I celebrated our 25th Wedding Anniversary by taking a Caribbean Cruise. It was a fantastic trip - something everyone should do at least once in their life time. The food was fantastic and plentiful, the entertainment great. Not only did we enjoy a luxurious cruise to beautiful places, (including the Abaco Islands) but we also visited Disneyworld, Epcot Center and the MGM Studios in Florida. We drove to Cape Canaveral and to Orlando to find my old mission home. It was the first time I had been back in 30 years.

I was released from the High Council to be advisor to the Priest's in our ward. I didn't serve too long in this capacity until I was called again by the stake to be High Priest Group Leader in our ward. This was one of the most surprising callings I had received. I didn't think I was old enough for that position yet. After two and a half years there (Ray Haroldsen and Darryl Jackson were my councilors), I was sustained as Young Men's President and had many good experiences with the young men of our ward.

On July 31, 1991 my father died of cancer. It has been diagnosed nearly 10 years earlier and he had gotten along pretty good throughout those years. During the last three or four months though, it had spread to his bones and lungs and he suffered a great deal. I always thought it would be so hard to lose my dad - he was my ideal. But it was hard to see him in so much pain and I knew that he was better off passing from this world.

In March of 1993 I started having pains in my chest while working. They would be bad enough to cause me to stop for a few moments until they went away. When I told Jean a few weeks later, she made me an appointment to see the doctor. I cancelled it. We were too busy at work. The pains and shortness of breath grew worst whenever I exerted. Finally, I agreed to see Dr. Boas. He checked me out one Friday morning, took an EKG and ran blood tests. His guess was that I was suffering from esophageal spasms, relating to the Crohn's Disease. That night the pain became extremely severe and rest did nothing to ease it. I reluctantly agreed to let Jean take me to the emergency room. This time she didn't stop to put on make-up. They went right to work on me - even gave me some "clot-busting" drugs, in case it was a heart

attack. But even the emergency room doctor was uncertain. He said that if it were a heart attack it was a very mild one. They put me in the Coronary Care Unit for observation - an overnight stay was what we anticipated. It ended up to be much longer. On Monday, Dr. Stutts did an angiogram on my heart, which showed five major coronary blockages. Dr. Malcolm Arnold came to my room that night and explained the seriousness of the situation. Some of the blockages were so bad that I wasn't allowed out of bed. Because of my critical situation, another patient was bumped from the surgery lineup and I was scheduled for quadruple bypass surgery the next morning. I can honestly say that I wasn't the least bit frightened. I figured that they did that kind of surgery every day and must know how to do it. It was just something that needed doing and nothing to get upset over. All of our children and spouses came home and were with me when they wheeled me off to the operating room.

My recovery went smoothly except for two incidents. The worst part was when the doctor pulled out the chest tubes. It was excruciating! The other was when one of my lungs filled with fluid and I had a difficult time breathing and trying to get oxygen. Dr. Arnold finally drained the lung and I felt much better. I had some good nurses and some not so good ones. One always argued with me over when I would take my pain pills. I was hospitalized for 10 days, then took six weeks off work to recuperate. Our family as well as our extended family and ward members were so good to us during this time. We couldn't have asked for a better support system.

We have had to make several life-style changes since my heart problem was found, including a better exercise program and going on a low fat diet. My younger brother, Vaughn, (married to Jean's sister, Cecelia) underwent open heart surgery six months after me. This gave us one more thing in common and we often compare notes on our progress. When we first went to the hospital, we were asked several times if there was heart disease in my family, to which we always answered "no". Since that time, however, we have found that it is very prevalent among my cousins on the Clayson side.

For the past four months, I have been serving in the Primary (first time for that) as Blazer B teacher. It is very enjoyable - especially for the fact that I have very few other meetings to attend. It's the first time in a long time. I have always believed that we should accept whatever callings come to us in the Church, because it is right for us at that time and we always gain from it.

My philosophy of life is to take life one day at a time. We never know what the future may hold because we live in uncertain times. But I have found that things usually work out for the best. I know there will be trials ahead, but that's just a part of life.

My family is one of the greatest blessings in my life. I have never lost a night's sleep worrying that our children would go astray. They always seem to do what was right. We haven't had any serious problems with any of them. Several people have commented to me that they would like their kids to "turn out as well as the Benson children". I am proud of them for the way they have lived the Gospel, developed their talents and abilities and done their best in their studies.

I'm thankful for good extended families. My father always taught me that friends come and go, but that aunt, uncles, cousins and grandparents, are eternal and that we should treat them well.

I'm grateful that our girls (Laurie, Shannon and Bonnie) made wise decisions in their choices of mates. I'm sure the other three will do as well. We couldn't ask for better sons-in-law. Chris, Doug and Steve treat our daughters so well. All three are ambitious and hard working. They fit into our family so well - especially with the senses of humor. I love our four little granddaughters and know that they are the most beautiful, smartest children anywhere.

I look forward to retirement in a few years and hope that Jean and I can serve a mission for the church together some day.



C

Jean Anne Johnson Benson

LIFE HISTORY OF JEAN ANNE JOHNSON BENSON

Shortly before the end of World War II, on March 14, 1945, I was born to Kurt Lanzen Johnson and Sarah Lucille Keppner Johnson, their second child and first daughter. From the hospital I was taken to the home of my Johnson grandparents, since my father was serving in the Army. He couldn't get a furlough right then and didn't see me until I was ten days old. A few months later, Mom, Jerry and I moved to Point Arena, California, to join Dad who was stationed there.

When I was a few months old we moved back to Idaho Falls to the home of my grandparents, Henry and Esther Johnson, on the East River Road, and soon after to a 120 acre farm just west of there. It was in this home that I spent my youth. We rented the farm from R.D. Clinton, a widower who lived in a lean-to on our (his) house. We called him Uncle Bob, and he became part of the family.

He could be very gruff with us, but he had a good side. I remember the delicious stew he'd make and share with us. His little place held great mystery. Sometimes when he was gone, we'd sneak into his room to look around and hope to find some cookies. Although he was well off financially, he lived simply and frugally. I don't remember him ever having a fridge. Instead he put his food into a box that he raised and lowered into a hole in the ground with a pulley system. He raised a beautiful garden that he didn't want us kids playing in.

He subscribed to the *Post Register* and let us read it when he was through. For Christmas he always gave us kids a silver dollar, neatly centered on a square of cardboard and wrapped in newspaper. He was a professional tailor by trade and made beautiful clothing. I believe he made coats for Jerry and me. We always had to whisper in the kitchen at night because there was just one thin wall between us and his quarters. He had a recliner chair outside his house and would sit and smoke his pipe. We were fascinated by the smoke circles he formed.

He never had children of his own and I think he came to regard us as family. He was good to us in countless ways. When Morris and I were married, he presented us a check for \$100 - an astronomical sum in those days, especially coming from someone of his thrifty nature. His esteem for Dad was evidenced by his will which left the farm and all his worldly goods to my father.

The farm house was located about two miles east of the East River Road on the banks of the Snake River, approximately four miles north of Idaho Falls. Because we lived so far from the main road (we had no neighbors within a mile) we didn't enjoy the conveniences of electricity, indoor plumbing, telephone, etc. We had two outhouses, one for the big folks and one for us kids. When guests would come, Jerry and I felt great pride in ushering them on a tour of our "palaces of necessity." We got water from a cistern in the yard and lit our house with kerosene lamps.

My first recollections of the "Old Place" were very happy ones; playing with my older brother Jerry in the fields, out-buildings and on our lawn. We had a black and white collie named Rover that I loved dearly. He would follow us wherever we went. I enjoyed making hollyhock dolls from the flowers in our yard. Since neighbors were so far away, an occasional visit from a young friend was a real treat.

Perhaps it was because of our lack of exposure to strangers, isolated as we were, that I was so terrified of my uncles - especially Uncles Charles Smith, Mel England and Sherwood Johnson. Just looking at them terrified me. I remember Uncle Sherwood driving into the yard once and I started screaming and ran into the house for cover.

My mother was a nurse and always worked part or full-time when I was growing up. Dad tended us when we were small. We once bought a set of waterless cookware and Dad would make the most delicious vegetable platters, seasoned with butter, salt and pepper. I think that's why I've always liked vegetables. He played with us a lot when we were young. I remember games such as Hide-Go-Seek. One time Dad hid behind the living room drapes and we searched for him for what seemed like

an eternity. After a while Jerry and I got scared and started to bawl. We put on our coats to go and tell Uncle Bob that Dad was lost. Soon, he emerged from behind the curtains laughing. We never wanted him to be "it" after that. Another thing he let us do was to hold his hands and "climb up him" with our feet until we stood on his shoulders. He usually told us a bedtime story when Mom was gone to work. Most often it was an ongoing story, with a new installment every night. He always left off at some suspenseful part so that we'd want to go to bed early the next night and see how things turned out. I'm sure he made up the stories as he went along and they were wonderful.

My Dad always loved to read - that's another thing I inherited from him. He was an extremely patient man. The only time he spanked me was when he was dragging a heavy mattress through the house and I kept jumping on it for a ride. After I had ignored his warnings to "get off" four or five times he gave me a swat on the behind. I was so shocked that I bawled for hours. It just wasn't like Dad.

My mother has always been a kind, gentle and patient woman. I never remember her raising her voice to us. My earliest memories are of her doing floor exercises. I'd lay there beside her and try to imitate the leg lifts. I vividly recall holding her hand while we walked together through piles of autumn leaves down the beautiful tree-lined lane. She always spent one to one time with us. I would sit on the cupboard and talk to her after school and looked forward to going to town with her to split a ham salad sandwich and chocolate shake at Woolworth's lunch counter. I always knew she'd be waiting up for me after my dates so that we could hash out all the details.

Mom had quite an impulsive nature and preferred taking action over contemplating. I remember her buying our Volkswagen bus, then informing Dad. She didn't hesitate to send us kids out to set fire to the old ramshackle "garage" that sat in front of our house. When she decided the living room needed enlarging, she turned a few of the kids loose on the wall with sledgehammers. She was the one who made arrangements for the badly needed "new house" after years of being cramped in our little white stucco home.

Two accidents happened to me at an early age. One occurred when I was sledding on the frozen ditch. I gave a flying leap to jump on my sled and missed it completely. I cracked my chin open quite badly. The other time, I was walking barefoot and stepped on some glass. I probably should have had sutures on both cuts, (I still bear the scars) but Mom didn't have a car or anyone to drive her to town so she took care of me the best she could. I'm sure Uncle Bob didn't offer to take us to the doctor. He was Christian Scientist and didn't believe in such things.

Just after I turned two, my brother Clinton was born. Mom said I was of some assistance to her with the new baby, but when she asked me to help, as I ran and played, I'd inform her, "I'm too tired." or "I'm too busy." When Clint got older, the three of us children played together. He and I were out playing on the ditch bank once. All of a sudden he fell in. I saw the water sweep him away. I went screaming into the house. Mom came running out, ran downstream and scooped him out of the water. His comment to her was, "Why did you push me in?" We could have lost him so easily then.

Jerry and Clint were my best (and only) friends for years down at the "old place". Since we lacked the means of modern entertainment; television, computers, videos, etc., we were quite innovative in our play. We relished making "houses" in the wheat fields by rolling around in certain spot to flatten the area, thereby creating a "room". Then we'd add adjoining rooms, connected by halls, created by the same method. I sure Dad would not have been pleased if he'd known about this particular activity.

When our neighbors, the Frei's raised a crop of peas, Clint and I would sneak up to their field, hide until no one was looking, then eat our fill. For some reason, "Frei's peas" always tasted better than ours.

As a child, I looked forward to going to the day-old bread store with Mom. She'd usually buy us a Twinkie or Hostess Cupcake. An ancient lady named Mrs. Maheras, who had a long grey braid pinned on top of her head, ran the store. We did most of our grocery shopping at a small market,

Heatons, on Jefferson Avenue, where we'd often charge our purchases. They kept track on the books and we paid it off monthly.

I was very shy and had a hard time leaving my mother's side to attend Primary and Junior Sunday School. After I adjusted, I liked to be on the little programs we'd put on for Mother's Day and other occasions. I remember going to church in the old Fourth Ward building. There was a full mural depicting the ten virgins across the front of the chapel and I'd study it's details during Sacrament Meeting.

During the winter, our lane to the main road was usually snowed in, so Dad would hitch the horses to a sleigh for our transportation. It was so fun to ride along, wrapped up in blankets and singing "Jingle Bells" at the top of our lungs.

We saw our grandparents often, especially Grandma and Grandpa Johnson, who lived nearby. Although Grandpa Johnson died when I was five, I have wonderful memories of him. He was gentle and kind and I always knew how much he loved us. He would give us "horse rides" on his foot and taught us how to sing "Lunka Po", and count to ten in Swedish. Grandma Johnson, a tiny Swedish lady, never lost her accent. She was a terrific cook and we loved to eat there. While sitting at her table my mother taught me the lesson, "If you don't like something, don't say so. Say instead, 'I wouldn't care for any, thank you.'" Grandma always remembered our birthdays with a card, silver dollar and a special note.

We made many trips to Hibbard, near Rexburg, to see our Keppner grandparents also. Grandma had a sweet tooth and kept a supply of goodies in one special cupboard - we would make a beeline for it the minute we'd hit their place. Grandma Keppner is remembered as a very happy, optimistic person who was always interested in the details of our lives. It was she who, in the early stages of my romance with Morris, gave me the infamous advice on how to get along with a man: "Smile sweetly, agree completely, then do what you want."

Grandpa Keppner was a skilled carpenter who was always making things for us - especially at Christmas time. It was traditional to spend Christmas Eve with them. We always had a fun party that night complete with wall to wall cousins. On Christmas Eve, we were allowed to open the gift from Grandma and Grandpa and the one from the cousin who had drawn our name that year. I remember the trips home from Rexburg to Idaho Falls. When we had arrived home, Mom and Dad would always tell us to wait in the car until they'd gone inside to see if Santa had already been there. Heaven forbid that we should see our gifts before Christmas morning. If we fell asleep on the way, Dad would carry us to our beds. We'd wake up long enough to ask him or Mom to please say our prayers for us.

On Sept. 5, 1950, I was thrilled to hear the news that I had a new baby sister, Cecelia. I adored her and spent many hours playing with her. She was like a doll to me. I'd feed her and change her clothes several times a day.

What a highlight Christmas was in our home! The weeks before the big day were spent planning, shopping, hiding, wrapping and dreaming. As we became older and outgrew faith in Santa, we were allowed to assist him on Christmas Eve. It was almost as exciting as lying in bed, trying in vain to go to sleep, but listening with one ear for jingling bells outside the house. We always knew where Mom hid the Christmas presents - behind the house in the root cellar. But we never considered snooping. If the element of surprise was eliminated, Christmas would have been ruined.

After we acquired our reel-to-reel tape recorder, Dad would record all the commotion of Christmas mornings. I became very upset one year because Santa goofed and brought me a nurses instead of a doctors kit. I probably ruined the day for everyone with my pouting. The next day Mom took me to town to make the exchange and to remedy Santa's grave error.

Before starting first grade at Riverside Elementary, I attended kindergarten. It was held in the summer, since there were so many of us "baby boomers.". First grade was held in split sessions for the same reason. I attended the morning class. My best friend was Marsha Clayton, the only other girl in

the neighborhood my age. Our teacher was Mrs. Marsden and we sat at tables in her class. I liked to swing my legs back and forth and accidentally kept kicking another girl. After several unsuccessful attempts to "quit it" as I had been told, I was moved to a table by myself. It was humiliating to be singled out that way.

My brother Jerry was living with my Keppner grandparents that year in order to have more specialized attention in school. Dad would pick me up from the bus on the East River Road. In the winter it was often by horseback or tractor. Once we stopped on the way home to feed the livestock at a corral that led down to the river. The water was frozen, so Dad walked out onto the ice to chop a drinking hole for the livestock. Suddenly the chunk of ice that he was standing on broke loose and started floating away. I felt totally helpless standing on the bank and began to scream. But Dad, with a big grin on his face gave a mighty jump and landed safely on shore.

Dad raised sheep for many years. We children would adopt the "bum lambs", (those who'd lost or were rejected by their mothers) as our own and had the responsibility of feeding them from bottles. Lambing season was an exciting time. It usually took place in the frigid months of January or February. In the summer, the shearing crews would come. We kids loved to play on the long bags of wool, but were cautioned to watch out for ticks.

Dad worked so hard through the years to provide for his family and came home at night so dusty and tired. His calmness, wisdom and even temperament helped to provide a secure and peaceful home life. I never saw my father display a mean spirit or lose his temper. He has a great sense of humor and the ability to see the light side of any situation.

I considered my father to be the bravest man I knew. I remember fearing for his safety as he and his brothers would sit up with guns all night, watching for the wild animals that were killing our sheep. One time he shot a cougar who had wandered in from the river. Dad had been taught in his youth never to point guns at people, even toy ones. He adamantly taught the same lesson to his own children. As we grew up, we were taught to never point a gun at anything that we didn't intend to kill - even a water gun or cap gun. When people would come onto our property and start shooting at anything that moved, Dad was out the door like a shot, straightening them out in no uncertain terms.

Our home, however small, was a common gathering place for family get-togethers, for both the Johnson and Keppner clans. Mom often quoted the saying, "If there's room in your heart, there's room in your house." Because of such gatherings we developed close relationships with our extended families. Mom and Dad are both extremely hospitable and gracious individuals who make every visitor in their home feel comfortable and important.

In the summer of 1951 our family stayed with Grandma Johnson while movers transported our house to it's new location. We were now located 1/2 mile from the main road, but still on the banks of the Snake River. We could now have the luxuries of indoor plumbing, electricity and a telephone. The most marvelous of these was the phone. I remember all of us kids sitting around the phone for hours, hands poised over the receiver. We wanted to be the lucky one to answer it if it rang.

Our home was a very humble one, but it's setting was one of beauty and peace. Bordered by the river, Russian Olive trees, sand hills, haystacks, a derrick and lush green fields we never lacked for entertainment. We had a horse, named Star, to ride. We usually rode bareback - I don't remember owning a saddle. I loved to ride her along the riverbank and gallop her across the fields.

On New Year's Eve, 1952, just a few hours before midnight, we four children at home received a phone call from Dad that we now had a pair of identical twin girls in our family, named Siri and Sonya. Was that ever fun to brag about to all our friends. In March, when I turned eight I was baptized a member of the Church. I was confirmed the next day - the same Sunday that my new sisters were blessed. It was a big day for our family!

A few months later I was carrying both the twins down the aisle of the chapel. The load must have been a little too great because my arms gave way and I dropped them both.

When I was eight or nine, Grandpa Keppner built a summer cabin at Mack's Inn in Island Park. They called it the "K -9" cabin for the nine Keppner children. We'd usually gather there on Labor Day and have so much fun with our cousins. Sometimes our family would go alone. It was a beautiful and serene setting among the towering pines. I inevitably got the "stomach flu" whenever we'd go to the cabin. I'm sure the well was contaminated but we didn't realize it at the time.

The Idaho Falls airport was located directly across the river from our farm. On one occasion all the family but me had gone to the cabin. I was sitting on the riverbank when a single engine plane flew over and I knew that it was coming in way too low. Suddenly it went into the river, right by the falls. I think I made an emergency phone call, I don't know. Emergency vehicles arrived on the other side of the river. Unfortunately, the pilot was killed.

Riverside was my school for grades 3-5. For my seventh birthday, I was allowed to bring two friends home with me for a party - Marsha Clayton and (cousin) Judy Johnson.

We were given hearing tests in the second grade. For some reason, I desperately wanted to wear a hearing aid, so I deliberately tried to flunk the examination. It didn't work. If anything, I have had a very acute sense of hearing throughout my life - just ask my family.

My third grade teacher was Miss Cook. Hers was the classroom that every child prayed to avoid. She was extremely strict and rarely smiled. Her one redeeming quality was her ability to tell a good story. Every day, after lunch, she would sit on a corner of her desk, swing her orthopedic-clad shoe back and forth, and read to us from wonderful books.

Our principal was Mr. Bush, a tall red-haired man. He would visit our classroom at the beginning of each school year. He'd write the letters "P-R-I-N-C-I-P-A-L" on the blackboard, then explain that he was our pal and that we would always spell "principal" correctly if we'd put "PAL" on the end of that word.

I was very protective of my little brother, Clint, when he started first grade at Riverside. I would walk around the playground with my arm around him, warning all the first and second graders not to mess with him. I was a scrawny, knobby-kneed third grader. It is highly doubtful that I frightened anyone too badly with my threats. I was quite accurate in the game of marbles and won bags full of them for Clint.

As I got older, I had the responsibility of the home and younger children when Mom was at work. I knew that she hated to leave us to go to work, but it was a necessity when finances were tight on the farm.

Sometimes, when both Mom and Dad were gone, Jerry would tease and torment us unmercifully. I'd herd all the kids into the bathroom and lock the door so Jerry couldn't get us. Our method of "locking" it was to pull out the underwear drawer in front of the door. We'd sing, tell stories, and make "beds" out of towels in the bathtub until our parents came home.

A brand new school, Whittier, (the name was later changed to A.H. Bush Elementary) was built on Anderson Street and I started my fourth grade year there. It had a huge lawn and nice classrooms. I loved playing softball, jump rope, jacks and marbles with the boys during recess. I was the marble and jack champion of Whittier during my years there. When I was in the fifth grade, my 3rd brother, Glen, was born, bringing the family total to seven children.

The next year I transferred to Central Intermediate School. I remember being very lonely and not having many friends during the sixth grade. My mother advised me to find someone else who didn't have a friend, but everyone else seemed to be doing okay. We had a big dance every Friday afternoon that we'd dress up especially nice for. My Junior High experience started the next year at O.E. Bell. The halls and classroom were so crowded with us "War Babies".

I graduated from Primary into MIA about this same time. We usually had to walk up the lane to catch a ride to Mutual. I was in a class of twelve active girls. Bernice Davis was our teacher through most of our MIA years. She must have liked us because she kept advancing from class to class with us.

She was dedicated, enthusiastic and faithful. We worked towards our "Individual Awards" each year and she promised us that if 100% of our class earned them, she'd take us on a trip to Salt Lake. We achieved our goal each year. Then we'd have fund-raisers to earn money for the trip. It was a marvelous experience to be able to stay in a motel with a swimming pool and to see the sights of the big city. Marsha Clayton's mother, Opal, went with us the first year. She had a short wave radio in her car and would call home periodically to check on things at home. My mother was expecting baby number eight at the time - David, who was born shortly after our return.

Sister Clayton, Marsha's mother, was killed in a car accident when we were seniors in high school. She was a dear, sweet person and losing her was very traumatic for all who knew her.

During the eighth grade, I went on my first date. I had gone to church in Rexburg with my cousin, Charlene, and noticed a tall, dark-haired, good-looking boy sitting in front of us. I asked Charlene about him and she said his name was Clifford Beattie. She arranged a blind date for us to a Valentine Dance at Madison High School, where he attended. He was two years older than me. I dated him regularly for the next four years until he left for his mission. I don't think I ever had romantic inclinations towards him, but I liked having dates on the weekends. He played guitar in a band and I'd go with him as they'd perform around the valley. One time, during a flood, we were riding around in his pickup late at night. We got into some high water on a country road and couldn't turn around. Suddenly we went over an embankment and the flood water rose to a level just under our windows. I was so frightened and neither of us knew what to do. Fortunately, someone saw our lights and called for help. A member of the jeep patrol, who happened to be Uncle Sherwood's neighbor, came and carried me to safety. Cliff must have walked out. We were about frozen by the time we got to Sherwood and Julia's place, from which we called my parents.

Many of the guys I dated in high school were Jerry's friends, Gerald Crook, Ken Goe, Larry Wadsworth and Brent Miller. Brent and Clifford asked me to play a piano solo at their respective mission farewells. I remember how sad we were when Jerry left on his mission. He was called to Sweden, the same mission that my father and grandfather had served in.

I loved attending seminary during my four high school years. We had a wonderful teacher, Brother Erwin Wirkus. He had a strong testimony of the gospel and a terrific sense of humor. He was my teacher for three of my seminary years.

Corrective orthodontic braces were put on my teeth during my freshman year and I wore them for 18 months. I got glasses about the same time. We found out later that I didn't need them. These two new additions to my face probably didn't do much for my appearance.

I was terrified to start high school because of stories I'd heard about sophomore initiation. Upper classman, they claimed, were allowed to make sophomores push pencils down the hall with their noses or to wear their clothes backwards or any other humiliating act they chose. But it turned out okay, because nothing happened to me.

My social life was at it's peak during my sophomore and junior years. My good friends were Karen Fillmore, Marsha Clayton, Judy Crook, Norma Frei and other girls from our Mutual class. For social events a group of us, mostly brother-sister pairs banded together. The ensemble consisted of Jerry and I, Aerol and Janice Gruwell, Norma and Norman Frei, Gerald and Judy Crook, plus Marsha Clayton and Ken Jenkins. We had marvelous times together. Every Saturday night we would attend the stake dances at the old Tabernacle on First Street. It housed a huge ballroom complete with balcony. Dance instruction was held beforehand, then the dance would begin. We had so much fun - we'd change partners with nearly every dance and no one was left out. Afterwards we'd gather at one of our homes for treats and games. Our favorite refreshment was root beer floats. Our most popular game was "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John". It was pretty innocent "partying" for a bunch of teenagers when so many our age were having their keggers. We were sad when the group disbanded as the guys left for college and missions.

Shortly after I had my braces removed, in 1960, our family took a trip to California. All ten of us piled into the Volkswagen bus and made the rounds to Disneyland, Knott'sberry Farm and the Pacific Ocean. We visited relatives and friends along the way. It was a marvelous adventure and one of the few trips we ever took.

The next summer a group of us teenagers from the ward were selected to participate in the All-Church Dance Festival in Salt Lake City. We did an original Cha-Cha and Norm Frei was my partner. It was such a thrill to stand on the immense field (I don't remember where it was) and join with thousands of other young people in signing "Carry On" for the finale. On that trip I was able to meet two Apostles while visiting Temple Square. One was Richard L. Evans the other Ezra Taft Benson, who autographed a book for me.

So much of our family life revolved around potatoes as I was growing up. I'm sure that we ate them at every meal: fried, baked, mashed, hashed-browned, scalloped, au-grautined, etc. I hated peeling them. In the spring we'd sort and plant them, in the summer we'd weed and water them. Fall was the time to harvest them. I remember on hot summer days walking down the long rows of potatoes, pulling out huge redroot weeds. One time Clint and I weeded for days to earn enough money to go to the War Bonnet Roundup - the big annual rodeo in Idaho Falls.

Potato harvest in the fall was always THE big time of year around our place. It was quite a festive occasion, at least for us kids. Dad and his brother, Uncle Max farmed together for nearly forty years, so we always did our harvests together. They'd hire dozens of workers to help in the fields. I enjoyed the distinction of being the "bosses daughter" for those few weeks. We all enjoyed the social interaction of the "pickers" in the potato fields, and of going into town at night to spend our fortunes at Diana Hughes, Newberrys or Woolworths. Our cousins Lyneve and Charleen, plus Aunt Coralyn from Rexburg came to stay with us each year to work in the "spuds." I always got so caught up in their romance with the "buckers", the older boys who hoisted full potato sacks from the ground onto the wagon or truck. We didn't have a combine in the early years. "Pickers", who worked in pairs, would go down the rows of freshly dug potatoes on hands and knees, putting the potatoes into baskets. The two baskets would then be emptied into a sack. The buckers would then load them up to be taken to the cellar.

When we were small, Jerry, Clint and I picked as a team. The going rate was three cents per sack. I'll never forget the monumental occasion when the three of us had our first 100 sack day. We had made the big leagues!! At the end of the harvest, it was traditional for the crew to go out to dinner, usually at Jack's Chicken Inn, one of the few restaurants in town. Eating out was a real treat for our family. About the only other "dining out" we ever did as a family was to the A&W Drive In. We children got to choose between a five cent frosty or rootbeer.

To this day, I love the smell of potato cellars. It brings back happy memories of wonderful harvests now past. I have also learned to be grateful for the vegetable that provided so many of life's necessities for us.

We attended church as a family every Sunday. Sunday School was held at 10:00 in the morning. Sacrament Meeting started at 7:30 on Sunday night. We would often bring friends home with us to play between meetings. On some of those Sunday afternoons in the summer, we'd go out to the "Brahma Bull Pasture" just south of our place to catch lizards on the sand dunes. (Who said our Sundays weren't spiritual?). We'd sell them at school for ten cents apiece. Clint once took a lizard to Sacrament Meeting with him. He was sitting on the deacons bench when it got loose. It took off like wildfire towards the back of the chapel, producing one of the most exciting Sacrament Meetings we ever had.

I remember how hectic our mornings were at home as the ten of us attempted to get ready for the day with only one bathroom. I recall the chaos of running around frantically trying to find shoes or school books. We'd always have family prayer in the morning, but we'd usually have one eye open

- watching out the window for the school bus. If it was just leaving Frei's , a half mile from our bus stop, we knew our chances of catching it were only 50/50. Usually we'd walk to the corner, but Dad would drive us when time was tight. Sometimes in the winter when the lane was drifted in, he'd take us on the tractor. That must have been quite a sight for the kids on the bus - to see the Johnson kids plastered all over a tractor, roaring up the lane. We occasionally had to chase the bus down the East River Road - trying to get on it at the Fillmore/Laird stop.

I remember the long bus rides home - especially when we were in junior and senior high. We had to take the Osgood and New Sweden kids home first. I was so tired, hungry and nauseated with motion sickness during the 1 1/2 hour ride home. The only time we didn't ride the school bus was when Jerry was a senior and sometimes drove us in the old Hudson. One day, on our way to school, we were all watching a car with a wobbly tire in the other lane. Jerry must have been watching too, because he didn't see the car in front of him stop for a red light and plowed full speed into the back of it. Fortunately, no one was hurt. Unfortunately the car he had hit was a police car.

Our home was small and often chaotic, but my parents were always very relaxed and patient. Mom worked hard to keep the house neat, but with so many of us it was a losing battle. Since we had the advantage of living a half mile off the main road, we knew when we were getting visitors by the car lights we'd see coming down the lane. It gave us a few minutes to get things in order. When someone spotted an incoming car, the order was issued "Everyone grab ten things!"

We had a "big work day" every Saturday morning. We girls and Mom would clean the house from top to bottom. But often the boys would come in with their muddy boots and undo everything we'd accomplished.

When I was a teenager, I remember having one of the most joyous days of my life. On a single day I was told two items of wonderful news. 1- Our family was going to take a trip to Disneyland and 2- we were going to dig a basement under our house. We all whooped, hollered and jumped around with glee. I didn't think it was possible to contain such joy! We had been crowded for so long and this meant that I would finally have my own room.

Mom handed each of us kids a shovel, indicated a spot near the foundation of our house and told us to start digging. Every night after school, we automatically changed our clothes and went outside to dig. When the excavation was complete, Grandpa Keppner came down from Rexburg, laid the cinder block, poured the concrete and finished off the basement. We now had three extra bedrooms and a small family room that we called the "Rumpus Room".

I loved the privacy of my own room, even though it was bitterly cold downstairs in the winter. We didn't have central heat at first. Sometimes we children would get a little rambunctious in our rooms at night before going to bed. Dad would stomp his foot on the upstairs floor to indicate that he wasn't pleased and that we should settle down and go to bed.

A year later, we got our first television set, a small black and white model. We were enraptured with it. When we'd get home from school we'd sit around staring at the test pattern until the first program came on about - 5:00 p.m.

Our musical training started early and has always been an important and enriching part of my life. Mom and Dad would sing duets together as we'd travel: "Loveliest Night of the Year", "There's a Long, Long Trail", "Tell Me Why". I began taking piano lessons when I was eight years old from June Skoy, who came to our home to instruct us. Mom and Dad would always sit and listen to us play. They complimented us profusely on the simplest pieces to the complicated classical ones. We could tell how proud of us they were. I took lessons on and off for the next eight years, studying with Linda Johnson and Faye Andrus as well. Sister Andrus lived across the river from us and we would get to our lessons in an motorboat. I'd usually do my practicing at six in the morning. I can't believe how patient my parents were to allow me interrupt their sleep like that - the piano faced their bedroom wall. They always claimed that they enjoyed waking up to the piano music. For my last recital I played

"Malaguena" and "Clair De Lune".

My first church calling was as organist of the Junior Sunday School when I was sixteen. During my Mutual years, the ward always held a talent contest. Our family; Jerry, Clint, Cecelia and I, outfitted with costumes and mustaches, sang a medley of barbershop quartet songs that won first place each year. Our family was called upon regularly to provide musical numbers in our ward, stake and community.

When I was in the seventh grade, I began playing the flute in band. I loved to practice. I'd even play my flute walking home from the bus stop at night. It was good practice for marching band. I would practice scales and band pieces for hours in the evenings. Because of this, I advanced rapidly. Playing well boosted my self-esteem. Mr. Roberts, our band director, would allow me to practice in his office during regular band hours. He gave me individual instruction and invited me to play a solo at one of our concerts. I was one of the few 8th graders to be selected for concert band the next year.

I continued to take private flute and piano lessons throughout high school. I entered state music contests and received a "T" rating each time. For my senior festival piece I played "Carnival of Venice", a very challenging piece. I played the piccolo part to "Stars and Stripes Forever" in both high school and college. The conductors would have me stand and take a bow at the end of each performance. (My few moments of fame) During high school, the conductor of the Idaho Falls Symphony Orchestra invited me to play with that group. I also played with them for one season after I had two or three children.

All of us children took piano lessons, vocal lessons and played an instrument. Our parents never missed a recital, band concert or solo performance. Dad would often haul the bulky reel-to-reel tape recorder to these events - even to our junior high band concerts. I appreciate my parents for their interest, encouragement and for providing instruments and lessons for us. No doubt it represented great sacrifice on their part, for we didn't have much money.

During my junior and senior years of high school I worked at Skyline Drug Store. It was my first paying job, other than farm work and babysitting. I suspect that Mom helped to get me this job in order to improve my social skills. My salary was 75 cents an hour. I saved nearly every penny for college. I enjoyed my work there because the responsibilities were so varied. I worked at the soda fountain, handled mail in the branch post-office at the back of the store and did general clerking. Roger O'Bryant, the general manager, and Al Walker were the pharmacists. Roger gave us permission to eat anything we wanted from the candy counter or soda fountain and I certainly took advantage of that offer. I think this was the beginning of my life-long battle with weight.

Kay Lynne Duncan and I became very good friends about this time. We had much in common - out interests, musical backgrounds and both of us were from families of eight children. We enjoyed playing piano duets together and represented our school at an exchange assembly in Pocatello playing "Tonight" from "West Side Story". We went everywhere together during the years before our marriages and roomed together our first year of college.

In high school, Clint and I started taking vocal lessons from Don Watts, Jerry's teacher. He was a big, confident and intimidating man, but was also fun and good-natured. When it came to singing, Clint was a natural - gifted from the start. Jerry, too, had an excellent voice. My talents was mediocre at best, but Don made all of us feel that we were the most talented, accomplished musicians in the world. Clint and I were featured in a vocal recital when he was 17 and I was 19. Supportive friends, relatives and neighbors filled the chapel of the 13th ward building. Although I never went on to fame and glory with my singing, I have been very grateful for that training. It has helped me in numerous way throughout my life - in church callings and in teaching my own children.

I didn't get very involved in high school activities. My self-esteem was low and I tended to be very quiet and unnoticed at school. I only went to one ballgame and to a couple of dances. My senior year was rather dull because most of my guy-friends had left for missions. I filled my hours going to

school, working at the drug store and studying hard to keep my grades up. Getting high scholastic marks helped boost my confidence.

Kay Lynne and I went to Rexburg a year ahead of time to secure an apartment for college. I don't know why we got one so far away from campus - we had to walk four or five long blocks and you just don't do that in freezing Rexburg winters. We asked two of our classmates from I.F. High, Rhodene Barrett and Judy Brown to room with us at Ricks.

I was elated to receive word that I would graduate in the top 10% of my class - number 28 in a class of nearly 600. I was awarded two scholarships - \$100 for music and \$100 for typing. It was more than enough to cover tuition. As a junior I had represented I.F. High at a typing contest at Ricks College and won first place in the district. I had typed 120 words per minute that day without an error - something I had never done before and would never duplicate again.

After graduation exercises several of my friends and parents went out to dinner. I was not the least bit sad to leave high school and wondered why so many of my classmates were in tears.

In our family, we never discussed the "ifs" of missions or college. It was always "when". When it came time to choose the course of my college career, I selected nursing. It wasn't that I'd had a burning desire to alleviate the suffering of mankind - I just couldn't think of anything that sounded any better. I had always been proud of Mom's professional status and thought that the nurses caps looked so classy. As a child I felt that we somehow owned the hospital, with Mom being house supervisor and all. Many people have told me how my mother touched their lives as she tenderly cared for and comforted those in need. Neighborhood woman depended on her for medical advice and for her assistance through labors and deliveries. She and Dad opened their home to care for many individuals over the years - Grandma Johnson in her advancing years, Sister Gruwell, (an older sister in our ward), five foster boys and many others.

After a summer of drugstore work and of making many elaborate preparations for college (we packed a month in advance) we loaded up our belongings into the Volkswagen bus and departed for Rexburg. We KNEW that we stood on the verge of a wonderful adventure.

We did all we could to make our apartment look homey and comfortable. I loved the feeling of freedom and independence. It truly was an education to live away from home that first year. I wish I'd had more tolerance for the people I lived with. I tended to be somewhat narrow-minded about their different life-styles.

Two days after school had started, Judy Brown and I went to see my Keppner Grandparents on West Main. Rumor had it that one of their "borders", the fellows they rented their apartment to, was a nephew to Ezra Taft Benson. We wanted to get a look at him as well as the other guys who resided there. We met three of the guys that evening - including one Morris C. Benson from Preston, Idaho. He was a good-looking, dark-haired guy with a crewcut. After a short visit, we invited them to our apartment for cake. It was the first cake I'd ever made from scratch, but it turned out well. Morris had an appointment to see another girl, but she must have stood him up, because he soon joined the others at our apartment.

Morris and I were in band together, but he acted as though he had never met me. It came as a surprise when he walked up to the flute section one day and asked me to go to the movie with him. On our first date, which was to see the movie, "Hud" in Sugar City, we found that we had many things in common. I felt very comfortable with him - as if I'd known him before. It was as though we were becoming reacquainted. He held my hand during the movie - something neither of us had done on a previous first date. I was 18 and he was 23. We dated a great deal those first few months - sometimes seeing each other two and three times a day. We went to parties, dances, operas, movies, dinners and home to see our families. Several weeks into our relationship, we were talking and discovered that neither of us had ever kissed anyone before. We were waiting for "the one". Morris said that he was waiting until it was over the alter in the temple. We must have felt that we were meant to be together,

because we lost that status a few weeks later. We weren't in a hurry to get married because I wanted to finish nursing school and he still had four years of college before him.

I went home with Morris to Whitney shortly before Christmas in 1963 to meet his family. I was terrified! I discovered that Morris' mother was quite a talker. At dinner the first night, Dad Benson said to me, "Jean, if you want to say anything, just raise your hand." Her "chattiness" was okay with me, because it meant that I didn't have to worry about conversation. She insisted that I sleep with her during that visit - I guess to keep a close eye on me.

Morris and I broke up several times during the next two years and dated others, but we always ended up getting back together. In March of 1964, we had some differences and decided to quit dating each other permanently. I went home for my birthday. We hadn't spoken in weeks. Morris called me on the phone and said he was in Idaho Falls. He asked if he could come and see me. I said, "No, our lane is snowed in and besides, we don't have anything to talk about." He told me that what he had to say would only take a minute and that he was willing to walk down the field to get to our house. I didn't want my family sitting around listening to us when he came, so I walked up through the field to meet him. He explained that he lost interest in all other girls - that he loved and missed me and wanted us to get back together. I was stubborn and said I'd think about it. He stayed at our place for most of the day. My Dad had mentioned that he had a horse that needed to be broken, but hadn't had the time. Morris said he'd be glad to do it for him. He bridled the horse, led him out to some deep snow in the field and climbed on his back. He looked so masculine and ruggedly handsome on the bucking horse and my heart was softened. I knew then that I didn't want to lose him. I walked back up the lane with him and told him that I was willing to give it another try. He gave me a kiss that melted me, right down to the soles of my boots.

The nursing curriculum was very demanding and time consuming. We caught the bus several mornings a week to come to the Idaho Falls Hospital for clinical experience. On many of those cold, dark, blizzardy mornings, Morris would pick me up and drive me the four blocks to campus. I concluded that any guy that considerate had definite possibilities.

At the end of our freshman year, Morris went home to Preston and I moved to Blackfoot to receive my psychiatric training at State Hospital South. Morris and I had such a hard time saying goodbye, but then we saw each other nearly every weekend. I loved my experience at the hospital and even considered specializing in psychiatric nursing. While living on this campus, I wrote a program which was put on for the patients. The same program was presented to the Ricks College studentbody during the next school year.

After our rotation at SHS, I moved back to Idaho Falls and was maid-of-honor at Kay Lynn's wedding. She married Don McDougal. I occupied the same position at Norma Frei's wedding a few weeks later. I went to Preston several times on the bus to see Morris. He'd always be there to meet me at the bus stop and we'd be so happy to be together! During one weekend we painted the red fence around the Benson's home. We also hiked to Bloomington Lake, a journey which took most of the day. Morris' mother was very upset with us when we went without a chaperon.

I was MIA camp director for our ward that summer. The girls and I got along great and made so many fun memories. I hung Morris' picture on the wall of our tent. We composed and sang a song for the stake hootenanny that won first prize. I sang and accompanied them on the guitar - I knew a few basic chords.

When school started in the fall, I lived in a new apartment which was much closer to campus. I now had five roommates, including Darlene Gifford. She was a fellow nursing student and we have been good friends ever since. It would be impossible to mention all the fun and crazy things we did that year. On each others birthdays we would decorate the apartment with the birthday girl's underwear.

Morris and I introduced Darlene to Morris' roommate, Vic Wenczel, and they were later married. We played cupid quite a bit in those days and were responsible for introducing four couples

who were later married - Darlene and Vic, Cecelia and Vaughn, Clint and Cliffie, and Kent and Dawn.

I was ward organist in my college ward. The year before I had been chorister - I always seemed to get called to the music jobs.

The highlight of my sophomore nursing year was going to a cardiac clinic in Salt Lake. Open heart surgery was in it's infancy and the classes and practical experiences were fascinating.

In April of 1965 Morris and I went to Salt Lake to General Conference with Morris' good friend, Eldon Golightly, and his girl. Coming from Rexburg, we picked up Morris' mother at Orval and Elaine's place to take her home. She had been staying there to help out with their newest baby, Rebecca. On the way to Preston, Mother B. said to Morris, "You two have been going together for so long. If you don't give Jean a ring pretty soon, I'm going to buy her one myself." Little did either of us know that my engagement ring was in his pocket at the time.

It was on Temple Square at dusk on a Saturday night that Morris asked me to be his wife and slid a beautiful diamond ring onto my finger. I was so excited and thrilled. We had talked about marriage for months, we had even secured an apartment in Provo, but the timing of his proposal caught me by complete surprise. At that time he had grown out his crewcut and was sporting a mustache and a short beard. He looked so dashing!

In April of 1965, I was walking on campus early one morning when I saw Morris' car drive up. He jumped out and walked quickly towards me. He told me that his brother Kent's family had been in a car accident. His wife, Louise, and their baby daughter, Kathryn, had been killed. Morris was on his way to southern Utah to help bring them home. The funeral and burial of these two dear family members were a sad and difficult time for the family.

Graduation time came in May and both sets of our parents came to Rexburg for the ceremonies. The biggest thrill for me was the Nurses Pinning where, for the first time, I was able to wear an all white uniform and a cap with a single black stripe - the uniform of a registered nurse.

Morris stayed in Idaho Falls for the summer to work at the feedlot and I worked on the medical floor at the hospital. Several other graduate nurses and I traveled to Boise in June to take our state board examinations. They were difficult and I was certain that I hadn't passed them. Ironically, my notification came two months later - on our wedding day. I debated whether or not to open the envelope that day. I'm glad I did, for I was overjoyed to find out that I had passed - with room to spare.

Before our wedding that summer I was a bridesmaid at two more receptions - for Judy Brown and for Morris' sister, Marsha, who married Del Shumway.

Our own wedding preparations took the bulk of the summer. Mom and I spent hours in town shopping for a bridal gown, invitations, a cake, catering services, etc. I was given two lovely bridal showers and the day of August 11 came almost before we were ready.

The day of the wedding was one of the most beautiful we'd had all summer. It was at noon with 60 of our loved ones surrounding us that my sweetheart and I were sealed together for time and eternity in the Idaho Falls Temple. We were married by my great uncle, Clarence Johnson. After speaking to us, he invited us to kneel at the altar. Someone pointed out that my brother, Jerry, wasn't there yet. He'd been moving pipe out on the desert and hadn't arrived at the temple. We waited, kneeling there for what seemed like a very long time, until Jerry finally arrived, breathless and apologetic.

Our wedding dinner, attended by 102 people, was held at the Westbank Restaurant in Idaho Falls and was hosted by Morris' parents. That evening we greeted over 400 guests at a lovely reception in the 19th Ward cultural hall. We spent our first night together at the Star Dust Motel on the banks of the Snake River. There was a beautiful view of the temple and it's reflection on the water. The next evening we had an open house at the Whitney Ward, then departed for our honeymoon to the Northwest and Canada. Several nights were spent camping out of doors. We were in Mt. Vernon, Washington, on Sunday and we found a small branch of the Church to attend. We especially enjoyed traveling through Canada.

Upon returning home, we lived in a tidy little apartment on "E" Street and continued working for a month. I bought several housedresses to wear. I thought that housewives were supposed to wear dresses. They were uncomfortable and that notion didn't last long.

On the first of September we loaded our possessions onto a cattle truck and moved to Provo. We belonged to the BYU 7th Ward and were asked to be Young Married Leaders. Marsha and Del lived in an apartment just two houses from us and we saw them often.

I got a job at Utah Valley Hospital in the operating room at \$4.25 an hour - generous wages for a working woman at that time. They didn't give us new recruits a choice of where we wanted to work - we went where we were told. I felt terribly inadequate. My entire surgical experience in nurses training consisted of observing one operation for approximately five minutes. There were hundreds of instruments and new techniques to learn, and each surgeon had his own way of wanting things done. Nurses were treated very subserviently and we hardly dared open our mouths. Some of the doctors were crude and foul-mouthed, but we couldn't complain. One nurse who did was fired. I was flattered and surprised when one of the most finicky, exacting surgeons asked for me to be his private scrub nurse. We had to take turns being "On Call" for emergencies in the operating room. I detested it - never knowing when or for how long I would be called to the hospital.

I becoming friends with one of the scrub techs, Doug, a young man just out of the Navy. He had a crush on one of the nurses. When she didn't return his interest, he committed suicide.

Just before the second semester of school began, Dr. Howard Francis confirmed our suspicions that we were going to have a baby. In those days, couples didn't usually announce a pregnancy until it became obvious. During the first four months I was terribly sick. The man who lived upstairs in our apartment smoked a cigar and the odor would waft down to our apartment through the vents. I could hardly keep a meal down and dreaded coming home at night to that dreadful smell.

The policy at the hospital prohibited pregnant woman from working after they were 4 1/2 months along. We needed the money, so I didn't tell anyone about my pregnancy. I wanted to work as long as possible. Often when I was scrubbed in on a case I'd become terribly sick and could tell that I was about to lose my breakfast. I'd have to excuse myself and run to the rest room as fast as I could. They must have thought I was very prone to the flu. Because I was slender, I was able to keep my condition secret until the first of July, when I quit my job.

Morris worked construction with his cousins that summer. We moved to a cute little green house in south Provo and loved being to ourselves. We attended a "regular" ward, Provo II. I taught the Mutual Study Group, then the first year Bee Hive girls. This is the only ward we've ever lived in that I never felt accepted. Ward members probably saw a lot of college students coming and going and maybe they couldn't see much sense in getting too friendly. I made great effort to attend all the functions and to get to know the people, but they never seemed to warm up much. In retrospect, this was great training for me. Our current ward, the Idaho Falls 41st, has four mobile home parks within its boundaries. We average around seven or eight new move-ins/move-outs each month. My experience in this Provo ward helps me to remember how important it is to make everyone feel welcome - even if they are here a short time.

On August 26, 1966, our first child, Lauralee came into the world. I have never been so overwhelmed with emotion. She was a beautiful, perfect baby. I kept saying the word "daughter" to myself, over and over, trying to grasp the concept that I was now a mother. As I lay in my hospital bed I watched the people passing by my door, the nurses, custodians, doctors and visitors. The thought occurred to me that every human being had come into the world this way. What I had just experienced was too magnificent, too extraordinary and unique to be so common.

Three days later, when it was time to go home, they handed me our little bundle. I was suddenly struck with terror. I didn't know how to take care of babies. I asked dozens of questions that had never occurred to me before. Thank goodness Mom Johnson came from Idaho Falls for the first

week to help us out!

With the encouragement of Dad Benson, I decided not to return to work, but to stay home with our baby. I kept house, learned how to cook, worked in the yard and helped Morris with his studies. On one occasion, he ran out of time to read an assigned book, so I read it for him. On his way out of the door to take a quiz on the book, I quickly briefed him on it's highlights. He got 100% on the test.

When Dad Johnson was elected to the Legislature, Laurie, who was just a few months old, and I flew to Boise to visit my family for a week. It was my first time flying and we had a wonderful visit. I remember how cute David was playing with his first niece.

As most college students, we didn't have much money, but we never felt poor. Gas cost 25 - 35 cents per gallon. We bought Laurie's Similac at the cost of four cans for a dollar. (I tried to nurse her, but wasn't very successful) We lived on frozen meat pies because they were 10/\$1. I'd take Laurie for walks in her second-hand stroller because Morris took the car to school. We faithfully attended Relief Society on Tuesday mornings. I never missed a homemaking meeting because of the free meal. It helped cut down on our grocery bill.

After four years of school, I was so proud to see Morris graduate and receive his bachelors degree. It was May of 1967. It took me a while to adjust to the ideas that after four years of struggling to get Morris through school, he had decided that we going to return to Idaho Falls and work in the family cattle business. I now realize that it was the best choice he could have made. It provided a better life style and much better financial support than any other job could have. We were being offered \$5,000 a year to work for Boy Scouts of America. We cleared \$35,000 our first year with Benson Livestock.

We rented a medium-sized brick home on the Ririe Hiway from Wayne and Arlene Cooper. We belonged to the Iona Second Ward and the members welcomed us with open arms.

Laurie had been so small and sickly during her first year. I felt like such a failure as a mother, because I couldn't seem to get her to gain weight or to keep her well. I'd taken her to many doctors in Provo and none of them had answers for us. Mom encouraged me to take her to see Dr. J.D. Davis, a family practitioner, in Idaho Falls. One of the first things he did was to run a urine test on her - something none of the Provo doctors had done. It pinpointed the problem immediately - a serious kidney infection called pseudomonas. He surmised that she had picked it up in the hospital nursery at birth. Through a stay in the hospital and Priesthood blessings, the infection was cleared up and she started doing much better. I gave her antibiotic shots twice a day for a month after she left the hospital.

I was put to work in our new ward as a Top Pilot teacher, than as a councilor in the Primary presidency and ward organist. I think I have been ward organist in every ward we've lived in.

After eight months in Iona, we found a home to rent much closer to the feedlot and more suitable to our needs. It was on First Street in Idaho Falls, but still in a country setting. We were glad for it's three bedrooms, because we were close to having our second child. This was Shannon, a cute little eight pounder, who joined the family on her Uncle David's birthday, June 24, 1968. She was a lively energetic baby from the beginning and Laurie was delighted with her little sister. Shannon was our only baby who was colicky. She did a lot of screaming for the first three months of her life.

We had barns, corrals and outbuildings at our new place. We became quite the farmers while living there. We raised 200 chickens, milked a cow, fed 20 pigs and 2 horses. The pigs were such a headache. They were always getting out, especially when Morris was gone. I was driving down Hitt Road one afternoon when I saw two rough looking woman by the side of the road trying to get a pig into their car. I recognized the animal as one of our sows, so I stopped to ask them what they were doing. I told them it was ours. They rudely disputed my claim and said that they were taking it in for identification. "A likely story", I said to myself. I didn't know what I was going to do, but was determined not to let them steal my pig. It had cost us good money. They continued their attempt to load the unwilling, squealing pig into their back seat. A nice gentleman came along about then and tied it to a telephone pole for me. The woman left and I called Morris. To this day, I can't believe I ever had

a confrontation with someone over a pig.

The First Street move made us members of the Lincoln Second Ward. The bishopric somehow heard that we were coming. They came to visit us on the Ririe Highway and called us to positions before we'd even moved. I taught Primary once again (the traditional job for new move-ins). I later served as Sunday School secretary, organist, Relief Society Chorister and director of the Singing Mothers.

In 1969, I decided to go to work at the hospital, one or two days a week to keep up my professional skills. I worked the 3-11 shift at the LDS Hospital so that Morris could be home with the girls. I had worked for a few months when I caught a terrible case of flu from one of the patients, and it caused me to miscarry at three months. I felt terrible about it and took it as an omen that I should stay home, which I did. Despite having a D & C, I hemorrhaged afterwards and became badly anemic. I was readmitted to the hospital for blood transfusions. It took months before my strength returned.

During this ordeal, we were invited by our landlord to move. He wanted the place for his hired man. I felt resentful at their insensitivity in subjecting us to this move while I was still so weak.

We moved back to the same home on the Ririe Highway, and as before, there was plenty to do in the Iona Ward. I taught twelve delightful Mia Maid girls and was, what else ward organist. Vaughn, Morris brother, was released from the Army that summer and stayed with us while he worked at the feedlot. He married my sister, Cecelia, in July of 1970. They had met at our wedding reception five years earlier, when he was a returned missionary and she was just 14. This was the third marriage between our two families. Kent, another of Morris' brothers, had married my mother's sister, Dawn, in 1966.

Our third daughter, Bonnie Jean, was born on Sept. 5, 1970, sharing her birthday with her Grandpa Johnson and Aunt Cecelia. We had just returned home from our first family vacation, to Jackson Hole, Wyoming. I had always wanted three daughters in a row so that I could teach them to sing trios. The pregnancy and delivery were both long and difficult, but Bonnie was such an "easy" baby with a sunny disposition. She slept through the night her first night home and every night thereafter. I lost a lot of sleep laying awake wondering why she wasn't fussing.

Our family now numbered five, and we needed more room. We started shopping for a house to buy. I called all the bishops in the northeast part of town, asking if they knew of any homes for sale in their wards. We looked at several. Some were real dumps. Bishop Vic Hanks of the Lincoln Ward gave us the address of a four year old home, located just off the Iona Road, on Sioux Avenue. The tenants were being evicted for nonpayment. We were impressed with what we saw. It was a four level split with three bedrooms and was situated on a half acre of land. We moved in the day after Thanksgiving with the welcome assistance of 15 friends and relatives. Bonnie was two months old.

We have never been given a friendlier reception than that offered by the members of the Lincoln First Ward. The people were warm, cordial and acted genuinely delighted to have us with them. I once again assumed the duties of ward organist, then Sunday School teacher, Primary teacher, Relief Society Secretary and visiting teacher. Our girls were happy to have neighborhood children of their age to play with.

Morris, in his spare time, worked hard on the yard and finishing off the bottom two levels of the house. I took care of our three little girls and endeavored to make our home attractive and cozy.

While our children were small, it seemed like one of them was always sick. I figured on taking one or the other of them to the doctor at least weekly. Dr. Davis delivered all of our children but Laurie and took such good care of all of them through the years. In order to keep the children from catching so many infections, he advised us to keep them completely out of church nurseries. He called them "hot beds of germs". I wondered how we could comply since Relief Society was held on Tuesday mornings and I had no one to watch the girls. So that I wouldn't miss out, Morris began coming home from the feedlot every Tuesday morning to watch them while I attended. I taught the Mother

Education lessons in Relief Society for seven years and loved it. If I had my choice of any calling in the Church, it would be to teach. It causes me to stretch intellectually and to grow in my understanding of the gospel.

Morris and I were always highly desirous of rearing our children in the country, as we had been. We viewed our move to Sioux Avenue as a temporary measure. We planned on living there only long enough to locate what we "really wanted." Now, twenty-four years later, we are still living on Sioux Avenue and have no desire to go elsewhere. Our neighborhood family has been one of the greatest blessings in our lives. We have, over the years, developed close relationships with most of them - the Piquets, Petersons, Sargents, Murdocks, Joos', Knapps, Andersons and others. They have been wonderfully supportive to us through bad times and good.

Joel was born to us on January 6, 1973. We were shocked to have a boy - Bensons seemed to specialize in girls. From the beginning he was "all boy". He was a shadow to his dad and followed him wherever he went. When Joel was two, he loved to go outdoors, strip off his clothes, then go off to see the neighbors. As he got a little older, he'd ring their doorbells and ask, "Ya got any candy bars?"

We hadn't lived in the Lincoln Ward long when Morris was called into the first of several bishoprics. We developed some of our choicest and dearest friendships during this time, with Tebbin and Mary Lou Johnson, Bruce and Kathy Stanger, the Walkers, Rocks and Godfreys. We worked together on a myriad of funerals (I played the organ for most of them) weddings, dances, parties and other special events. We were devastated when Bruce and Kathy's four-year-old son, Michael, was killed in a farming accident. They asked our three girls to sing at his funeral. We thought our hearts would break at losing this precious child.

In the summer of 1973 I went into a terrible depression that lasted for months. Perhaps it was a post-partum situation. I have never been through a more horrible experience. Life seemed frightening and unbearable. I lost interest in every thing around me. I couldn't quit crying and didn't care if I lived or died. I was chronically exhausted and caught every infection that came along. At one point I contracted pyelonephritis, an infection of the kidneys, for which I was hospitalized. Mom and Dad were supportive, understanding and helpful. They did everything in their power to help me through it. Finally, Morris took me to a clinic in Salt Lake to see a doctor who specialized in chemical imbalances. After examining me and taking a history, he prescribed antidepressant medication. I refused - I hated to take medication. He finally convinced me to give it a try and I did so. Within a week, I was a new person, free of that oppressive black cloud that had hung over me for so long. This experience, however difficult, has given me great empathy for those who suffer from this illness and a realization that depression is a condition, not a weakness.

As part of my recovery, I looked for some outside interests, some hobbies, that I could participate in. I signed up for a cake decorating class and enjoyed making them for friends and family. I eventually sold a few special order cakes to others. I learned to sew in a Stretch and Sew class and began making most of my family's clothes. The kids now laugh when they see their multi-colored polyester outfits in old home movies and snapshots. But sewing has been an invaluable skill to our family over the years.

I had always aspired to be like my mother, whose home had been a haven to so many less-fortunate. Through the Church's Indian Placement Program, we were given a nine-year-old girl, Vicki, to live with us in 1974-75. I became very sick towards spring and they had to find another place for her to stay. A few years later, we invited an unwed mother from the Social Services to live with us. We enjoyed her, but her baby was stillborn at seven months and she wasn't here long. Looking back, I feel that I didn't do as well as I should have for either girl. I couldn't seem to cope with much other than my family, home and church responsibilities. I concluded that I would have to find other ways to make a contribution.

In January of 1975, we found out we were expecting our fifth child. From the beginning of the

pregnancy until the end was I was deathly ill with morning sickness. I couldn't hold a thing down. I dehydrated and was admitted to the hospital for intravenous therapy. To stop the vomiting, we were willing to try any remedy suggested, from chewing pine tar to taking Vitamin B-12 shots. Nothing helped. It was so severe that some days any kind of motion would set me off. I would try to hold very still with my eyes closed because even moving my eyes from side to side would start the retching. I was unable to care for my home or children. Mom and Dad, as always, were there to help. Ward members pitched in with meals and babysitting. Morris did double duty. He'd work at the feedlot all day then come home and take over meals, laundry, and child care. It was a long, dreary and difficult nine months. But when our beautiful, dark-haired Julie was born - every minute of the pregnancy been worth it. She was a darling, delightful baby, always so pleasant and good-natured.

After this difficult pregnancy, we decided that five children was quite enough. We wondered if my health could withstand another pregnancy. Three years later, however, we had a change of heart. I was sitting in Sacrament Meeting when I felt strongly prompted that there was one more baby for us - that our family was not yet complete. It was frightening to face another pregnancy, but this one was not nearly as difficult. As in all my pregnancies, there still was nausea, but my biggest problem was walking. Something went wrong with my hips and I could hardly get around during the last few months. Kimball was born on May 17, 1979, an adorable little boy with dark eyes and hair. Joel was delighted to finally have a brother. Kimball got lots of mothering from his sisters and he was always a sweet affectionate child.

Along with the Gospel, the greatest blessing in my life has been my family - both immediate and extended. One experience illustrates the support and loyalty of my brothers and sisters. We, along with several other members of our family, had gone to visit Mom and Dad in Boise to observe Dad in action in the Legislature. We were staying at the Holiday Inn which had a large indoor playground. When Joel, age 5, was climbing up the steps of a spiral slide, he fell from the top and struck his head on concrete. An ambulance was called, and before Joel lost consciousness, he asked that his Grandma Johnson ride with him to the hospital. Dad came right away as did Vaughn and Cecelia. A skull fracture was diagnosed and his symptoms indicated intracranial bleeding. He was placed in the Intensive Care Unit. I was having an extremely difficult time dealing with the situation, in fact I fainted at one point. I was certain that Joel was dying. I remember Cecelia sitting with me in the waiting room as I struggled for control. She suggested that we kneel and pray together. We did so. She prayed while I cried. She pleaded with the Lord to preserve the life of my little boy. Morris, Vaughn and Dad gave Joel a priesthood blessing. A few hours later as I was walking to the parking lot, from around the corner, practically on two wheels, roared an old pickup truck. It pulled up beside me. Out jumped my two brothers, Jerry and Clint, dusty and with carpenter tools still swinging from their belts. They were living in Nampa at the time. "We heard there's been has been an accident" they said "How can we help?" I burst into tears again to realize the love and support all around me. The next morning the CAT scan revealed no further bleeding. Joel was out of the woods and would be fine. Celia and Vaughn drove the rest of our family back to Idaho Falls and we followed later with Joel.

A few months before Kimball was born, we, along with Vaughn and Cecelia's family flew to Los Angeles to see our sister Sonya, and her family and to enjoy the sights of southern California. Cecelia, Sonya and I were all expecting at the time. We had a wonderful time. Over the years, we have taken several trips together with Vaughn and Celia's family. We went to Aspen Crest for a week, a BYU sponsored summer camp for families. They traveled with us to Seattle, Washington when we went for Laurie and Chris' open house.

To supplement our income, I taught several piano students for a while. I also taught lessons to our first four children, but soon discovered that they did much better with a teacher who was not so personally involved.

Both Morris and I had come from homes where musical training was an assumed part of our

training. We wanted our children to have the same opportunities. I taught them to sing when they were very young. I remember Joel standing on the piano bench at the age of two, belting out "Zippity Do Da" with his pure sweet voice. They each learned a band or orchestra instrument when they were in elementary school. Three of the kids, Bonnie, Joel and Julie took vocal lessons. I spent many hours running them to piano, flute, trumpet, trombone, and vocal lessons. When five of the kids were taking piano lessons at once, we bought a second piano and created a "music room" in the basement. For a few years, I scheduled all their lessons on Wednesday afternoons so that I wouldn't have interruptions on every day. One year we were scheduled for seven separate lessons and I'd spend most the day in the car, chauffeuring the troops to and from lessons. Musical training is expensive and time-consuming, but I believe that it has been one of the most valuable investments of both our time and money. Through music, children usually develop self-discipline, self-esteem, poise and confidence. I hope their lives have been as enriched through music as was mine.

When the children were young, we started putting musical groups together - vocal and instrumental. We spent many hours in practice and it wasn't always pleasant. Our family, just as mine had been, was invited to perform musically on numerous occasions. Eventually we were asked to join "Talent Showcase" of Idaho Falls, a organization that refers performers to organizations looking for programs. Through them we entertained widely at church and civic functions. The three oldest girls put together a novelty act and entered the Farm Bureau talent contest. They were tickled to win first place in local, regional and state competition.

I have always been grateful that our children willingly share their talents whenever called upon to do so. They have been in many plays, productions, concerts and recitals.

We have been proud of them for being diligent with their studies and for their scholastic achievements as well. All have graduated with honors and been consistently on the honor rolls.

When we had so many small children, I felt frustrated a great deal of the time. More than anything, I wanted to be a good mother, but I never felt that I was patient or wise enough to be an effective parent. I worried about everything; that I was too caught up in maintaining an orderly home, that I was working my children too hard, and the underlying fear was that I really didn't know what I was doing. I read parenting books by the dozens and attended lectures and classes at Education Week on child rearing. I prayed continually for guidance in this, the most important of all responsibilities.

Paul Jenkins, a friend of ours who worked for KID TV, once asked us to help with a commercial to promote the weather segment of the news. They had me drive to a snowy, isolated road up on the dry farms. I pulled off the road, got under the hood and pretended to be trying to fix my broken-down station wagon. The kids were leaning out of the windows of the car, shouting at me. Steve Cannon, the weatherman, came along about then and ultimately rescued us. It ran on television for several months. It was not exactly a glamorous situation, but provided our one claim to media fame.

I developed an interest in writing when they asked Loa Jenkins and me to write a roadshow for the Lincoln Ward. It was the first of several that we helped with and we always won first place in the stake. After that, I was asked to write programs for Christmas, Easter and Mother's Days.

I summoned up my courage and submitted an article I had written to the Ensign. It concerned a system our family had used to record individual and family histories on audio tape. I was so ecstatic when they accepted it for publication and sent me a check. It was one of the highlights of my life. I couldn't believe that any idea of mine would have value to anyone else.

Along with writing came opportunities to speak. I had the usual assignments to speak in Sacrament meetings and stake conferences. Then I was asked to give a talk on womanhood for a stake Relief Society event. This led to invitations from other wards in the area to present the same talk. I then spoke at MIA meetings, Standards Nights and firesides. Three years ago, Cecelia, who was now producing tapes of original music, asked me to present a workshop with her at Rick's College's Homemaking Conference. We chose the theme "Lighten Up". Our purpose was to encourage the

sisters to be more realistic in their personal expectations and to be able to enjoy their families more. The next year we were invited to speak at Mother's Week and at the Homemaking Conference again. The exposure from these events brought additional requests to present our seminars to various groups.

In November of 1994, Cecelia and I, along with our husbands flew to Couer d'Alene (all expenses paid) to present two seminars to church members there. It was a choice experience to meet the good people of northern Idaho. I am amazed and flattered each time that I am asked to speak. I still wonder how all this came about and why anyone is interested in what I have to say.

In June of 1980, shortly before we were to move into the new Lincoln church that we had helped to build, it was announced that the ward was being divided. We were combining with a section of Lincoln Second Ward to form the Idaho Falls 41st. We were heartbroken to realize that we would no longer meet with and have the close association of the people we had come to love and care about so deeply. With heavy hearts, and because we had no choice, we accepted the change.

I was immediately called as first councilor in the Stake Relief Society presidency and Morris went onto the high council. Because we both worked in the stake, it took us years to get to know the people in our new ward.

While serving in the stake, I wrote a program which was presented to each ward in our stake. It was entitled "Stars to Steer By". It consisted of live acting, a slide presentation, music and poetry. Its goal was to encourage the sisters not to become discouraged in their quest for perfection. It met with good response and we were asked to do it many other times. We were also invited to present it to the General Board of the Relief Society in Salt Lake. It was a honor to meet Sister Barbara Smith and her Board.

After being released from the stake, I was called as ward organist, then Laurel teacher (Bonnie was in my class), Ward Music Chairman, and Spiritual Living teacher in Relief Society.

Sometimes I'd dream of the day when the kids were grown so that things would be quieter and I'd have some free time. But when that time finally came, it wasn't nearly as fun as I had imagined. As each of our children left, whether for college or missions, I felt as if they were taking a part of me with them. I missed them greatly and lived for their phone calls and letters. It has been an adjustment that I never expected to make.

In 1987, I became reluctantly acquainted with a new emotion - grief. One day Clinton called each of his brothers and sisters from his home in Nampa to tell us that he had been diagnosed with untreatable bone cancer. He only had a few months to live. The thought of losing him was unbearable. I learned that grief involves very real pain - emotional, mental and physical. I felt that my heart would literally break. He fought the disease valiantly, but the outlook was dismal and his options few. We prayed, fasted and placed his name on many temple rolls. It was agony to watch this devastating disease destroy my brother - all but his mind and spirit. I have always had great faith in the power of fasting and prayer. I couldn't understand why we weren't getting a miracle in his behalf or why he wasn't going into remission. It was a time of great trial and soul-searching for our family.

Towards the end of December in 1988, Clint's condition had disintegrated badly. David, Sonya and I flew to Boise to see him one more time. He passed away while we were there, on New Years Eve. It was one of the most poignant, touching, spiritual and anguishing experiences of my life. (See details in the book "Reflections" that we wrote for Clint's family.)

To commemorate our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, Morris and I took a trip to Florida and went on a Caribbean Cruise. It was a wonderful, romantic trip and we made many lovely memories.

In March of 1992, I received a new church calling, that of ward Relief Society president. I had been having promptings that this would take place. By the time Bp. Gregg Manwaring called me in for an interview, I already knew who my councilors were to be. It was truly a spiritual experience, for he told me that he had been praying that the Lord would prepare me for this assignment. My councilors were Carma Nelson, Brenda Joos and Anna Larsen.

Many fun, enjoyable, trying, learning and sobering experiences have been ours during our tenure as a Relief Society presidency. I have learned a great deal about human nature. My testimony has been tested at times and strengthened at others. I have gained a great appreciation for the Gospel and have witnessed how effectively it changes and better lives. I have, hopefully, gained insight and understanding into the things which cause human misery as well those things which bring happiness.

A test of our faith came in April of 1993. Morris had suffered from a multitude of health problems throughout his life - arthritis, a bad back, Crohns Disease, speech problems, etc. A more serious, life-threatening medical problem now emerged. He had been complaining of chest pains for a about two weeks. He refused to keep the doctors appointments I made for him. Finally, when the chest pains became worse and rest didn't alleviate them, he allowed me to take him to the emergency room late one night. Severe coronary artery disease was diagnosed and a quadruple bypass surgery was performed two days later. It was a terribly frightening time. I couldn't bear the thought of losing my dear husband and of facing life alone. He'd been my anchor and stay for twenty eight years.

During and after his hospital stay, the outpouring of love and support from family and friends was phenomenal. All of our children and their spouses came home. They were my mainstay throughout the ordeal. We had a constant flow of meals and phone calls to our home. Dozens of flowers, cards and gifts were sent. Family and ward members came to visit at the hospital - some came as often as every day. Special prayers were offered for Morris in the classrooms of Bonneville Seminary. The ward held a special fast. Even Julie's band teacher, Mr. Paustian, a non-member said that he and his family were praying for her dad. So many unique, generous and kind acts of service were rendered - offers to mow the lawn, to take down our remaining Christmas lights, to do Morris' home teaching, to help Joel financially on his mission. It was incredible. For the first time since leaving the Lincoln Ward, I realized what a wonderful ward we lived in and that they, too, had become like family.

I was also reminded at this time of what special woman friends I have. Linda Jex, Darlene Wenczel, Loa Jenkins, Kathy Stanger, Carma Nelson, Vicki Anderson and others have always been there when I needed them.

Morris' recovery was rapid and complete. We were required to make a few life-style changes, but I feel that they are for the betterment of our family. We now trying to get more exercise, follow a lot fat diet and eliminate some of the stress from our lives.

In a few months, I will mark by 50th birthday. As I reflect back, I am deeply appreciative for the good life I have had. I was born to humble, kind parents and reared in a gentle home. I have brothers and sisters who would do anything for me, as I would for them. I have been fortunate to spend my life with a considerate, faithful, and hard-working companion whom I love with all my heart. I truly believe that our six children are among the choicest spirits ever sent to earth. They have been my teachers, my exemplars and my life. They have brought me greater joy than I knew possible.

I also count among my great blessings, the extraordinary young men that our daughters have married and made a part of our family; Chris, Doug and Steve. Our granddaughters, Meagan, Sarah, Amy and Rachel, are a constant source of pleasure and delight. I didn't think it was possible to love anyone else as I do my own children, until my sons-in-law and grandchildren came into our lives.

Through much struggle, prayer, study and searching, I have developed a deep and abiding testimony of the Gospel. I would not dare deny the knowledge that I have gained, that we do, indeed, have an eternal Heavenly Father. I have felt His presence often throughout my life. I know for a surety that His son, Jesus Christ, is the Savior and Redeemer of the world. I am grateful for the sacrifices of the Prophet, Joseph Smith, in restoring the Gospel in these latter days and for the myriad of blessings that have come to me through my membership in the Church.



Kurt Lanken Johnson

LIFE STORY OF KURT LANZEN JOHNSON

I was born the third child of Gustaf Henry , and Esther Maria Lanzen on Sept 5, 1915. We lived in a small three room house on first, street, in Idaho Falls, Idaho. Dr. Sodaequist was the Dr. that delivered me.

When I was one year old we moved to a farm west of, Idaho Falls now called West Broadway.

Dad or Papa as we always called him as we grew up had worked as a bookkeeper since about 1910. He now started to farm on a farm that Uncle Albert had run for a few years with the backing of Grandpa Johnson.

my mother came to the United States from Sweden to marry Papa where he had met her while on his mission during 1905-1908.

To write all these things brings so many precious memories, things both dim and clear. The first concientious thought that a child gets is in such a small limited way. Each person even in the same family lives a completely different life than any other individual. No two go the same paths.

Naturally the family members are first in my memory, and the shelter the home we remembered, whether humble or more substantial. I am sure that whatever home a child first experiences, to him it is the best and normal.

Our home was 1½ miles west of Idaho Falls on a dirt road. Buggies and wagons stirred up the dust as they made their way to and from town. The better off people had finer buggies with fringe and tassels on the covering over it with fine matched teams. The less pretentious ones or beginners settled for a single nag and a cobbled up outfit, or a work team on a buggy. One of my earliest experiences with a buggy was when I was two or three years old. My mother and Sigrid and I were going to town. Mother had to go back in the house for something. I had learned to click my tongue at the horse so I did and the horse started up and turned down the lane and towards town. When my mother saw what had happened she took a short cut through the orchard going as fast as she could and stopped the horse. I always loved horses, this ones name was Old Dolly.

I was the oldest son of Henry who was the oldest son of Gustaf who was the thirteenth child of Johannes Swenson. My Grandfather & My Grandmother Annie Sofia Christensen met in Halmstad Sweden. Anni's father built a large room in his home especially for the church to hold meetings in. Grandpa Lanzen left Stockholm and came to America after his wife and son passed away. to be with Esther his only daughter.

When my father started farming he made an agreement with the man who sold him the farm, to give him 1800 sacks of #1 potatoes for 18 years. That was a bad arrangement because the prices were good for many of the years due to wars or shortages and he could have paid off the farm long before the 18 years. The depression came and he was forced to give up the place and through a trade we moved to the family home just off east river road that is now Max and Marie's home.

When we lived on the New Sweden farm I remember that we had to haul a lot of water from the ditch for washing, so Pop rigged up a high wheeled cart with hooks on the axle that would hold two 10 gallon buckets of water for washday and other purposes.

Estrid, the oldest member of the family would fuss about rolling her stockings just right before Mom could get her off for school. She was resourceful and helpful about the house and popular with her friends.

Sigrid was my baby tender. She would lead me to the neighbors and one day I fell in Mrs. Slighton's scrub water [they lived at Reeds corner] and Mrs. Slighton had to put a diaper on me to go home. I was mortified because I was five years old.

Sigrid was always doll like, lovable and outgoing. She did impulsive things like running down to the canal for a bath when the ice was forming on the edge. She was a compulsive housecleaner and everyone had to clear out then look forever after for things she had put away.

I came next then my sister Ingrid. It was about then that I noticed the women who would come in and take care of my mother and the new baby for a few days.

To describe myself, my hair was very blonde until after I was married, then it gradually turned a darker blonde. My eyes are blue. My daughter Jean has the color of my eyes. Jerry more my height only taller and is darker like his grandfathers. Clint, Celia, Siri, Sonya, Glen and David have more my coloring than they do their mothers. We were always so interested to see which characteristics our children would resemble us for.

Ingrid was the accident prone one. She broke three ribs when she fell off a load of potatoes and the wagon almost rolled on top of her. She got lice from the kids of the hired help and many other problems. Early in life she started to sing.

Max came next and was called Tuffie by the family. He was in athletics and about drove Sherwood crazy wanting to Box with him. He was also interested in FFA to learn more of farming and this next to the church and family has been his lasting love. He developed what was then called St. Vitus Dance, which we know now as Rheumatic fever. He suffered from nervous twitchings for weeks, and his heart was so badly damaged that he could never go on a Mission or in the service, so he gave his life to his family and the farm. It is sad that we did not have the tests and the medicine that we have today so he wouldn't have had his heart damaged.

Margit came next. She was born with club feet. When she was only two years old she was taken by a relative, Hazel Krave, to St. Louis where she had successful corrective surgery. Mom couldn't go with her so she stayed with relatives of Hazels and other friends until she could come home. Uncle Clarence brought her home when he was returning from a short term mission. She didn't hardly recognize anyone at home but resumed her normal life and has enjoyed good health since.

Sherwood came next, the livewire of the neighborhood. Whatever went wrong he was blamed, guilty or not. It took kind loving understanding to keep him from being a wayward boy. He was enjoyed by all for his good personality and willingness to help people, but as he said Max was a pest [as most brothers are] and he felt picked on.

Grant was the last one of eight. He was quiet, and lovable

his nose was distinctive, so Pop always called him his little Jew. I remember going by the school one day, and there sat my little brother away from the rest of the crowd on a curb reading a book. He looked a little lonely, but he has always enjoyed reading.

As I tell this story one memory brings another so I reflect both ways. I was seventeen when we moved to the home just off east river road. Most of my life was spent in New Sweden.

EARLY LIFE

My older sisters Estrid and Sigrid were going to Central school when I started. They went there for three days, then they were transferred to Eagle Rock so I just picked up my books and went there too. No one ever said anything. Eagle Rock is now torn down, but was near the Challenge Creamery and the cold storage plant. At recess and noon we would go down and play by the Snake river. We would look through piles of junk people had thrown there or get willows for Indian fights.. We would line up with willow spears. To my knowledge no one was ever drowned at recess that I know of.

I remember when Sherwood started school. My mother had him ready but he didn't want to go and started to cry. When he was questioned he puckered up and said "I can't go to school because I can't read or write or anything".

My first grade teacher was Ethel Boyes, and as this is written in 1982 she is still living.

In those days we had to walk to school, but later on, a bus was purchased. It was an old black Dodge with a door by each seat clear down the side. It held over 30-40 kids and Fred Keller [the town taxi driver] drove it. Before the bus days I would sometimes ride on the back of a horse ridden by a neighbor Charley Reed [They now have Reeds Dairy] or I would walk. Lonnie Toone was a substitute bus driver.

Richard Strahle became one of my good friends during my early years. He liked to come out from town and enjoy the things on the farm, especially the horses, sometimes I went to his place in town and got to know his family.

My early friends usually spent Sunday with me. My mother never knew how many to expect for dinner when we came home from church. Ronald Snarr and others and I would on some Sundays put up hay with a miniature derrick that Max & I had built patterned after the big ones.

Another friend that I had met when I was coming out of conference meeting had been admiring my horse. He asked if he could trade me the horse for his bicycle for a ride.

I was in A SCOUT TROOP WITH Marvin Cook, Joe Clayton and David Miller. These are most of my friends in my younger days and most are still living and it is enjoyable to see them.

GROWING UP

Most of my injuries came from riding horses. I went through a gate and took a little piece of my leg off on the catch. I didn't think I was hurt until I got off the horse and my shoe was squishy with blood. One of my favorite horses was

Molly a small mare. I had another one named Toots that I got from the Fox Farm as a colt. I broke her to ride. When she was two years old she got tangled in some wire and had to be destroyed and I was sad.

I was visiting Maces [neighbors who lived where Richards and Pruitts live now]. My horse was blind in one eye and she was startled and again I cut my leg in some barbed wire.

Another close call came when I was little and I fell in a barrell of water near the house. uncle Otto came by and saw my feet sticking out and I was rescued.

As my school years went by I had other good teachers. Zenna Wilson 8th grade and Mae Neuber 7 and 9th. I went to Central Jr. High. Off and on I had to stay out of school and help in the busy seasons on the farm so it was hard to keep up. I put in enough time to have graduated from high school, but I never did.

One day I got sick at school when Ethel Boyes was my teacher. I tried to walk home, but I was too sick so I went in to a store and asked if I could lay down on their floor for awhile. At that time there were several cases of meningitis around so the clerk called my mother, by the way I still remember our old phone numbers 914 R3 and 0126 R3. We always gave the number to the operator and she rang it for us. Anyway this particular day after the clerk called my mother, she called Dr. Mellor who gave her instructions to have me come to his office and have a spinal tap. The clerk gave me the message and I left, not for the Doctors office, but for home as fast as I could go and I felt better when I got there. That I thought was a narrow escape from something horrible.

I remember what is now West Broadway when it was paved. We would go out and get tar from the machines and chew it.

During these years we milked cows. Papa and my Uncles Oscar and Clarence with Carl went in to partnership on the Sunnyside Dairy. Uncle Carl originated the dairy idea.

We would take \$1.00 for a can of milk and donate the balance to Help to keep the business going. We had a lot of ice cream in those and I still enjoy it.

We had our first Model T then & I could just barely see over the steering wheel and once when I was delivering the milk Frank Norton who was a young policeman at the time stopped me near the river bridge. He asked who my Dad was.. I told him and he said I was doing fine, but I wondered if anyone was driving it. uncle Carl sold the dairy in 1929. The creamery continued on into the 1930's. A relative Swalley Wohlschlagel took it over and called it the Yellowstone Dairy.

After Uncle Vernon married he operated a creamery and chicken business on B. street. I remember him out chasing the chickens that got away before they were butchered. When he closed the creamery he went in to the Real Estate Business.

When we got the model T we paid \$280.00 for it. Before that we had the small buggy and when the family got bigger we had a white top buggy pulled by a team of our smaller horses or some of our more spirited work horses.

some of my other school teachers were Miss Chagnon, second grade, Miss Dawson 5th and 4th. Miss Randall 3rd, Miss Wilson was 8th, Miss Wilder and Reid 9th. Some more of my school friends were Jess Terry and Harold Glansman.

Because we lived in the country I didn't get to go to Primary but I went to a religion class a couple of times.

My Scoutmasters were Bill Brunt and Parley Field. I made it to 2nd class. I mostly remember playing games like steal the flag and climbing around in the Ammon hills.

I was not very tall but at age 17 I had a growth period and grew to my present height 5 ft 9 inches.

I had to start work very early to help my father. At age 8 or 9 I was put on a land leveler. I would drive four horses and after school when the kids were coming home, I would hurry to the ends so they could see how big I was doing a mans work. One time I could have lost my legs when a board I stood on to harrow slipped. Later I mowed hay and cultivated potatoes, sometimes I didn't do it right and dug up some of the seed. We had Parks for neighbors in the next field, and sometimes on hot days we would tie up the horses and Clyde, Stan and I would go swimming, sometimes too long. one time Parks team ran away right through the canal with the cultivator on.

I remember the first big money I made. I cultivated potatoes for Ray Collins for four days and got \$4.00. I just looked and looked at it, and thought a long time about how the wisest way to spend it, would be.

In high school our FFA Teacher was Alfred Bateman. He took us to Palisades where we hiked. We often had field trips on a wagon pulled by his car. I would often use our car the Model T to haul extra's because I used it to haul the milk to Sunnyside Dairy on my way to school.

MY FATHER

I admired my Father so much. He was a Bishop, an impressive teacher and was constantly doing missionary work. He was never afraid to approach anyone about the Gospel in his friendly, philosophical way. He never judged people but loved one and all in his unpretentious way, rich and poor alike, and took time to visit with those who wanted to talk to him.

My father was about 5 ft 9 in. and weighed about 180 pounds. He had very dark blue eyes. His Hair and Brows were very dark and he sometimes commented that he must have had a Roman ancestor somewhere. He was handsome, proper and dignified, yet he saw a great deal of humor in most everything.

I have one special memory of my father. one day Papa took me, just the two of us in his buggy and we rode all around and he showed me places where people lived and places where we had bought our horses as we needed them.

Before my father was married he went to business school in Salt Lake City. While there he sang in the Tabernacle Choir under Evan Stephens.

During his early married years he worked for an Implement company called C.W.&M Which stood for Consolidated Wagon and Machine Co.

The house we had on first street, my first home cost \$500.00 to build.

Papa enjoyed gardening. He used to grow different things such as Black Cap Raspberries, Dewberries, several varieties of gooseberries, cherry trees, apples and plum trees in our orchard. That farm and orchard in New Sweden is now fast disappearing in to a housing development.

He also worked briefly helping Paul Blaylock on a potato sorting crew. While doing this he got a strangulated hernia at the hospital his life was in danger. It was then that the Doctor told him that he had seen time after time where those who lived the word of wisdom came through the critical times.

He often studied peoples features to analyze their personalities and characteristics. Lucille was sartled when he told her she had an aggressive nose. She didn't know whether to be complimented or offended because she didn't know him very well then.

He was a good singer and often sang at funerals and other places with his brothers

MY MOTHER

I loved my Mother as much as my father. She was so unselfish and thoughtful of others. In Sweden she was very busy in the church and community activities, but when she came to America she was very conscious of her accent and stayed in the background. She stayed home much of the time and wholeheartedly supported my father in all he did. She must have been lonely at times.

She was 5 ft 5 in. with greenish blue eyes. She had light brown hair and such a sweet face. I can remember her holding me on her lap and teaching me to write my name..

She worked so hard for so many of us even though she had been frail while growing up. She sewed well and was known everywhere for her delicious cooking. She could make something out of nothing. She cared for many families who had to move in with us for months at a time. She cared for her father from 1917 to 1933. Even she became bedfast during his last years. She scrubbed sheets, linens and clothes on a scrub board when the washer didn't work or she didn't have one, then she would boil all the white clothes in a boiler to keep them white.

The depression years were hard, but my mother was creative. She would toast dry bread and roll it for cereal, for her family and we would eat it with cream and sugar for breakfast. One time I embarrassed her. She had taken me to town with her and the clerk asked me what I had had for breakfast.

I proudly said "Bread Crumbs" and my mother went in to a flurry of explanations. In the summer we would have Fil mjolk or clabber milk with sugar and cinnamon on it.

Some of the hired men she had to cook for were Henry Krave who lived with us and went to school, Emil Gustafson, Alabama Jake. I especially liked Emil and would go around calling Emo. She said I used to cry and hold on to her skirts when she was cooking for the men. She didn't have time to hold me as much as I wanted her to.

GRANDPARENTS.

We loved Grandpa Lanzen too. He helped so much by repairing and building things around the farm. There was always a language barrier. but when he would say to Max and I saga ved, we knew it was time to get the bucksaw out and saw wood.

Grandpa was a skilled craftsman in cement work. He did the design over the Mission home at Svartensgaten 3 and many of the family missionaries saw it.

He was scholarly and disciplined. He came to us from Sweden in 1917. He loved the sabbath day. He spent Saturday in preparation, brushing his black suit and shining his shoes. I would cut his hair for him.

He built a crib for the babies, sleds and toys for us and also cement urns for flowers.

In the Johnson Grandparents stories it has been written that they were short. Grandma a fiery 5 ft and Grandpa 5 ft 4 in. with an easy disposition and firm in his discipline and his goals. He had a quiet nature. He helped many people, relatives who didn't have homes, paid burial expenses for those who could not, relatives or friends. He sent missionaries on missions who didn't have money. I was surprised when I was in Sweden to have a missionary tell me that Grandpa Johnson was keeping him. When he knew of someone that could not pay a hospital bill he helped them. No one knew how many people he helped in such a quiet way. All this came from being a shoemaker and for having a good head for business.

As far as I know he didn't help his sons much because he wanted them to grow strong through their struggles as he had in this land of opportunity.

Some of my other memories when I was young was when President Harding came to Idaho Falls in the summer of 1924. The itinerary included the President having a hand in irrigating Idaho Potatoes. He did that at our neighbors farm [August Johnson's] The family and many people gathered at our orchard next to the road for a clear view of President Harding as he rode by in an open touring car.

Another memory is of my father pushing me in the ditch to make me learn to swim.

I also remember my excitement when the Shiveleys would invite me to go fishing with them. We would use long Bamboo poles.

I also remember going to the Logan Temple to do Baptisms and Marvin Cook and I and other boys rode in the luggage rack on top of the bus. Nothing like that would be allowed now.

Though we didn't go long distances the times we did are always in memory. The trips out to the Lavas where we would climb around jumping the deep crevices or climbing down in them to get ferns. Once in awhile we would see a rattle snake.

Another time with Oscar and Clarences families we went in to the hills east of Idaho Falls for an outing where we picked choke cherries and Sarvice berries along with the climbing around.

MILITARY

MISSION, COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

When I was 21 I was called to go to Sweden on a mission. I was in the mission home for 3 weeks.

One night I woke up and saw a light ans was half asleep and I thought it was a street car bearing down on us, so I grabbed the companion that was sleeping with me and yelled "LOOK OUT".. poor Elder Lundgren trembled the rest of the night while I went right back to sleep.

I reached Sweden in the spring of 1936. It was a happy experience meeting relatives. The language came to me fast because of my mother and Grandparents speaking it. My companion and I made an agreement that if one of us spoke English we would have to pay the other 1 ore.

Some of my relatives joined the church, but there were so many that did not. Some of the places I labored were in Stockholm, jonkoping, Halmstad, Eskilstuna and Malma.

At the conclusion of my mission I toured Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, Italy and France. We sailed home from Le Havre.

On our way to Sweden we had stayed in London at the Imperial Hotel. We thought it very old fashioned! came home in July 1939.

It took us four days by train to cross the United States by train and a week to cross the ocean.

In 1936 the war with Francisco Franco was on. It was a Civil war and lasted most of my mission. I can remember Italian soldiers coming home and kissing each other and their parents.

When I came home I traveled with Forrest Thompson and Oscar Anderson. In Germany while traveling home, the country was teeming with military activity. We saw the swastika everywhere and heard much about Hitler. Some German girls that we talked to were so surprised that we were not subject to the draft. Germany was going in to Poland to conquer them soon. We heard of Mussolini from Italy who later hung naked and upside down in an Italian public square, along with his mistress.

Because of the trouble in Europe the United States started a drawing for the purpose of drafting soldiers in case they were needed. I had been home one year. The ages were 18-25 and the numbers were put into a fishbowl by districts or regions. My number was 39679214. I was inducted in to the army and left October 7 1941. When I got on the train I saw tears in my fathers eyes. I seemed to go numb on these departures and couldn't seem to feel the pain of partings, until long after they were over. I told Lucille seven times goodbye for overseas, but I never had to go over.

My dating and courtship days started when Richard Strahle took two girls to a show and had me sit with one. I looked around and saw my father in the audience, and when he left I went with him. Some of the girls I dated later were Winifred and Sybil Wilkinson, Beth Nelson, Roberta Newby but was probably the most serious with Berneice Coles who I met after my mission. I liked her but couldn't get as serious as she wanted me to. Most of my dates were to dances at one of the Churches or at the popular Wandamere south of town.

Sometimes we would go to Riverside on the other side of Rigby to dance. One night when it was below zero Ronald Snarr and I needed transportation so we stood on the bumper of someones car for a short distance and I froze my ears. They became puff and black.

After my mission I had the opportunity to serve on the m.i.a. Stake Board with Jo. Madsen, Bill Brunt, Sister Hill and Ronald Snarr.

At Sacrament meeting at the fourth ward I was introduced to dark haired nurse from Rexburg Idaho. I was busy so I didn't have time to think much about the introduction. In November of 1940 I had a blind date to a nurses dance that my cousin Ruth Johnson had arranged with her roommate. Ronald reassured me that he thought he had met her and she was a neat girl. When I met her it wasn't so. All I can remember about her is that she had adenoids.

We traded dances with Lucille and her date Wayne Millar. As soon as we started to dance we started to talk and I thought "she is so easy to talk to!" and I was impressed with her wholesomeness and prettiness. I found myself telling her about my operation in Sweden, how when they offered the beck to us I thought it was something to drink but it turned out to be a bedpan. We had a good laugh and I didn't want the dance to end. This is the event that put us together. I wanted to know more of her but logic reminded me that she had two more years of training and I wanted to get married before then, so I would stay away and not disrupt her training.

About a month later I had to get a date for a Green and Gold Ball that was to be held during the Christmas Holidays. One day I spotted Lucille walking on a downtown street and I knew who I wanted for my date. I hurried and parked the painting Van I was in and caught up with her and asked if she would go with me. She seemed surprised and couldn't answer without looking at her hours at the hospital. I was to call her and find out. A few days before Christmas I went to call and realized I didn't remember her name. I asked different ones if they could help me remember the nurse I had enjoyed dancing with at the nurses dance, and my sisters were home for Christmas and they tried to help to no avail.

Two night before the dance in desperation I went to sit in the Hospital Lobby where the nurses came and went on their way to the third floor where they lived. I waited and waited and finally I saw two nurses coming through the door and one of them was the one I was waiting for.

I was so glad to find her out of the 60 nurses that lived there. I asked her if she could go and she said she could but would not be able to stay until the end, then she started to leave. I didn't know her name yet so I asked "Who shall I send the corsage to?" She said the front office would be fine and they would get it to her. I finally had to come right out and say I didn't know her name, and then she caught on to what had happened.

The dance was fun and I had to take her back to the hospital before midnight so she wouldn't get locked out.

16
I thought again how much I enjoyed being with her, but again logic took over and I felt she had too much training left so I would not date her again.

A month passed without seeing her. One night my roommate and I went to a movie and he got a bad pain in his side. I took him home to our Apartment and Aunt Rhoda knew it was appendicitis so we three left for the hospital, about 1 a.m. We rang the buzzer to the Emergency Entrance. I was pushing Lee in a wheelchair and was thinking it would be nice if Lucille answered our ring and as I watched there she came around the corner to open the door. Fate kept bringing us together in spite of all my logic.

She wasn't busy during the operation so her Charge Nurse gave her permission to go for a walk. She took me up on the roof of the hospital to see the city by night and as we talked she tried to line me up with another nurse and said we would make a good looking couple. I told her I didn't want to go with anyone else, I wanted to go with her.

From that time on we were together whenever we had any spare time

I knew I would be drafted so I didn't want to get too serious. Just before I was to leave for the Service my Father had a conversation with me and told me I should see how Lucille felt and it would not be wrong to ask her to wait for me if she was willing.

I knew his advice was wise so I resolved to ask her the next night. She made it so hard to get close to the subject that everything we talked about seemed too ridiculous to just propose marriage.. As always we were on limited time so I just blurted it out and she was shocked. However she said Yes and I breathed a big sigh of relief. I will let Lucille tell you the rest of the story about our engagement, marriage and having a family and our life together.

A computer and electronic world is said to be here.

When we first started farming we raised Sugar Beets but had to plough them up after they froze. We tried Peas and loose hay then baled hay. We also had grain and even owned a small thresher to harvest it for awhile. the first potatoes we raised were picked up by hand, then eventually we got a combine.

Today we raise only grain and potatoes. I officially retired when I turned 65, but have been about as busy helping David since he has to finish his schooling. He graduated from BYU this spring of 1982 with a degree in Agriculture Economics. While we were building a house for him at the site of the old house he was accepted to Law School in Moscow Idaho. Jerry and his family came over from Nampa and built the house for

Dave and Audrey but it is now rented until they finish school. It seems fitting that Jerry should be the one to build over the old house where we all spent so many happy years.

We moved to our new home with a beautiful view of the river in 1970. The Teton flood in 1976 had damaged the old one so badly that we tore it down.

Now back to the farm. We had many animals. Chickens, pigs a few turkeys. We milked cows for many years. Until dogs became so destructive we had sheep. Max did too, but he finally stopped for the same reason.

CHURCH CALLINGS

When I first came home from the service I worked with murray Rawson in the Senior Aaronic program to activate inactive members and to get them interested in going to the Temple. I was a Seventies President for eight years. I worked with A.C Hansen, Marvin Wyatt, Keith Tibbets and LeRoy White, Orval Bodily and Hiram Rees.

I have taught a Sunday School class and Genealogy class. I was second and first counselor to Bishop McCracken while we were still members of the 13th ward. I have always been a Home Teacher and was once a Scout master. At present Lucille and I are Church News and Ensign and Era representatives. Also we coordinate church Educational programs.

POLITICS

In 1966 I was asked to get someone to run for the Senate or for State Representative from District #29 which had just been created by reapportionment. I was a Precinct committeeman and that is why they asked me to help find someone. I asked many people to run for the offices but to my surprise no one wanted to. The local county Republican chairman Dick Smith said he thought I could do it and win. With much hesitation I entered the political world. At present I am starting my 17th year. It has sometimes been difficult and trying, but most of the time has been very rewarding to me and to my family.

Terry Crapo and I won for the House of Representatives and Marsden Williams for the Senate. Terry and My Opponents that first time were Ray Rhoades and Sylvan VanOrden, good friends and fine men. Ray told me later that he voted for me.

Orval Hansen was elected from District #30 and he advised me to run and helped me also.

OPERATIONS AND ILLNESS

As I mentioned earlier most of my casualties were with horses. Dr. Soderquist who brought me in to the world was the one who gave me my physical for the Army.

I had a Hernia that troubled me and kept me from sports when I was young. I was too embarrassed to tell my father but I did have it operated on before I left for my mission.

While I was in Sweden I had to have my appendix removed. This cost me \$2.50. They even apologized for charging me that. Most people there got it free because they had socialized medicine.

While I was in the Army I had some bouts with food poisoning and Strep. throats. Soon after I started farming I was working on a cellar and stepped on a rusty nail and had to be hospitalized during potato harvest with blood poisoning in my foot.

I have usually always enjoyed good health. In 1976 I sprinted after a horse to chase it out of the yard and started an Atrial Fibrillation that had to be corrected in the Intensive care Unit at the hospital. Since that time if I overexert or work too fast I get a fast pulse.

MAKING A LIVING

Before my mission I earned money by working in potato warehouses. Paul Blaylock was a foreman so I often worked with him. I also worked at Kresses.

After my mission I went to work for Milo Hendricks [aunt Rhodas husband] who had a paper and painting business called interior decorating. He also gave me an apartment to live in in the upstairs of his house. I was living there when I started going with Lucille.

I decided to use some of my military benefits when I got out of the army in 1945, so I went to the winter Semester at Ricks college and studied agriculture. We lived with Mona and Loy Jensen who lived in Lucille's parents home who were living in Richland Washington where Dad did defense work.

My father had located a farm owned by Bob Clinton for me to rent. On April 16, 1946 we moved to the farm we now own.

I had spent four years and one month in the service. It was great to be my own boss. Even though the house had no electricity or plumbing we were happy there. In 1952 we moved the buildings to the south end of the place to make it easier for the kids to go to school.

I worked with Max and when Sherwood came home from the Marines he took the Haroldsen farm and we all worked together until Sherwood decided not to farm any more and moved to town.

Irrigating was hard work and the place was uneven and I became very thin. I weighed about 130 until my late forties when I started to gain some weight.

While my father lived he helped us all. It was sad when he passed away of cancer at the age of 64 in 1950. My mother passed away in 1968 from old age and Parkinsons disease.

Farming has had many ups and downs but has been good for lifes experiences. We made the transition from horse to mechanized farming. Now in 1982 the larger farms predominate.

When we went to Boise the first of January, Lucille and the last five children went with us. Jerry was going to school in Provo, Jean and Morris were also living there. Clint was in Sweden on his mission.

Celia went to Boise High School, Siri and Sonya to East Jr. High and Glen and David to Garfield school. We lived on Denver Street off Broadway and attended the 6th Ward. It was a winter we will long remember. However the complications of moving, changing schools and leaving the place unattended made us decide to have Lucille and the children stay home the ensuing years. Uncle Bob also needed someone to watch out for him. Also Grandma Johnson was failing in the Nursing home.

After the last children had left for missions and college Lucille was free to come with me.

In 1970 we became Foster parents for the first time when Ron Sitting Up came from South Dakota. Gary was never an official foster son, but he seemed so much like our own with his blonde coloring that it wasn't hard to pass him off as ours. Donald House was officially a foster son and also Harold Sitting Up. Don Brought Steve to us. We have loved them as our own and have tried to help them in every way we could with education and missions and in their preparation for life. All these boys we finished raising with David.

The years Lucille wasn't with me I lived with Clifford Scoresby in several places near the Capitol. When Wendell Miller was elected he also lived with us in good Apartments Jerry would find. He was living in Boise then and working for the P.U.C.

Wendell was Cliff's nephew and even though we represented different political parties I only got in one heated argument with him even though we didn't agree on several issues and philosophy.

I will always remember Cliff saying our first term "Well we may not get elected again, but at least we can say we have served in the Legislature". However he served for 10 more years and I at present in my 9th term.

Pete Cenarrusa was the speaker when I first went in. he was followed by William Lanting [3 terms] Allen Larsen [2 terms] and Ralph Olmstead [2 terms] Tom Stivers has just been made speaker for the next two terms.

Don Samuelson, Cecil Andrus and John Evans have been the Governors.

The committees I've served on are: Health and Welfare Education, Agriculture Affairs, and resources and conservation. I gave up Health and Welfare when Russell Fogg a Pharmacist from Idaho Falls, came to the Legislature. Last term I dropped Ag Affairs to better take care of my Education Committee chairmanship. I received this Chairmanship in 1973. Due to the number of people desiring to be on the committee the membership was increased from 13 to 15. My good friend and seatmate John Sessions has been my Vice chairman. He is also chairman of the Transportation committee. Lucille and I and John and Alice Sessions have kept a steady and nice relationship through the years. They are from Driggs.

Lucille can tell of her activities of bargain shopping, Legislady activities etc.

Jerry and Leora and Clint and Cliffie and their families have settled in the Nampa area. We have the winters to enjoy them.

We have other relatives we have visited over the years, Ambrose and Leta, Paul and Edna, Jim and Sonya Stephens at Middleton and Vonya Krave Higgins at Weiser. Ron and Marilyn Bjorkman live in Emmett so we have visited them.

Clint and Cliffie moved directly to Nampa from Hartford Conn. It is good Jerry got them closer to home again. This winter Glen has promised to visit us during the legislature and we are looking forward to that. Sonya and Bill have moved to Idaho Falls and after all these years we hope to have a Boise visit from them, as well as all the others.

The Legislative experience has led to many things and the meeting of many people. As chairman of the committee close friendships [I hope] have formed with College and University staffs and Presidents, State Boards and People from other States.

In 1973 I was appointed as a commissioner to the E.C.S [Education Commission of the States] This was instigated by the National Governors Conference in 1965 as an arm of that organization. There are seven commissioners from each State who belong to the E.C.S.

The state is involved with Wiche [Western Interstate commission of higher education] it is an exchange program between states. Also Washington, Alaska, Montana and Idaho have a medical school compact with the University of Washington called [Wami] All of these programs have along with [Narp] National Assn. of retired persons and Nart meaning teachers. To such even though I couldn't attend all came invitations to Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Monterey Calif., Phoenix Denver, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Chicago, Washington D.C. Atlanta Georgia and San Diego.

Sometimes Lucille could go and it would be extra nice to visit Clints or Sonyas and families and Glen.

During the years Lucille was not with me in Boise it involved many trips home, usually every week. Cliff usually had his car, so two or three of us would ride with him and buy the gas. Aden Hyde, Cliff and I would usually go somewhere to eat at night during the week. I so enjoyed the personality and wisdom and experience of Aden. He was one of the richest associations of the Legislature. At home it was always pleasant to drop into the office of the Eastern Idaho Farmer on No. Capitol Ave. and visit with him a few minutes. He was owner and Editor of the weekly paper which was also unique and valued in the Eastern Idaho area.

The news media is such a part of the Legislative process it is impossible to think of the Legislature without them.

County Chairmen such as John Scoresby and Dennis Olsen [now State Chairman] have also been very effective in helping us in elections as well as personal family to family friendships and associations.

For more information on the Legislature it can be found in Personal Journals, and Legislative books.

Lucille can tell of her activities of bargain shopping, Legislady activities etc.

Jerry and Leora and Clint and Cliffie and their families have settled in the Nampa area. We have the winters to enjoy them.

We have other relatives we have visited over the years, Ambrose and Leta, Paul and Edna, Jim and Sonya Stephens at Middleton and Vonya Krave Higgins at Weiser. Ron and Marilyn Bjorkman live in Emmett so we have visited them.

Clint and Cliffie moved directly to Nampa from Hartford Conn. It is good Jerry got them closer to home again. This winter Glen has promised to visit us during the legislature and we are looking forward to that. Sonya and Bill have moved to Idaho Falls and after all these years we hope to have a Boise visit from them, as well as all the others.

The Legislative experience has led to many things and the meeting of many people. As chairman of the committee close friendships [I hope] have formed with College and University staffs and Presidents, State Boards and People from other States.

In 1973 I was appointed as a commissioner to the E.C.S [Education Commission of the States] This was instigated by the National Governors Conference in 1965 as an arm of that organization. There are seven commissioners from each State who belong to the E.C.S.

The state is involved with Wiche [Western Interstate commission of higher education] it is an exchange program between states. Also Washington, Alaska, Montana and Idaho have a medical school compact with the University of Washington called [Wami] All of these programs have along with] narp] National Assn. of retired persons and Nart meaning teachers. To such even though I couldn't attend all came invitations to Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Monterey Calif., Pheonix Denver, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Chicago, Washington D.C. Atlanta Georgia and San Diego.

Sometimes Lucille could go and it would be extra nice to visit Clints or Sonyas and families and Glen.

During the years Lucille was not with me in Boise it involved many trips home, usually every week. Cliff usually had his car, so two or three of us would ride with him and buy the gas. Aden Hyde, Cliff and I would usually go somewhere to eat at night during the week. I so enjoyed the personality and wisdom and experience of Aden. He was one of the richest associations of the Legislature. At home it was always pleasant to drop into the office of the Eastern Idaho Farmer on No. Capitol Ave. and visit with him a few minutes. He was owner and Editor of the weekly paper which was also unique and valued in the Eastern Idaho area.

The news media is such a part of the Legislative process it is impossible to think of the Legislature without them.

County Chairmen such as John Scoresby and Dennis Olsen [now State Chairman] have also been very effective in helping us in elections as well as personal family to family friendships and associations.

For more information on the Legislature it can be found in *Personal Journals*, and *Legislative books*.



Sarah Lucille Keppner Johnson

I was born on August 18, 1921 to Lehi Arthur Keppner and Mary Ella Statham Keppner. They were born of Immigrant families. Dads' family, his father coming from Germany where he knew much starvation and surviving sometimes by eating potato peelings from the garbage cans, in a little village of Herbolzheim Germany near Baden Baden. His Mother was from Denmark where she was raised on an island near Copenhagen. My mothers ancestry was all from the British Isles. The Rowberry ancestors were from the Herefordshire area where Heber C. Kimball and Wilford Woodruff had such great success. The Statham part of the family came from the more northern part near Manchester.

When my parents were married they had two ceremonies. One at home where their parents could share and three days later at the Temple in Salt Lake.

My mother always said I was born at twilight, like that was a very special time of the day to be born so since then that seems to be a favorite part of my day. My father was farming the old Statham place and mother was busy raising my two older sisters, Dorla and Mona.

My mother as I remember her always seemed so busy, never idle. She liked pretty clothes and hats. I can still remember that exciting day she would come home from town with the new hat box and all of us girls crowding around to see what this one looked like. She also liked to write and sent poems and stories in.

I can not remember her getting angry with me very often, and she was always so easy to talk with. She was about 5 ft 5 in. as I remember her. Her hair was light brown. She told us that at the time she was married that Dad could span her waist with his hands. She was always quite thin until her later life. At times she could be very strong willed when she felt she was right and would stand her ground, but as a rule she and Dad seemed to love each other very much and got along well. When she was doing housework or working in the yard she wore old clothes, but when she went out she liked to really dress up.

My father was a hard worker always doing something in or out of the house. I remember only one punishment for chasing Gen around and around the table when he had told us to stop. I liked to be around when he would be having his favorite snack. He would take a big slice of homemade bread and dip it in to the milk pan where the cream had come to the top, then he would dip it in a saucer of sugar and it would be delicious.

Dad was always a handsome man. Six feet tall with black curly hair that he loved to have us girls comb for him. He was always such fun and would do anything for us kids. He was a good carpenter and a good farmer. He was so outgoing and liked by people. He could run faster than anyone at the ball games, and was good at all sports. We were so proud when he was made a Bishop. I think I was about 10 at that time.

Dad and Mother always had time to take us to the mountains for Huckleberry trips, for Easter outings and for special fun on the 4th and 24th of July. They taught us the Gospel especially by example and they bound us into a close family unit that has strong ties to this day.

Dorla my oldest sister must have had a hard time with me. I still remember her scolding me. I must have been so stubborn. As we both grew older she became my second mother and took Kurt and I and our large family in for visits at their Salt Lake home as well as taking me and Jerry when Kurt was stationed near Salt Lake. She and her husband Mel are the epitome of hospitality.

Mona the second one in the family always seemed so frail and quiet and I felt that I should be her defender since I was always so big and healthy. I would have done anything for her even to jumping in the river to save her when we had gone swimming during the high spring water in the river. I thought she was going to drown, so even though I was only about eleven and could scarcely swim I jumped in. We made it to the other side but had to walk around through the pasture to the bridge to get back home. A distance of about a mile. We were scratched from the branches and eaten by mosquitoes, but we were safe.

I was the third child and Genevieve (Gen) was the fourth. We usually shared birthdays because hers was the 19th of August. One year we even shared a gift a beautiful new girls bicycle. I was always hard on her. She was quick of temper but everything I always wanted to be, popular with both boys and girls and always seemed to have so much fun. I tried to be included but she didn't want an older sister along so she told me to get lost, as a result I was jealous and hateful. One time at school when she wouldn't let me play with her group at school I took her in to the lavatory and held her head under the tap and ran the water over her nice hairdo and she was furious. Another time she was heckling me about something and I slapped her so hard that my fingerprints stayed on her face for an hour. These episodes all happend in our grade school years and I am ashamed of them now.

It is good time passes and marriage makes us good loving sisters and we can treasure each others company now.

Karl our only brother was a sweet lovable little guy, a novelty in our household of girls. I am sure we all spoiled him. I left home for nurses training when he was in his teenage years so I didn't get to know him very well after that.

Billee (Lillis Larue) was next, a sweet loving little sister. The work to be done didn't worry her if there was someone who needed to be loved or pampered or doll up. I always felt uplifted when I was around her. She always enjoyed doing things for people. She liked to know how to look her best and try the latest in fashion, makeup and poise.

Jean was my baby. Mother was so busy with family and church activities. I had not started MIA yet so I tended her a lot. I always thought of her as a golden haired little angel gentle and sweet. I loved her so much that I always said I would name one of my children for her.

Mary Dawn was next and I tended her a lot, but I had started MIA so I was not around as much. She was very pretty. She also was sickly and one of those childhood diseases is what is responsible for taking her hearing away. I remember when she had Whooping Cough how she coughed so hard for 6 weeks. Later when she was 12 years old she was such a help to me in Point Arena where Kurt was in the Army.

Carolyn was the ninth and the last. She was born during my first year in nurses training. I always thought she was so cute but didn't have much of a chance to get acquainted with her since I had left home. In later years when she was in beauty school she would come out and doll us up. Before that she would come and work in the potatoes each fall so we got to know her. She was not that much older than Jerry so they were good company for each other.

I have always felt that I was the most privileged of people to have such dear parents and a brother and seven sisters.

In growing up some of my first memories are of the orchard behind the house. The blossoms were so lovely in the spring, cool shade in the summer for playing and abundant fruit in the fall.

I mostly played with my younger sister Gen during the years before school started. Grandpa Keppner lived in part of the house so we knew him well and the sack of candy when he would go to town was a treat.

There is a memory of the Watkins man who sold spices to my mother. He would bring candy for us but we would have to give him a kiss first and that was repulsive to me, so I promised Gen she could have my share of the candy if she would hide me in the wash boiler with the lid on when he came.

A goofy memory of sorrow still stays with me. One night mother and Dad had to be away and I could not get the knots untied from my high shoes. Dorla wouldn't help me so I had to go to bed with my shoes on. I was still sobbing when the folks came home.

The memory of the dark wool stockings, and the dark wool itchy slips still makes me want to scratch. We tried to hold up the stockings with home made flour sach garter belts, but they always rippled and wrinkled and I was embarrassed.

We all had the seven years itch and I remember after the saturday night bath

when mother would apply the salve that stung so much. We would all be jumping up and down and bawling.

My father gave me a little black lamb if I would let him pull my loose teeth.

We often had a special treat, home made ice cream. In the winter I remember the men cutting blocks of ice from the slough and storing it in sawdust in the ice house. It would last well in to the summer.

One day when I was in the first grade and I was walking home from school I saw the smoke billowing up from our home. A neighbor had us stay at her place and when it was dark my mother came with a smoke blackend face except where the tears had made streaks down her face. She had been washing on a windy day and her hot fire to heat the water had made a spark that lodged in the chimney and they were unable to save anything. It had been her parents home where she had grown up so she was double sad. We were farmed out to different families who found us some clothes. The ward had a benefit dance. I remember my school teacher made me a dress and I felt so honored.

We were back together after a few weeks in Uncle George Stathams house west of us through the field. It was small but we were together as a family again and it seemed so good. Except for the fire my preschool years were the happiest of my life.

I remember clearly the day I was baptised. Lynn Schwendiman baptised me but I was so afraid I would smother under the water before he got me up.

Since Dad didn't have a boy old enough to work in the fields we older girls helped in the beet thinning and topping, we bunched hay and shocked grain. I loved threshing time when I was mostly observor, the cool freshness of the fall days. Romping about on the sacks of grain and the delicious meals served to the crew sometimes breakfast dinner and supper. My Mother would breathe a sigh of relief when the threshing finished just before a meal and the crew moved on to the next neighbor who had been waiting with anxiety to see which meal the threshers would arrive there to eat.

I milked many cows and with the help of mother or sisters would carry the 10 gallon cans of milk to a cool stream or elsewhere to wait for the milkman. It was after training and after I was married when I helped mother milk and lost my wedding ring because I took it off so it would not get soiled while I milked. I was milking cows when I was asked out on my first date. It was the 4th of July and Loy who was taking my sister Mona came with Alonzo Jansson and while I was stripping the cow he asked if I would like to go to the carnival that was in town. I was so excited, he wasn't any Romeo but at last it was a date with a boy. I think I was about 14 years old.

The holidays were always made special by my parents. We would go up to Abner Widdisons dry farm on the 4th and have a weiner roast and home made ice cream. We could have sparklers and fire crackers and cap guns.

Christmas memories with the wax candles lit on the tree and Dad standing ready with a bucket of water in case the tree would catch fire. My present that is long remembered and the favorite was a box of brown sugar to eat all myself. I guess since I was born and my mother couldn't nurse me and the Doctor prescribed malted milk powder in my formula I have enjoyed the sweet foods. When I have to diet I always feel so punished when I can't have them.

We always spent alternate Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays with my Uncle Fred's family. They were mostly all boys and we had so much fun together that some special bonds of love were formed. As I write this history in Dec. 1948 my cousin Don Statham is the first of those cousins to pass away. For these exchange holidays we would often travel by sled with two horses pulling it. I never remember being cold. We took quilts and hot rocks with us and it was secure and safe with Mother and Dad.

My history isn't complete without mention of huckleberry trips. They were the highlight of the summer. Mother would bake and bake and the food was so delicious. We often stayed a week. I think I liked the years best when there were not too many huckleberries, then we just played. Sometimes though in good years we would bring 20 gallon home and it was a main food supply for the winter, and mom was famous for her huckleberry pie.

Our birthdays were always made so special for that was a day that was all our own. For us "Happy Birthday" was truly that.

Memorial holiday was a holiday that I didn't like. We had to sit for hours before making paper flowers when I would rather have been out in the spring sunshine playing. Then on the big day we would take the flowers to the cemetery and as it so often happens a sudden rain would come up and all that hard work was one blur of soggy color except for the ones that were put in white boxes with glass doors to protect them. These lasted all year. The boxes were about 18x18 inches. That was another job I didn't like was repainting the boxes and shining the glass. Then too after mother decorated about 20 graves she would visit, and I would be so hot and tired and hungry.

I must have been a good student at grade school because my report card shows that I was, but I was so lonely. I didn't know how to mix with others but I did have some good Japanese girls who had my same problem so they became my friends.

I started worrying about my mother's health when I was about 10. Her parents suffered heart attacks and died suddenly when they were not too old. She thought she would die the way they did because she often had chest pains and a local doctor had told her to stop having children after she had five of us because of her heart. She went on to have the nine, and after I was married and they were living in Hanford, she went to a doctor in Salt Lake who told her that her heart was perfect, but the chest pains were from an underactive goiter. The thoughts of all those years of the fear of losing my mother was one I wish I could have been spared because I cried often in the night and on lonely walks. It made me a sober and retiring person.

My teenage years were not happy. I wanted to be popular with boys like my sisters were, but I wasn't. My two dates during high school were girls' choice dances. One was with Norman Erickson who had returned from a mission and was finishing high school, and for my Graduation dance I asked a distant relative, a young new chiropractor in town to take me. He was so gallant and gave me a corsage. He really made it a happy evening. When I got home my mother was waiting up to hear all the details. Now that I think of it, she probably was behind the whole scheme, but my last night of high school was a happy one.

To earn a little money while I was in high school someone asked me to stay with an old lady Mrs. Grimm. She lived next to the school and everyone thought it was a good idea during the cold winter months for me not to have to travel in from the country to go to school. She needed someone with her at night. It was a bad experience. I was so homesick, I was afraid to eat and the conversation was all of days that I couldn't understand. I don't know how long I stayed but when the misery was over I rejoiced being with my happy noisy family again.

The summer of the year I graduated I dated some boys from Nephi, Utah who were working across the street from where I was working helping Mrs. Wright after she had had a new baby. Their names were Fran and Morris. They were not very religious and I always felt uneasy about what might happen if I was with them too often. I especially liked Morris. He was dark and handsome and seemed to have more respect for girls.

When I was taking care of Mrs. Wright I had been accepted for nurses training to enter in August. One day she asked me for some water for peri care. I didn't know what she meant, so I got some ice water and when she asked me to pour it over her I did and she jumped.

It was a pretty good summer with excitement about my new life just ahead and tugs at my heart about leaving my family. My beloved sister Mona had left for her mission, so I felt that my closest tie with home was gone and it was time for me to leave the security that my parents had always given me.

LEAVING HOME....NURSES TRAINING, COURTSHIP, SICKNESS, A GOAL REACHED.

The day to leave home came and I worked hard to clean the house. My Mother was away taking care of someone who had had a baby. She often went on maternity cases to help out with our financial problems. Karl, my brother just kept walking on my mopped floors and I would scold him and he said "I'll be so glad when you are gone", OH I thought what a cruel thing to say to a sister who was leaving home forever. To this day I feel pain at that, and yet I deserved it.

My Father took me to Idaho Falls. The city so big to me then, was exciting and we had always spent a day shopping in Idaho Falls at Christmas time, buying presents for every member of our family for a dollar at Kresses and Woolworths. We would then have a 5¢ Hamburger and a drink at the Nickle Spot, a heavenly treat. My memories of Idaho Falls had all been good, so when my Dad put his arm around me, and hugged and kissed me, and told me to work hard I didn't cry, even though I know now that we both could have shed tears.

I was taken by the Severe Looking Director of Nurses and introduced to my roommate June Stephens from Bancroft Idaho. She didn't seem too friendly but we were soon too busy to notice.

We would arise at 6 a.m. dress and be at Devotional at 6:15. This was a song, spiritual thought and a prayer. We went to the kitchen for breakfast and had to be on duty at 7 a.m. even if we were not through breakfast. The Devotional was nice, but in those days I would have preferred $\frac{1}{2}$ hour more of sleep.

We would work until 10 a.m. then rush to classes. At noon we had to be back in time to serve the lunch trays, then we would eat and go back to class for several hours, then hurry to our assigned floors to serve the evening meal, eat our supper then come back to the floor and give backrubs and p.m. care before we could go off duty at 7. It was a long day. If we were on night shift of 7 p.m. to 7 a.m. we had to be up for all classes and would grab meals and sleep when we could. The classes were hard so sometime we had to find study time also. One day a week we would get an afternoon off 4 hours. If we were on night shift we would get one night off a week. From 7 to 10 each evening our time was free to study, to date etc. One night a week we could have a midnight pass, and one night a month we could have a pass to spend overnight with our family if they were close enough to visit.

We had Big Sisters assigned to us, older nurses. We were to take their advice on our troubles. Mine was LaVon Jenkins (Millar Then). She turned me over to her younger brother Wayne who was my age, and I told my troubles to him and we became good friends. We dated for about a year until he went on his mission. I dated others too. About the time he left for his mission Kurt had entered my life. I didn't know until he wrote from his mission after I had told him of my engagement to Kurt, How he felt about me. He said "it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all" so ended my association with Wayne.

I dated others, Grant Orme, Bud Hinckley, Wayne Johnson, Gene Tracey and quite a few young grateful patients, I found it to be true that the men often fell in love with their nurse, even some of the married ones, but those I didn't date. I only went with most of these only once because Romance does not really flourish between the hours of 7 and 10, but mostly because I had met Kurt and my life was coming into focus because of him. I was still trying to figure out why anyone would ask Ugly, Awkward me on a date. After the years of being such a wall flower it seemed such a miracle to me.

After I had been in training from August to June of the next year the long hard hours were telling on me. I was so tired. One day during Devotional and my early morning work on the floor I became so dizzy I could not see. I reported to the Director and she took my temperature. It was 104 degrees. I was admitted to medical floor immediately. My parents were called and the battle for my life began. In 1940 virus Pneumonia had no treatment. My fever went higher and I was irrational. After many days of burning and coughing I told my mother who was with me, I think it is time for me to go now Mom so please don't hold me. I heard her say "OH NO" before I plunged in to

6
a period of floating in such total blackness. It seemed like such a long time then it started to lighten. I looked down and I was standing in beautiful green grass that came to my knees and it was waving gently in a cool breeze. I was cool at last. I started walking from the east facing west and started climbing a rolling hill. I knew there was someone to meet me at the top of the hill and I was anxious to get there. I looked to each side and about 100 feet away there was pine trees. I felt so happy and so well, then for some reason I was plunged back into the awful darkness floating aimlessly and after awhile I was in my burning tortured body again. My mother was shaking me. I think I had stopped breathing but she could not let me go. Later she told me she had gone up to my little bare room where I lived on the third floor of the hospital and had opened the clothes closet and saw my one dress for best and my few belongings and had pleaded with the Lord to let this 18 year old girl have more of life than this, a husband, children, and more of the good things of the world than the depression had allowed them to give me. Dear Mother, she was nursing Coralyn and stayed at a friend's home and tried to be with me. Dad too was trying to do his farming, but he let it all go to help me cling to life. One day I came out of the blur and asked for my lipstick and I will never forget the big smile on his face because he knew I was well.

Sulfa products were then being tested and my Doctor John Hatch was young and progressive. He sent to Denver for some to try on me after rabbit serum had failed to help. I took it and promptly vomited it back, so they gave it to me rectally and I started to get better. Mona had come home from her mission and she freed Mom and Dad from my bedside. I was getting well and we had a chance to catch up on all the events of the last two years.

When I left the hospital I was so thin and weak I could hardly stand. I went home to Rexburg to gain strength until the last of August, and came back when the classes started in the fall.

It was good to be pampered by my family and our new home was under construction so I got to share in that. One sad event occurred during that summer at home. While I was sick in the hospital my parents had stayed with Ann Jaques a widow and former friend from Hibbard. A phone call came one day saying her little daughter Marie had contracted the virus Pneumonia and was about to die. We had the same Doctor H. he had felt as a last resort if I could come down and give her a transfusion of the antibodies in my blood that she might live. My parents were hesitant because I was still so weak, but left it up to me. I didn't wait, we left immediately for the hospital. Miss Hill the Director saw me and asked what I was doing, and when I told her she said if I did I could never come back in training. She went and called the Doctor and I was sent home without even trying to test me to see if our blood was the same type. Marie died a few days later.

When I went back to the hospital to start my second year I was glad to go. Even with all the loving care I had outgrown home. It was a good year, probation over, and I was assigned to be a Big Sister to some new girl. Wayne was waiting to show me some fun after being so sick. I was gaining poise and confidence in myself and really felt needed and sympathetic after being so sick myself. I helped many people through the process of leaving this world and as the steps of death progressed I was able to help their families realize joys elsewhere.

I had met Kurt the year before but he never seemed to recognize me. In November I went to a Nurses dance with Wayne and we traded a dance with Thelma Davis and her Blind Date (Kurt). He told me about being in the hospital in Sweden and I was a little shocked when he told me what bedpan in Swedish was, but we laughed. I especially remember how good his arms felt around me while we danced. I didn't expect to see him again because I had known him for almost a year and thought he was a little snooty because he didn't seem to notice me.

In December I was hurrying down town on an errand and a painter's panel truck went by and some guy grinned and honked. He swung around a corner so fast that I thought he was crazy, but before I got to the end of the block there was Kurt in his white painter's overalls with a cap with paint on it standing there asking me if I would like to go to the Green and Gold Ball with him after

17

Christmas. How he ever parked that truck so fast and caught up to me I will never know. I had to check the hospital hours to see if I could go, so I told him to call me back.

I went home for a quick Christmas visit. I even had another pneumonia threat and was in the hospital for a few days, but no call from Kurt. The night before the dance I got off duty at 7 and put on my nurses Cape and went with another nurse to help unwind from the sickness we saw each day. I had decided by this time that Kurt had thought better of asking me out, so I had forgotten him. When we entered the hospital lobby after our walk he was there and jumped up like I was his long lost friend and said "Can you go tomorrow night to the dance"? I told him I would have to be back at 12 and couldn't see the New Year in, but I would go if he wanted me to. He told me that was fine and I started to leave, and he said, wait "Who shall I send the Corsage to"? I was surprised to hear I was getting flowers, but nonchalantly said "Just send them to the office here they will get them to me". Then he had to confess he didn't know my name and had to come right out and ask me. That is the reason he had not called. He asked several people who that nurse was that he danced with at the dance and all they could say was "Which One?" Later he told me that his sisters had been home for holidays and had tried to be helpful, but he always ended up with a date without a name, and in a hospital full of nurses he just couldn't come and ask for That Nurse. I can still see that boyish grin with relief in it when I just happen to walk by the hospital lobby.

The dance the next night was so much fun. It started off good when I came into the lobby dressed in pink satin formal with his corsage pinned on my shoulder and he stood and looked at me and said "Oh I have such a beautiful girl tonight" No one in all my life had called me beautiful. I had worked upstairs to hide all the pimples that had come as a result of too much Christmas candy and had felt so ugly until that moment. He is blind I thought, but to hear someone say it filled me with the greatest joy I had ever known. I floated through the night. He was such a good dancer and easy to follow, I'd worried about my ability to dance. It was with regret that the clock approached midnight and Cinderella had to run for the hospital doors before they were locked. I went to sleep that night thinking, someone thinks I am beautiful... over and over again and I love him for thinking it and telling me. To this day he can make me feel beautiful and I love him for it, because it was something I had never expected to hear.

Again a few days later I was running downtown on a quick errand and I passed Max on the street. I had met him at church. There was another man with him. The older man asked Max who that was and Max told him that was the nurse Kurt was in such a quandry over at Christmas time. By then I was in Strouds Photo shop and this man came in and said "I hear you know my son Kurt", and started asking me my life history. I was overdue at the hospital and was so uneasy to leave, but he was so nice and interested in me. I told him I was raised in Hibbard, My Dad was a Bishop and a farmer, and he told me he knew some people from there and mentioned them all. That was my introduction to Pop Johnson. We were always good friends, and I didn't get in too much trouble reporting late for afternoon duty.

Kurt didn't come around again and even though he had treated me special I thought it was just his Line. I dug in to nursing and had told Wayne goodbye for his mission, and he seemed sad at my lack of sorrow at his leaving.

I had been assigned to night duty the first part of February. One Saturday night soon after coming on duty the Emergency entrance bell rang. There stood Kurt with Lee Walker his roommate and his Aunt Rhoda. (I didn't know who they were until later) I looked up at Kurt and He was again beaming that "Long lost friend grin", I thought the guy in the wheelchair could not be very sick because Kurt looked so happy. Lee was sick though. They had been to a Movie and he was stricken with Appendicitis. Rhoda was a nurse and had brought him right in. They lived at the same house on North Water. Lee and Kurt upstairs, Rhoda and Milo downstairs. The floor was quiet and after Lee and Rhoda had gone up to Surgery I had time to talk to Kurt. I asked him if he would like to see the city from the hospital roof in the middle of the night. The nurse in charge gave me permission

to leave for a few minutes so we went up on the roof in the cold February night and since I now knew that he was not interested in me I tried to get him to date a newly graduated nurse (Margaret St Clair..now Plastino). I told him they would make an attractive couple. He looked at me and bluntly said, "NO I want to go with you". Later when Lee was back from surgery I was trying to help him get his bearings as to his pain and to where he was. He looked up at me and started to talk about my blue eyes and other loving things and I could hear Kurt laughing behind me and I blushed again and again.

There was never a roommate so faithful in visiting the sick as Kurt was Lee. One night I had my hands full of equipment from the mens ward and had just stepped out of the utility room and saw him coming so I tried to hide everything behind my back and backed up to the wall. As he passed he pecked me on the cheek (our first kiss) and some of the men saw it in the ward and let the others know it and I was razed by 6 men almost beyond endurance. "Miss Keppner got Kissed".

After that we could never stay away from each other again. We had our second date (Bowling) while Lee was still in the hospital. Some nights I would say I just had to stay in and study (winter and Summer) I would try to settle down then I would decide to go for a walk, and just a little ways from the hospital there was Kurt driving round and round the block, and I would go with him until 10 p.m. We had gone together for about a month and he came to see me one night., we again went up on the roof.... I was in Uniform and didn't bring my cape. It was so cold that he offered to wrap me up in his overcoat with him, so I backed in to the warm overcoat with him, but it was soon time to go but before I did he turned me around to face him and he kissed me. It made me tingle all over. I thought, I have been waiting forever for this and for him. I don't believe I was very efficient on duty that evening. I still have that precious overcoat.

From February to September we were totally completely in love. He would not tell me he loved me, but when I would hint around he would say, "Dont my actions tell you something?" When I had first started going with him and had told my parents I was going with the Stake M. Men President, I remember they said you'd better hang on to him. I wanted to, but I did not know for sure where I stood. He had purchased a little Ford car and took me home to see the folks and other places I wanted to go.

War had come to Europe. The Young men in the states had been notified of the draft. Kurt's number came up for the 7th of October. We were on the hospital roof again when he came over with a letter telling me he was going to go to war. The last part of September Kurt's father asked him what he was going to do about Lucille????

I had volunteered to stay with Kurt's grandpa who was in the hospital with a stroke. Kurt came to the room and told me I was going with him. I told him I could not leave, but he found someone to stay and off we went. I thought this must be urgent, but when he drove to a used car lot in Rigby and parked and we tried to talk casually he just kept laughing. We then drove back to Idaho Falls and parked again by Cecil Johnson's place. I was a little irked at the insistence for the date when I had promised to help Grandpa. It was getting to be 10 p.m. and I had to be in soon. I asked him what he was going to do tomorrow? He said he would answer that, if I would answer a question, and without drawing a breath he said softly "Will you marry me?" I was stunned, I felt that I had been electrocuted, and since I was so off guard I said kind of quiet too "Sure I will". I had been determined that if he ever got around to asking me I would make him guess like I had been doing for so many months. Then I said "Oh there is something else", and he said very unconcerned, "Oh yes, I love you."

We had time to go tell his parents that they were going to have a marriage at last in their family. We woke them up but they seemed very happy. He gave me a ring several days later.

October 7 came and we drove around all day. A big full moon came up and at 10 p.m. came the train to take the soldiers away. Kurt said his goodbyes to everyone else and then held me close and whispered goodbye. There had been a woman drunk there and she was kissing everyone and made us laugh so it took the tension out of the parting until I walked to his little Ford car and knew he was gone and I felt so desolate. Mother had come down to be with me that night and see Kurt off. We took Mom and Pop Johnson and the boys home then I drove to Rexburg

19

to take mother home. In her sweet understanding way she comforted me on that drive that night.

I was now a senior Nurse. I was given a lot of responsibility, but I enjoyed my nursing. I wasn't diverted by dating and outside interests and I gave it everything I had.

Kurt's letters were the highlights of my days. They were sweet and loving and thoughts so hard to express in speaking were expressed in letters. We could not plan for our marriage because we didn't know where the army would send him.

On December 7 1941, two months after he had been drafted, Pearl Harbor was bombed. He had written that he would call me on December 7 and I waited all day for his call, then in the evening Max called and said we were at war with Japan, then I knew why he had not called. I found out later he had been sent to guard the coast of California and had slept on the ground in a park at Inglewood California.

After that I wondered if we would ever marry. I started plans to become an Army Nurse, hoping somewhere our paths would cross.

Graduation for Nurses was so beautiful. All of us in White carrying a large bouquet of long stemmed red roses. There was a good program, then we took our pledge to honor our profession with dignity as long as we lived. My family and Kurt's family and many former patients, relatives and friends came to honor me. A dance followed and it was enjoyable. I just wished I could have had one dance with Kurt the night of my graduation, yet I wasn't too sad because I was hoping that in two or three months I could go where he was.

MARRIAGE

I had visited Kurt in Washington during my vacation from the hospital. He was then stationed at Fort Lewis. I stayed at a place in Olympia and he was able to visit me often. Kurt was due to be shipped overseas soon to the Pacific area. We had not seen each other since October of the year before and we both had doubts as to the strength of our relationship even though we had been engaged for almost a year. I called Kurt at the base to tell him I had arrived. I thought I would have plenty of time to bathe and get ready before he could get there, but I had barely "put on my face" and slipped into my new blue satin housecoat when there was a tap on the door. When I opened it to see the dear smiling face of my fiancée so handsome in his uniform there was no doubt about how we felt about each other. I had tried to picture him as a soldier, but until I saw him I could not, and I was so very proud of him. I thrill to this day at the memory of that reunion.

We had several wonderful days together. Kurt had a former missionary friend and his wife Claudell and Ruby Johnson who we met at church on Sunday. They urged us to get married before I went home but we were determined to have a temple wedding and besides I was not out of training and would run the risk of losing all I had gone through the last three years if I was married before I finished.

On our last night together, a Saturday night, we were eating in a cafe and Kurt put some money in the nicklodian and the words and music of La Golandrina came forth. Each time we parted we didn't know if Kurt would go overseas to fight, or if we would see each other again. That night my heart was heavy. My heart ached and I could hardly eat for the lump in my throat. The words of the song was my undoing. I startled Kurt with a flood of tears. He had never seen me cry before so he didn't know what to do, but I think he responded with an undecided smile and a handkerchief. La Golandrina became our song. If you can, try to imagine the feelings of two people deeply in love who were parting, not knowing when or where they would meet again as they heard these words.

WHERE WILT THOU GO MY AGILE LITTLE SWALLOW? MY WINGS WILL TIRE IF LONG THY FLIGHT
SHALL BE.

IF WIND AND STORM SHALL BRING THEE PAIN AND ANGUISH, IF SEEKING SHELTER NONE
BE FOUND FOR THEE.

CHORUS:::

OH SWALLOW, CARRY THE MESSAGE OF LOVE FOR ME..TO HER WHO WAITS WITH HEART
AND SOUL SO TRUE. FLY THOU WITH WINGS ON THE SWEET BREEZES WAFTED,
AND TELL MY LOVE I'M THINKING ER'E OF HER.

VERSE II

A MESSAGE TO MY LOVED ONE WILT THOU CARRY..TO TELL HER THAT I LOVE HER SO.

WITH JOY I'LL GREET THEE WHEN THOU RETURNST,
AND ON MY BOSOM PILLOW THY DEAR SELF.

The other name for the song is THE SWALLOW, and the music is a melody of longing.

The next day Kurt rode the bus with me as far as Seattle. We said a last farewell and I went on alone to North Idaho to meet my mother who was visiting my father. He was engaged as a carpenter in defense work there. Then it was back to the hospital to finish up.

I graduated the first part of September but it was not official until I had made up the two months I had lost when I had pneumonia in June of 1940. I missed Kurt and we exchanged many letters. Mine were written to an A.P.O address where they would catch up with him overseas.

I had visited Kurt in July of 1942 in Washington. The first of October I received word that he had been accepted in to the Air Corps. This meant that he would not be leaving the States until he had his Pilots training. He had applied one day on the spur of the moment at the suggestion of a friend, Sam Snell, but had not thought he would be accepted. He wrote that he would have a four day delay enroute and would be coming home to see us on his way to California. The thought occurred to me if we could get special permission for me to get married even if I was making up time, that we could have a temple wedding. I enlisted Kurt's Aunt Rhoda who was a County Nurse to help me cut some Red tape. She was enthusiastic for the project and we first went to the hospital board. Then the hospital Administrator, then last of all the one who "kicked nurses out of Training", Miss Hill the Director of Nurses. She couldn't say much because we had it all cleared with the top brass, but she was angry. I still had five weeks to make up and she claimed there were Temples in California and I should wait until I was through. Of course there were no Temples at that time there, but she was a non mormon and didn't know.

I sent a telegram to Kurt to tell him that we could be married with the special permission. The Telegram came back saying he had been sent overseas. I didn't know whether to believe it or not so we just waited. I'll quote from my diary...

October 4. My Honey came home. His first time in a year. He had hitch hiked to get home faster. It is Sunday, but I had to work in surgery, Max saw Kurt walking on Memorial drive and told him that he had better come up to the hospital and see me because I had something to tell him. I was so happy to see him. I took him into the Surgery waiting room and closed the door and after some good welcome kisses and with his arms tight around me I said "Guess what, we are getting married". He said "WHAT", HOW? Won't you lose your Diploma? So I explained and he was happy (I think) even though very surprised. I could only see him for about an hour, but I can surely say my heart is full and thankful.

October 5..When I got off duty we went to Rexburg for dinner and to complete the plans to go to Salt Lake.

October 6..We left after I got off duty at 5 p.m. Our mothers went with us. We stopped in Malad for supper and the nickelodian was playing songs like You are my Sunshine, and There's a Star spangled banner waiving somewhere. These songs touched us. I was especially grateful that the Star Spangled banner wasn't waiving over Kurt in the Pacific War Theater. It was such a special journey, and the Bride and Groom were the happiest and most in love couple ever. Kurt gave me another 5 pound box of Whitmans Chocolates and they were so good. Mother and I stayed at Dorlas and Kurt and his mother at his sisters place up on second avenue.

October 7...A lovely day of being together. I had my blood tests done in Idaho but Kurt had to waive the three day waiting period and get his done in one day. We were not sure if we could accomplish this. We started early and was at a lab for the blood test. We waited until just before the court house closed and the test came through. We got our licence just as they were closing.

There wasn't time for us to go out to Dorlas so we went to the Girls apartment and called Dorla and Mother to meet us at the temple. I didn't have time to change my clothes or put fresh makeup on or fix my hair. Kurt took a bath and freshened up. When he was ready he asked me to come in to a quiet room just before we left for the temple and since we had so much to be thankful for, we knelt down and my husband to be gave a beautiful and touching prayer. How thrilled I am to know that the priesthood will always be at the head of my home.

We were married at 8:50 p.m. What a comfort and solace to know that whatever happens we have this life and Eternity to Love and work for each other.

When we came out of the Temple in to the clear cool night we discovered we had a flat tire. It was our first obstacle to overcome as husband and wife. Dorla and mother had thoughtfully prepared a light buffet supper and had somehow produced a small wedding cake. Mother sensing my disappointment at not having time to doll up for my wedding had purchased a pretty white pegoir and had me wear it while we ate so I would feel more like a bride. I felt quite self conscious undressed, even though well covered, in front of Kurts Mother and Sisters and some of our family and friends. My dear sweet mother trying so hard to make this hurry up secret wedding as special as she could.

As soon as we ate, about 10 p.m. the four of us left for Idaho to get me back on duty the next morning. Our mothers dozed in the back seat and Kurt and I took turns driving. It had been a long day and we were all getting tired. I remember a herd of about eight horses in the middle of the road at Tremonton. I barely missed them.

Oct 8..We arrived home about 8 a.m. We were congratulated by Pop Johnson and the boys. I rested a few minutes then Kurt took me to the hospital to work and then took his new mother in Law to Rexburg.

I donned my scimpy surgery scrub gown and tried to hide the fact that I was wearing garments and found a string and took off my wedding ring and tied it around my neck. No one knew that this was the day after my wedding. I still wore the engagement ring that I had worn for over a year, except when I was scrubbed in on a surgery case. No one was to know for it would set a precedent for others to get married before they finished training. We knew we would only be married "in name only" for a few weeks but we had reached the most important goal, a Temple marriage when it had all looked so impossible.

Somehow Aunt Beulah Johnson had found out our secret and prepared a wedding supper for us . She didn't know that the iron willed Miss Hill had granted all the favors she was going to for this determined young nurse so I was not allowed to leave the hospital. Kurt and his family enjoyed the dinner without the bride.

After the dinner Kurt came over to the hospital to tell me goodbye. I had been scrubbed in all evening on an emergency stomach operation. My weariness was great but my sadness was greater when I took my husband again to the little surgery waiting room where we had met so joyfully a few days before, and kissed him goodbye. He was to leave at 4 a.m. for California.

I will leave the diary for awhile. I wanted the weeks to pass fast. I took my State Boards and passed them with high scores after all my worry. Early in November I left the hospital as a licensed Registered Nurse. It had been a long 3 year ordeal of joys and sorrows and I left it without regret.

I worked in the Harlow B. Rigby Hospital for two weeks to gain experience and also some money to go to California. My Father all this time was away in north Idaho in defense work and my mother was doing the chores and keeping things together at home. One night I went out to help her milk and took off my wedding ring before I did. I put it on my fathers big roll top Bishops desk and when I came in it had dropped somewhere out of sight never to be found again. Kurt bought me another one when we were together in California.

Dear Mother again gave me a shower where we received some nice things. We made a scrapbook that night which I still have and I hope that all of my posterity will look at some day. On the 18th of November she gave an Open House for all the relatives and friends. People came all evening to our home and Kurt called to say he was there in Spirit. I left by train the next day to join him.

I sent a telegram to the New Rosalyn Hotel where we were to meet. When he got there he found that there were no rooms available there or anywhere else so he went out to Burbank to Loy and Monas place. When I arrived I found a note from him to tell me to come there. Luckily Mona and Loy were there to meet me or I would have been lost. I was sick with a bad cold and a little temperature all during the miserable train ride. When we got to Burbank about midnight Kurt

13
was there asleep on their couch. We were glad to have relatives there to take us in. The next weekend I got reservations for us and we spent a Saturday night there. The room with bath cost us \$3.50. Mona and Loy came in to Los Angeles with me. It was good to see Kurts happy smile as he met with us in the Lobby. The four of us went to a beautiful place to eat called Cliftons, then the Jensens went home. Kurt could only come in from Santa Ana from Saturday noon until Sunday noon once a week. The following day we were running across a busy street to catch our busses and my overnight case flew open right under a stop light. I was mortified standing there watching soldiers scrambling everywhere picking up a brides paraphernalia so the traffic could go on.

The next week I got a job at the Physicians and Surgeons hospital with the understanding that I could have Saturday nights off to be with Kurt.

14

BEGINNING OUR FAMILY

Genevieve had come home for my Open house, but Charles stayed until Christmas in their apartment not far from Loy and Mona. At Christmastime Kurt had a few days off so we spent it at the Smiths Apartment. It seemed so strange to have more than 24 hours together in a week. We bicycled, I tried my hand at cooking.

Julie Kay, Mona's first baby was born December 7 and I was able to be there to help her through the birth. I also took care of Julie in the Nursery where I worked. I wanted a baby after taking care of her.

In January Kurt was transferred to Thunderbird Field in Arizona and I made arrangements to leave my job and follow him a few weeks later. I was Pregnant now and morning sickness was a new and baffling experience.

I arrived in Phoenix and went to a hotel and got a newspaper and looked at rooms for rent. I finally found one out near the end of a bus line. It had kitchen privileges, but about all I ever fixed was a peanut butter sandwich. The lady of the house taught piano, so I studied that for a few months.

Again It was easy to get on at the Good Samaritan Hospital on the night shift in the Nursery. I was so nauseated and as I would carry babies out to their mothers at night I would step on the big cockroaches that came out of hiding and I would hear them crunch under my feet, and it made me sicker. I was also troubled by a persistent pain in my right side. I didn't know if it was caused by the pregnancy or something else. I finally went to the Doctor at the Base and he said it was my appendix and that I should have them out. I was almost glad, it would get me away from the nights of stepping on cockroaches.

After I had come back from surgery the Doctor told Kurt "I saw Junior." And Kurt said "Oh is it a boy"? And the Doctor laughed and said, "No we only saw the bump, but we couldn't see what the baby is." I felt better after the appendectomy and I didn't have to go back to work. I moved in with some other Army wives since a transfer was coming. When it came Kurt went back to California and I came home to Idaho.

One morning in May Kurt called from South Dakota where he had been sent after he was eliminated from flight training. He was to study Radio there. I was so glad that he would not be flying any more. While I was talking with him on the phone the baby gave a big jump in my stomach as if he wanted to talk to his father also. It was the first I had felt life and it was a thrill especially at this time. We always called the baby Jerry. A short time later I left to join Kurt in South Dakota. He found us a room to stay in and do a little light cooking, and he could be with me more than he ever had. I liked Sioux Falls and from May to November we were very happy there. When I arrived Kurt looked at me and said "where is the baby you said was getting so big?" I was still wearing the suit that I wore the day we were married.

The summer went fast and I was happy to be near my husband and he liked his Radio training. We rented a house and lived in it with Crookstons in the upstairs apartment and rented out the lower part to a Captain and his wife. Sometimes I would tend their little girl. I would walk a lot, visit the base and shop at the commissary. We had a lot of good friends from the base and from the Branch of the Church.

On September 9, 1943 I awoke at 4 a.m. with what felt like a toothache in my stomach. I dozed between contractions until about 8 a.m. I called Kurt at the base and told him that I thought this would be the day, but that we had plenty of time. He came at 10 a.m. and I was getting a little uncomfortable so we called the Elders to come and help Administer to me. It took about an hour for them to get there, and when they did I was having three minute contractions. They gave me the blessing, or helped Kurt and then we all piled into a Taxi. We dropped off the missionaries and went on to the hospital. I was hurting, but after watching hundreds of births I knew it had to get lots worse so as soon as Kurt admitted me I sent him back to the base to get the afternoon off to be with me when the birth took place.

As soon as he had left the nurse examined me and yelled "Ye Gods, She is complete." That meant I was ready to deliver. I was rushed in to the delivery room and I heard them frantically trying to get my Doctor Captain Penzotti. He was out to lunch, so they called an Anesthetist and she put me to sleep while the Doctor finished lunch and came to deliver me. I remember waking up after being in a troubled sleep, it seemed for a long time to feel the pain again and was told the Doctor was there and I could push. It was over soon and I was told I had a little boy, but I was too sleepy to do more than say "Hi there Jerry".

About 2 O clock I heard Kurts voice asking someone in the hall why his wife was not in the labor room, and his surprise when someone told him it was all over and I had been taken to my room.

Becoming parents was such a special experience. We wrote every detail to the relatives at home. I had had two showers and had loads of baby clothes and was anxious to try them all on him.

In late October or early November Kurt was shipped out to Texas. I stayed in Sioux Falls until Marvel Crookston had her baby, then I flew to Salt Lake and stayed at Dorlas until Christmas time. Then I got a ride to Rexburg and was excited to show our baby off to tall the family, there and in Idaho Falls.

It was a cold snowy winter. In February Kurt had a furlough and came home from Texas. I had to have someone from church in Hibbard meet the train because we had a car that would not start at the house. Dad was still away doing defense work and Mother, Billie, Dawn and Jean were home.

It was a happy furlough. Kurt so eager to see his 5 month old son. When he left I got to go with him because he had been assigned to Salt Lake. Again Dorla and Mel took us in. They were so generous all during my coming and going to help us out.

In March I went to Burbank to help Gen and Charles when Charlene was born. Gen got along fine and I enjoyed sharing this birth with her and getting acquainted with little Lyneve. It seemed strange to be back in Glendale and Burbank where I had first come as a bride 15 months before. I missed Kurt who had been sent to El Paso Texas.

As soon as everything was under control in California Jerry and I flew to Texas. Kurt had found us some housing with a family in return for me being a housekeeper and tending a little girl. It went well for awhile, but the Irishman Pat Mead got to be more and more demanding and I got sick and couldn't keep up so we looked for another place to live and then he did get angry. It was with relief that we found a converted chicken coop on the outskirts of town. We were so happy there for a few weeks, the first time we had been alone in our own place, with the exception of Kurts terrible Airsickness. When he would come home from flying as a radioman on the planes he would look ghastly. The next day he would start to look better, then he would have to fly again and get so sick.

In June he came home and said he was to go overseas, but he could take Jerry and I home before he went. We decided if he went overseas it usually meant 2 or 3 years so I wanted to have another child to raise with Jerry in case it was a long time or in case Kurt should not come back from the European war theater.

In late July I knew Jean was on her way, and we called her Jean. Kurt went to Greensboro North Carolina. For some reason when they called the list to ship out they stopped at the J's. and after being there awhile he was sent for more training to Detroit.

In October he got a furlough and surprised me and came home. I had a little apartment in the upstairs of Grandma and Grandpa Johnsons house that we had fixed up when Kurt was home in June. We had even purchased our first furniture. That time was a happy time. Living close to Kurts wonderful parents and yet having a little place of my own was so nice. I was able to drive Mom Johnson wherever she wanted to go and she didn't have to wait for the men to do it. It was then that she got me "Hooked on Relief Society" I had to go to take her and then I became so interested that I always felt cheated when

I couldn't go. I was appointed Ward Magazine Rep. for the Relief Society Magazine. Later I was called to do this Job on The Stake Board.

Kurt in the meantime was being transferred all over the country. He would be all ready to go overseas, then sent to another school.

On March 13, I was ironing and started some false Labor Pains. Mom J and Max were to do the honors for Kurt at the hospital and they were overanxious and made me go to the hospital before I was ready. I stopped labor and they went home. The next morning Dr. Scheiss made his rounds and decided to force labor. They moved me to the labor room and gave me a powerful shot, with orders if labor didn't start to give another one in 15 minutes. I had one long hard pain and they came to give me another shot and I refused to take it saying I didn't need it. The nurse insisted it was Drs. orders and gave it anyway. One half hour later Jean was there. My cute little daughter with the slight slant to her pretty blue eyes, and a pronounced cowlick in the front of her forehead. She had only a little blonde hair where Jerry had a lot of dark hair. I couldn't wait for Kurt to see her. We asked the Red Cross to send for him because this was the procedure in those days if the Husbands were in the states to come home if the Red Cross sent for them. On the 10th day in the hospital he came home. He went to folks house immediately to see how Jerry was getting along, and I waited and waited for him to come to see me first. I finally called home and asked if they had heard from him and they said he had come early that morning but was waiting for visiting hours to come and see me and the new baby. I had permission to go home that day, so when he came I sent to the nursery for my baby and when I tried to show her off to her Daddy she screamed and screamed and he couldn't see how cute she was for awhile.

Kurt was good help after I came from the hospital. He was able to stay until April 1 and bless Jean. Because it was April Fools day and I had forgotten it When he told me that the only dress I could get in to was torn I about cried. Mom Js. good cooking had fattened me good, but it was an April Fools joke.

In May Kurt had been sent to Point Arena Cal. and said I could join him there. He had rented a big house and the community was small and friendly and we loved it there. I had traveled by train and poor little Jean was so hungry and cross because I was trying to nurse her, and little 18 Month old Jerry would snuggle up to my side trying to get comfort on that long train ride. I had arranged to stop over in Washington and visit my folks who had moved to Richland. When I got there I was a wreck. My mother understood and took over and I got rested and when it was time to leave she took Mary Dawn out of school a week early and sent her on with me. Those extra pair of hands from a 12 year old girl will never be forgotten. When we reached San Francisco and had to transfer to a ferry then a bus up the winding coast north to Point Arena. Jerry got motion sickness on the winding coast roads and vomited and vomited. I was so glad I had Dawn to hand Jean to so I could care for him. It was a happy reunion with Kurt in a beautiful place. Dawn stayed with us for about 6 weeks. To this day I have not repaid the debt of gratitude that I owe her for helping at that time.

The summer on the coast with Kurt fishing for Abalone, working just around the corner was a happy last experience in the service. The Ocean was near and we could go down to the wharf and get fresh Salmon and Halibut, and that was nice in times of meat rationing. Kurt even talked in the Methodist Church. The Minister there was so friendly. He came to call on us before we even set our suitcases down in the hall of the house. His name was Rev. Kidd, but the servicemen often called and called him Daptain Kidd.

When V.J. day came and Japan surrendered, we knew we would be home for good by fall. I had relatives living in San Leandro near San Francisco so one night we were offered a ride with a soldier who went down to see his wife every weekend. We drove all night and the soldier was sleepy so he drove with his window down and we about froze. Kurt was cuddling Jerry and I was wrapping Jean in everything I could find even paper to keep her warm. It was a miserable night. It was Aunt Annie George we visited and Uncle Ed. When we told them of our ride in the night they suggested that since Uncle Ed worked for the

Railroad and could get me a sleeper at a discount, that I not go back to Point Arena and go home and wait for Kurt to be discharged soon.

It was a snap decision and we had only enough clothes for a weekend but I have never regretted doing it. Both Jean and Jerry slept well cuddled up to me in the pullman sleeper Uncle Ed had got for us, and by morning we were in Salt Lake. I don't remember how I got the rest of the way home only that I was so happy that the war was over and I was coming home to stay. Kurt didn't come for a month or two and I don't remember how we managed without the baby equipment and all our clothes but we came to the little upstairs apartment and we were content.

It was November of 1945 when Kurt was discharged. For 4 years Uncle Sam had owned him and had directed his life. Now we had to make our own decisions. He worked for Milo Hendricks for awhile decorating again, but he could not see much future in painting and papering. He wanted more for his family. The G.I. Bill was enticing so Kurt decided to take advantage of it. Milo was dissapointed at losing him so soon. We moved to Rexburg and stayed with Mona and Loy who also had two children. The men went to school every day and Mona and I would care for the kids and have a good visit. At that time they were staying at the home of Mom and Dad who were still in Washington. We fixed crazy lunches for the men and wrote goofy notes for them. Kurt had expressed a desire to his father that he would like to farm and Pop had been watching for one close to them, so they could share equipment. Bellins were moving from the place they had rented for a long while from Robert Clinton, A Tailor and widower who worked in Rowles Mack. One day we came down to meet him and to talk to him about running his farm, I still remember standing in that store and thinking he was a very nice man. The fact that the place didn't have electricity or a well didn't bother me, it was a chance to settle down.

One day in April 1946 we loaded our few possessions from the apartment in the upstairs of the old home on to one wagon and settled on the Clinton Farm and we are still here in 1978. We pumped water from the Cistern and used Kerosene lamps until we put in Butane lights and a Butane stove. We cut a hole in the floor and put a big heater in the cellar and heated our house with it. I had a gasoline powered washing machine. Uncle Beb retired from his work that year and we started to grow in to a family. He was impatient with the kids but kind in many ways. We grew a big garden with the Rawsons, and I raised chickens since Mrs. Bellin had a good arrangement of coops and equipment. Dad had given each of his Son in Laws a cow for marrying off one of his 8 daughters, so Kurt chose an old one and sold her to the stockyards and with the money he sent to Oregon for some calves, 5 of them and we were in the dairy business soon. Eventually we sold all the cows and purchased a new Plymouth, so we have always said that the old cow Dad gave us bought us our second car..

Our First car was bought out of desperation, an old Chevrolet Coupe. We just could not live up in the isolated place without a car.

In August Jean was 17 months old and we wanted to get on with our family. Clint was born May 2, 1947. He was the first one that Kurt had been present for the birth, also the first for Dr. Rees to deliver. I asked permission for Kurt to come in, so Dr. R. dressed him up like another Doctor and told him if anyone looked in he was to act like he was assisting. It was a natural easy birth, and we were delighted to have such a perfect little boy. I thought he was beautiful, but when Uncle Beb came up to see his namesake he said "He isn't much to look at but we will have to do." Kurt's observation of the birth was. "there is nothing to it". He was teasing, but I thought there was quite a lot to it. May was such a lovely time of the year to have a baby. I woke Kurt up early and he went out to milk. I had to go get him and tell him he could not finish and to please hurry fast and get ready. I glanced up from waking Jerry or Jean up and saw him with his shirt on backward, so I guess he was excited. We dropped the Kids off at Grandma J's on our way to the hospital and an hour later Clinton was here.

It was during this time that I was on the Relief Society Stake Board.

Time passed fast and we were busy with the family, church and farming. When Clint was 13 months old we wanted to add on to our family. I miscarried Twins that summer when I lifted some heavy grain sacks in my impatience to get them moved.

In December of 1947 we got our first new car, a Plymouth and it was so nice and we were so proud of it. In the spring of 1948 we put in a butane light system for the kerosene lamps. It was heaven to cook on a stove that didn't smoke when I got the butane stove.

Cecelia finally came in September of 1950. Clint was a big boy of three years and three months old. Cecelia was not supposed to come until after the threshing was over, but on Sunday we visited the folks in Rexburg and they had some green apples and some popcorn for snacks along with a good Sunday meal. On Monday I had the quick step and felt miserable all day. Kurt was away threshing. The next day I was to have the threshers for dinner but I woke up about 5 or 6 a.m. with definite labor. It was Kurt's birthday but I had to rush away without giving him his gift. The Thresher crew got along without him. School started that day so he had to get Jerry in to school to start 2nd grade. It was a busy day for him and Cecelia was a wonderful gift for him along with a new pair of work shoes that I had hidden in the closet. Max and Kurt had purchased a small thresher and did their own at this time.

We had been at the hospital only 30 minutes before Celia was born. She had dark hair and quite a lot of it, she was so round and sweet and such a delight to our family after having to wait so long for a baby. She was always like a little doll that we enjoyed.....and Jean was so excited to have a sister. I had been able to nurse her and Jerry but none of the rest for very long.

We could not market our potatoes that year so I went back to work again at the hospital. I did not go unless Kurt could tend the kids. He used to bring Cecelia to the Sacred Heart Hospital where I was working so that I could feed her, but that didn't work out too well so we had to put her on a bottle. I was worried that I would give her some of the serious diseases that I was working around.

The reason I was working at that hospital was, I could not get on at the L.D.S. because so many other farmers wives had gone back to work. As soon as the spring work started I quit and after that would just work from Nov. to April part time. I didn't work full time until Jerry was on his mission. I remember holding Cecelia and rocking her before I started working and crying because I had to leave her. My loss was Kurt's gain, he enjoyed the rub downs at night, and feeding her and when I came home he would describe it all in detail. Of course I was sad to leave the bigger children too, but they had fun with their father and didn't miss me too much. I usually worked 3-11 and for 10 years I worked in Obstetrics. It was a happy floor and every birth I helped with was a thrill to me.

When Cecelia was a year and a half old we were having problems getting Jean and Jerry up to the school bus..a mile away, we were often snowed in. We had horses and a sleigh and it seemed that every winter we would have to leave the car at the corner and use the team to get to it. We prevailed on Uncle Bob to move the house to the beginning of the farm so it would be close enough for them to walk to the corner. We could also get electricity brought down. That was a happy time. At first the city said they could not get wire to put in the line so I made a lot of phone calls and found the wire right here in town, so they didn't have any more excuses. We also could get a phone.. happy day!!!!!! Uncle Bob could not move his little lean to so he had to build another one on. Since I am older I realize that he made many sacrifices for us after resisting for awhile. We drilled a well and had water in the house and a bathroom too.

I was so busy getting the house rearranged and settled that I did not realize I was expecting another baby, until July. This was a surprise but a happy one. I didn't have the usual morning sickness and felt good. We got the house stuck over the siding and the cinder block foundation, planted a lawn. Uncle Bob planted a garden and moved some of the fruit trees and lilacs from the old place.

I usually helped in the spud harvest when I was not expecting, but this year I was busy cooking for some of the relatives that came to help. One day when the harvest was over I stepped on the scales and was shocked to see I had gained 28 lbs. My body was thin but I was growing fast. Ever since I had the miscarriage with the twins I had been suspicious that it might happen again. I had been too busy to notice until then that this could possible be two babies.

When I visited the Doctor in November I told him of my suspicions and he listened for two heartbeats, but couldn't hear even one but assured me that it was just one and doing fine. The first part of December I called him and said I was sure that I had two babies, I could feel them both. He again said there is only one but if you want to waste \$10.00 you can have an X-Ray to be sure. On Dec 4 1952 Mom J. went with me to watch Celia and Clint and they took an X-Ray. They came to me in the waiting room and said it didn't turn out, could they take another one. By this time I had decided that Dr. Rees was right and he would razz me. We waited longer this time then the technician came and said "Would you like to see your baby's picture?" So Mom and I and the kids trailed down to the light where the pictures were being illuminated and I looked and sure enough there was two little skeletons in the picture. It was like an electric jolt again. Instead of four children we would have 6. It was fun to tell Dr. Rees "I told you so." It was especially exciting to tell Kurt, and for that matter everyone we saw.

Christmas came and I was tired. I remember I could not get into my shoes because my feet and legs were swollen. On the 30th of December Kurt went to tithing settlement and I started labor. He was gone for about 3 hours and I got upset because I couldn't find him, and that made the pains come harder and faster. When he came home he said he never suspected this would happen or he would not have gone visiting. He took me to the hospital and my parents in Rexburg had expressed a desire to be there for their birth so we called them. With my history of fast deliveries I thought it would be over but since they were not due until Feb. 5, the labor was different and I stopped. Everyone went home and the Dr. sedated me and I had my first good night sleep in a long while. He kept me there because of the swelling and also because our road was drifting shut. About 5 p.m. on the 31 I started having contractions again. I called Kurt, but not my parents because they were having their annual New years party. I talked to the kids on the phone because they had been missing me. Around 7 p.m. Kurt called the sister in Laws who always came (Julie and Marie) and at 7.30 I was taken to the delivery room.

Dr. Rees was at a New Years Eve Party, but they located him. If the babies were girls they were to be named Siri and Sonya, Siri from a Soap Opera I listened to on the radio (Mom J. told me it was swedish too) Sonya also was swedish and they were to have the two grandmothers E names of Ella and Esther. I called the one who was in the breech position Siri and the one in the head down Sonya (this from the X-Ray. I didn't know which one would come first, but Siri won, at 8 p.m. and Sonya 6 minuted later.

There was a New Years Eve dance at the tabernacle so after the phone calls were all made, Kurt went over to the dance to tell people that we had our twins. An hour after our twins were born another set were born to Pettingills. The nursery nurse left the nursery and went upstairs to watch the delivery. While she was alone Sonya choked on some mucous. My room was across from the nurses station, and I could hear them calling the Doctor and telling him the baby was in distress. I tried for hours to find Kurt and have him come and give her a name and blessing. I think our phone was out of order because of the blizzard. The next morning When Doctor Rees came in I told him I was worried about losing one of my premature twins and asked him to Bless her if Kurt could not be located. He said "What are you CATHOLIC, that a baby has to be blessed before it dies?" Any way your baby is going to be o.k. she has a little pneumonia but she will have penicillin for a few days." I had worried over Siri at first because she was the smallest, but she never had any trouble until she was about a month old and scared me with a choking spell. My parents had guaranteed a double layette to the first one to have twins so mother started sewing. We received so many gifts I had to have a table put up across the hall to hold them all.

Mother helped the kids at home then she came and stayed 10 days with me. I had brought they babies home with me when they were 10 days old.

I remember the awful weariness of trying to nurse them both, sleep seemed so unattainable. The three of us took turns staying up with them and we all got so tired and sleepy. When it was Kurts turn, he would talk to them so loud it would wake mother and I up. At that time we only had a kitchen, living room and one large bedroom and a porch bedroom too cold to use during the winter time. Uncle Bob could see we were crowded so he offered to give up his big room and build another Lean To on his Lean To.

We made a kitchen out of his room and divided the old kitchen into a small bedroom and dining room. I got a kitchen sink and a washer and dryer and that helped with all the mountains of diapers and baby bottles. I was so busy I didn't know if I was coming or going. I appreciated the older children and their ability to help tend the twins and amuse Cecelia. Jerry was 10, Jean was 8. I worried about neglecting Cecelia, but again Kurt took her over and gave her the special attention she needed.

The twins didn't walk until they were $1\frac{1}{2}$ yrs old. When they could get out on the grass they started. By the time they could walk I had another surprise I was expecting another baby. I didn't know how I would have the strength to care for another one and I will admit I had some negative feelings, for a month or two, and suffered a lot with morning sickness.

Two weeks before Christmas I went shopping, and started early labor. I came home and rested and then called the Doctor. Since I had been early with the Twins he said I should go in to the hospital and he would "Snow" me for a few days". The labor stopped, but he was so low I felt he would come if I sneezed too hard. I went home after a few days but had to stay down for two months. We had many blizzards that winter and the snow was as high as some of the trees. I would always start labor when a blizzard came and I made many calls for a snowplow to get me out and I would go to the hospital. (Three times at least) One time Kurt took me in a sleigh to Sherwoods place, and the blizzard so hard that it took a special plow to get us even up the East river road. Julie would check me and say I had better go and off we went. The last time with a false alarm I borrowed a can of Ether and a clamp for the cord and told the nurses I would not be back until it was time. If a blizzard was on Kurt could take care of things at home.

On March 23 the snowplow opened our road for the first time in weeks. I visited the Doctor and he said maybe I would not have to wait until April 4, that I had held on to him good and it was o.k. for him to come.

If Glen is sleepy now he deserves it. When I had the first labor I had a lot of morphine for 3 days, then at home I had to take sedatives to keep the labor from starting early.

Early on March 24 I woke Kurt up and said this was it, and I was so grateful that the road was open and we could get to the hospital without delay. Glen was born right away and the most beautiful little boy. He had Lots of dark hair and beautiful features and was so perfect and good that he was worth the fight. I always felt that it would have been such a loss to have lost him at 6 months. I also had guilt feeling for feeling that I could not take care of another baby when I started out with him. Kurt used to say for everyone we started in school we would get another one at home. Cecelia was now 5, the twins 2 years and 3 months old.

We were so crowded in our house and we knew that building on was out because Uncle Bob had done so much for us. We decided to dig under the house and make a basement to house our older children and make a rumpus room and fruit room. I remember going out in February and with a pick started to dig a hole under a window on the south side of the house. Kurt and I worked hard and soon Kurt was able to get a slip scraper under and bring the dirt out with the caterpillar. When it was finished it took so much pressure off of the upstairs and as Uncle Bob commented, we had the best house in town. I remember putting Glen on a ledge of dirt while I shoveled dirt, and he would play and play.

By this time we had the older children in school, and the Twins and Glen at home.

We needed one more child to complete our family and David came on June 24 1958. I didn't feel too well but Jean was old enough and also Cecelia to take over a lot of the housework. The boys always worked outside. Sometimes they cleaned their own rooms.

My fathers birthday is June 22 and I had hoped that David who was due June 27 would come a little early and share his birthday. I took something to start labor, but it didn't work and he chose his own birthday. I remember he was born during Hay Hauling time. He was born in the evening and the nurses had to go out on the riverbank and signal Dr. Rees who was in his boat when it was time to come and deliver the baby.

We took him home to Jerry 15, Jean, 13, Clint, 8, The Twins 6, and Glen 3. It was good that mother didn't have to come and help any more since I had good help with the kids.

David was loved and spoiled. We were happy that we had one that resembled his father so much. He learned to walk at 9 months so he seemed so grown up too fast.

Our family was all here. The 15 years had gone fast and had been interesting. I will leave this chapter and a little later I will write down the interesting challenge of raising them.

Homes Where we lived during our Marriage.

When we first lived together was in Calif; Kurt was in the army. I went as a bride to Glendale Calif and we stayed with Mona and Loy in their Apartment.

During the Christmas Holidays Gen and Charles who lived not too far away went home for the holidays so we had their place to ourselves for a few days. Kurt could come only on weekends and for a few days during the Holidays so I was glad to have the Smiths and Jensens for company.

Kurt was transferred to Phoenix Arizona and I followed him later. I had been working at Physicians and Surgeons Hospital and I had to complete my work agreement before I could join him.

In Phoenix I had a bedroom with kitchen privileges. I was pregnant by then and too sick to eat too much so about all I remember using the kitchen for was peanut butter sandwiches. I also was working nights at the Good Samaritan hospital. The lady I lived with taught me some piano lessons, to help take up time between weekends when Kurt could be with me. Occasionally I would do something with some of the other service wives.

In Phoenix I developed a persistent pain in my right side so I ended up getting my appendix out in an army hospital. When they operated on me the Dr. told Kurt he could see the baby. Kurt seemed excited.

From Phoenix I came home and stayed with Mom and Pop Johnson. Kurt dropped out of pilots training at that time and was assigned to Sioux Falls.

In May I went there to live. We lived in a lady's house. Her name was Maude. I'll never forget the humidity and heat that summer. I was able to see Kurt a lot oftener. He was in Radio school. At the little branch of the church we met the Crookstons. Also a newly married couple expecting their first baby. We had a chance to rent a house together so we took it and lived in the upstairs and rented out the downstairs to an officer and his wife. It was there that Jerry was born on Sept. 9 1943.

In Nov. Kurt had gone to Texas and I stayed to help Marvel have her baby. It was really hard to stay there after Kurt left so when Marvel's mother came I was glad to go home and I went first to Dorlas then at Christmas time I got a ride to Rexburg and spent Christmas there. Gen was also an army widow with Charles overseas so she was there too.

Kurt came home on leave in February. I remember Hans Hansen was recruited at Sunday School in Hibbard to go meet the train. I don't remember why except it was cold and our car probably was not working. We had a joyous reunion and some days together then he went to Kearns field in S:L.C. I went again to Dorlas and we could see each other often.

Kurt was transferred to El Paso and I joined him in a roundabout way. I went first to Glendale and helped Genevieve when Charlene was born. Then I flew to El Paso where Kurt had found a place for me to live in with a couple who had a little girl to tend and they both worked. Their name was Pat Mead. They were good to us in many ways, but it was hard taking care of a baby and keeping up their house and Mr. Mead got so picky about me not getting all the dust out from under the bed that I blew up and looked desperately for another place to stay.

We found a converted chicken coop way out at the end of the bus line and it was a palace to us. We were alone Kurt seemed to come home often and during the days it was so easy to keep my own little place up that I could spend time with Jerry. We would walk all over and I would point things out to him and he would try to repeat them. He was 9 months old. It was here that we got word that Kurt was to go overseas and he helped me move home. We went by train.

He left for No. Carolina for the point of embarkation but for some reason was sent back to Detroit Mich. He came home for a furlough. At this time I was expecting Jean in March.

We then fixed up a little apartment upstairs in Mom and Pop Johnsons house and bought our first furniture. I tended Jerry and Prepared for Jeans coming. I am so grateful to all of the people who took us in during those army years. Mom J. Helped me so much and I hoped I helped her some by being able to drive her places. Marget came home during part of this time to prepare for her mission to Sweden.

Max and Mom took me to the hospital on the night of the 13th, but my labor stopped so they went home. The next morning Dr. Scheiss came in and decided to give me Pitocin to Induce Labor. I can't remember if any of the family came, just how that overdose of pit forced labor and delivery in about 1/2 hour.

Grandma J. took good care of Jerry and on the 13th day Kurt came home on a furlough I believe it was Red Cross. I knew when he was coming and waited for him to rush to the hospital to see me, but he called Max and he went out there so he could see Jerry and see if he was doing O.K. After I had waited about 6 hours for him to come I called out home and he said "Oh I was just waiting for Visiting hours". I had been released from the hospital so he came and got me.

He stayed long enough to get the baby blessed and then went to Point Arena Calif. In May I followed him. That was a harrowing trip. Jerry was 19 months old and Jean was a cross baby. I was trying to nurse her and didn't have enough milk so she screamed most of the way and Jerry whined at my side. I stopped off in Hanford Wash. and my parents met me and took me home to their place. How grateful I was for their help so I could get some rest. My Mother sent Dawn the rest of the way with me to help me and I was so glad to have her. She stayed in Calif with us for about 6 weeks. Kurt lived at home and it was a neat and a happy experience. The people there were so good to us. We lived in a big old house and had loads of room.

In Nov. we went to San Leandro Calif to see my aunt Annie. We rode with a soldier who kept the window down all night and it was such a bad trip that I decided to take the kids and come home and not go back to Point Arena because Kurt was soon to be discharged. I came home to our little apt. upstairs in Grandma J's house and Kurt soon came, I was through following a soldier after 4 years.

We didn't stay there long because Kurt wanted to get some college on his G.I. Bill so we went to Rexburg and stayed with Mona and Loy who were living in the folks house while they were in Wash.

The first part of March Pop Johnson had located a farm for us to run if we wanted it. It belonged to Bob Clinton and Bellins who had been running it were moving. It was close enough to their place to share equipment and Pop and Max could help him get started.

I remember moving home to our little apt. for another few weeks on Jeans 1st birthday. The men were all anxious to get ready to farm. On the 16 of April 1946 we moved with one wagon load of possessions to our present farm.

We soon called Uncle Bob by that name and he lived and worked there too. He had been working as a Tailor at Rowles Mack and had reached Retirement that year so he was all excited about the things he wanted to do. Gardening etc. His part of the house was a little lean to on the south west corner. We didn't have electricity, pumped drinking water from a cistern, didn't have a car and it was a mile to the road, but it was heavenly to be really settled with Uncle Sam not dictating to Kurt where he had to go or what he had to do.

We made some improvements. The house had a root cellar underneath it so we put a heater down there and heated the house through a grill we cut in the floor. We put in butane lights and a butane cook stove.

We lived there until May of 1952 and since it was so hard to get kids to the school bus we moved the house up to the south entrance of the farm and put

it on a cinderblock foundation in case we ever wanted a basement under it. We always wished afterwards that we had poured a basement before we put the house there. We put in Butane heat and it wasn't long before we got electricity. That was a happy day. I don't know how we ever talked Uncle Bob in to doing all these things for us. It took a lot of time and careful effort. At this time our family of 6 was living in a one bedroom house except for summers when we could have them sleep on a porch that had canvas windows,.

When the Twins came Uncle Bob gave us his big kitchen for us a kitchen and we put a wall in our old kitchen and that gave us a bedroom and a dining room. We took part of our bedroom and made a bathroom, then we filled in the porch canvas with boards, insulation and siding and could use that as a bedroom during most of the year. When Glen came we were crowded again so we started digging under the house to make us a basement. That was a lot of hard work and digging. Grandpa Koppner helped with the finish work and we then had enough room for our family of eight. It gave us 3 nice bedrooms with a ledge in every room for a lot of storage. It gave us a RUMPS room as one of the kids called the rumpus room or what they now call a family room. We had a television down there and the house was homey and enjoyable. I also gained a fruit room.

The only other change we made to the house was a bigger front room. When the older kids left home we decided we could spare our big bedroom and add it to the front room. I still can't believe how much furniture we had in the little living room. A piano, sofa and chair, the Organ, Kurts Desk a China closet. When we enlarged the room it made a very attractive living and dining room. We did this when Clint was on his mission.

We lived here and had many happy memories of our family growing up until Oct. 17, 1970 when we made our final move to the new house.

The story of our House.

The Idea was born in November of 1969. At least this was the first glimmer of hope on our Horizon for our dreams of a new home to become a possible reality.

All married couples dream of a home they will eventually have that they have planned. A home designed and built to suit their exact needs.

Each time we would repair and fix the old house I would hope someday that I could have a house that would hold together. Uncle Bob still had to be considered in all our decisions and we were afraid to mention a new house to him because he thought we already had a wonderful one..with electricity in every room.

Anyway when our new home started to become a reality, I was in Pocatello taking a Coronary C re class, a refresher course. Marie also taking it with me. One day after class we volunteered to take one of the teaching devices to the airport to be sent to Salt Lake where it was needed for a class there.

After we left the airport and had driven two blocks back toward town we saw a sign " Model Homes" by Boise Cascade. We had lots of time on our hands and I had been curious to see a pre built home so we decided to stop and take a tour. The homes were all carpeted and furnished and looked so beautiful and homey. We were so excited about them. We called home and asked Kurt and Max to come and spend a night with us and to go see the homes. When they came they were impressed also. I couldn't get it off of my mind that such a lovely home could be built in a month and delivered to the basement that we would prepare for it.

I took home a lot of their literature and pictures and practically memorized all they had to say about their homes and became convinced that it was the quickest and best way for anyone to get a new home. During the months after that whenever I needed something nice to think about I would think of Boise Cascade homes.

During the winter it became evident that Uncle Bob could not live in his little lean-to house any longer. He couldn't keep his fires going and was spending a lot of time in bed. We would soon have to move him in with us, but Where???

A nursing home was out of the question because he had spent some time in one when he had Scurvey and would not consider going back there again with all of those old Senile people. He often quoted from his Christian Science beliefs " As a man thinketh, so is he", and he didn't consider himself to be old or never thought about dying.

I remember the last part of April and the first part of May Of 1970 I was getting so excited I couldn't sleep hoping and planning for a new home. Then when I had to change my thinking I would lay awake and think of Cecelia because Vaughn was coming home from Korea the first week in May and they could plan their wedding. Weddings to plan are just about as exciting as houses, and getting another wonderful Son in Law was pretty special.

Kurt was not as excited about the house as I was. He worried over financing even though he agreed a new house would be nice. He even went over some plans with me and suggested some changes. June passed though without anything being decided.

About a week before Cecelias Wedding on the 15th of July, Bishop Mickelsen called me in and asked us if we would consider taking a placement Student. There still wasn't enough room in the old house so I decided that was a sign from my Father in Heaven that it was all right to go ahead with definite plans for the house, so we could take care of the family and the extra people that we needed to take in, also the Twins could enjoy it one year before they left for college.

Kurt told me to go ahead and check out financing so I checked out all of the possibilities and we both agreed that Federal Land Bank would be the best way to go.

After the wedding was over July 15, we really concentrated on the plans. Arland Rasmussen was the agent in this area so we called him and set in motion our final plans. We chose a Burlington plan that we liked and made some changes such as the position of the Master bedroom so it could have a window overlooking the river, and the basement stairs would have gone where the mudroom is now but we wanted the downstairs to seem more like a part of the house since in the old house it was always so cold to go downstairs. Where the stairs go down now should have been a pantry. We arranged to have a dropped living room, but it didn't get done and has been a little disappointment to me. One of the best changes we made was to have the garage doors open to the south where people driving in couldn't see the usual garage clutter.

We were told to get our own contractors for the basement. Kurt had Sherwood scrape the weeds from the old corral west of the house. We had chosen this spot because of the beautiful view of the falls. The boys took down fences and cleared away a lot of debris. The Corral hadn't been used much for several years so it did need a lot of work to clear it up.

Kurt and I would walk out several times a day and step off the area where the house would be and try to visualize how it would look. Every night we would come and just sit in the place we had chosen and we were so happy with anticipation and planning. This was a terrific time in our lives.

We had decided to brick it after it was delivered and on the foundation and put an overhang on the front with colonial pillars. This was adapted from a plan that we liked if we had built from scratch. It was hard to find the pillars and as I remember they cost \$60.00 apiece.

We had Gardner excavating come and dig the basement. It didn't take too long about 4 hours.. our house had started to take shape. We had hired Ora Talbot and his son Russ to do the cement work, so during August they were busy getting it ready. John Kelley did the Septic tanks. When he was digging the first hole he discovered lava and couldn't go deep enough, so an auxilliary tank had to be dug for the basement water so we had two septic tanks and additional expense.

When they poured the concrete for the garage they left a space for a garage (small) door in the front instead of the back so we had them change that. When they were pouring part of the basement on the north east part of the house the cement truck sunk down in the soft ground and it was a little tricky getting it out without ruining the foundation.

On Sept 7 Cecelia was visiting us from Denver (to help out with Bonnie Jeans birth) she, Kurt and I decided to go to the Blackfoot fair for a little while. When we got near Blackfoot we decided to go on to Pocatello and see if the house had been started. They had started it that day. Some of the walls were standing up and some were lying down ready to be stood up the next day. It was such a thrill to see it started. A few days later we went to Pocatello and our house was out in the lot all framed up and getting shingles on it. It was built so fast we couldn't believe it. The slowest part was the finishing work. We discovered the mudroom would be too dark with a solid door so we had them put a different door on with a window in it. The double front doors had a design we didn't care for so they changed them for us. They were going to put linoleum in the dining room and we had specified carpet so they did that, but the only mistake they could not change was the raised entry.

We called Pocatello a lot and probably became their worst nuisances but we were anxious to get moved in and bricking done before cold weather came. It was potato time and we hoped it would come before we were in to the harvest and too busy to take care of details.

On Oct. 6 ¹⁹¹⁰ we were told it would be here the next day which was our 28th wedding anniversary. WHAT AN ANNIVERSARY PRESENT... I borrowed Morris and Jeans Movie camera to record the big event. I finished my housework by 8.30 a.m. and stood waiting at the window. Poor Kurt had to be in the Potato cellar that day.

I called Lavon Jenkins and Nadine Laird and told them if they saw it coming to call me so I could get up to the corner and start taking movies. They called at 2 p.m. and said "Your house is on its way. I jumped in the pickup and raced to the corner and got some pictures of them turning the corner, it came in two parts lengthwise. I was about to burst with joy and happiness. The movie films I took that day show it, I swung the camera around so wildly that it makes one sea sick to look at it.

One half of the house was parked temporarily down by the old house while the back part was slid on to the foundation. I remember driving the pickup up beside it and standing on the cab so I could peek in and see my bedrooms. I saw the one with the Red Carpet. It was so beautiful with it's white walls. I couldn't speak. I tried to see in the other rooms but it was difficult to see them as only half the house was there and boarded up on one side.

It was almost dark when the plywood was all stripped and the two parts slid together. Kurt would come from the cellar between loads to see what was going on, I wanted to share every minute of this day with him and felt bad that he had to work. The kids came home from school and were excited. Ronnie got on his horse and galloped about and people were trying to see in the windows and I guess Lemons, the movers were having a hard time getting their job done and warned us not to try to enter before it had been inspected the next day. Lairds came down and Aunt Marie and family, I was glad she came because we had seen the Boise Cascade homes together the first time, I felt bad that she wasn't getting one too.

The boys were having a football game in between peaks at the house.

Kurt and I had planned to spend our anniversary night in the new home but since we were not allowed to go in and since the thoughts of sleeping on a floor when we were so weary didn't appeal to us. Late that night however we did take a flashlight and walk through the rooms. It was such a happy wonderful day for us OUR HOUSE. it was all we dreamed of and more. We felt so thankful and humble that we had been blessed to experience this event in our lives. We knelt and prayed and gave thanks there that night.

The finishing up consisted of the city attaching the electricity, of Vern Maxton finishing the plumbing, hooking up everything and putting a shower in the basement, laying the pipe from the old well to the new house.

Ellis Peterson from Blackfoot had been recommended to do the bricking and fireplaces and finished the work shortly before Christmas. When he brought the slab for the downstairs hearth I was dissapointed, but all the rest of his work was great and his price reasonable.

The kids moved over before we did to their rooms. We moved over after harvest. about the 14th or 17th I think.

It seemed to take awhile for Boise Cascade to come and finish their work. cracks from moving had to be repaired in the plaster. The carpets had to be flipped back where they had been folded to move the house in two pieces. It took time to get the basement stairs carpeted. Talbots had the garage finished in no time after the house came. They did such good work and we were so pleased with it.

Ahlstroms had been working on the drapes for me. My friend Ella Nelson had helped me with them. Gwen Fillmore had advised me if I got cheap drapes it would make the house look not as nice so I wanted nice drapes and I paid about \$1000.00 for all of the house. They turned out nice and the house looked so much homier after they were put up.

On Oct. 9 we had company come, a friend of Clints from the mission Britt Marie Hallstrom and her new Husband Jens Jensen. We put them in a bedroom in the new house even though it didn't have a bathroom yet so they were the first to stay there.

Siri and Sonya were anxious to move over so they could enjoy the master bedroom with its private dressing room, shower etc. When we moved on the 17th everything was hooked up and working.

We had problems with the shower in the Master bedroom. It leaked around the base and in to the basement. It took 6 months ^{to fix} so it wouldn't leak.

We had Talbots rough in the basement bathroom, storeroom and the three rooms across from the bathroom. Kurt and the boys put sheet rock on the walls and ceiling of the one bedroom and bath and paneled the bedroom so we could get Uncle Bob moved over. Morris did the wiring for us and had installed baseboard heaters to keep Uncle Bob warm without him ever to have to make a fire again. When we had planned to move him in with us we had thought it would be best to put him upstairs in the bedroom overlooking the river, but he chose to have his own place downstairs and always managed the stairs well except for after a fall where we thought he had broken his hip. He didn't come upstairs for 6 wks. but did ever after until the day he fell when he was 94 in the garage and died as a result of that fall. Morris did the wiring for the garage and we appreciated his know how and hours of work and know how to do so much for us.

We moved Uncle Bob over about Thanksgiving time and he was happy and content in his room with his own belongings around him and his very first indoor bathroom across the hall. He lived here for five years.

Jerry came home from Viet Nam just before Christmas. When we brought him home from the airport we had the outside intercom on playing Christmas music and was so anxious to see if he liked the house. He did and generously offered to buy the paneling for the basement as our Christmas present. ~~During the holidays~~

During the holidays Furt, Jerry and Clint paneled the room we needed for Ron and the one we called Kurts Den which also turned out to be my sewing room. It was good to see the basement taking shape.

When Kurt left for Legislature that year I decided as soon as he would send some money I would start putting ceiling tile in the family rooms and start paneling them. I had Glen to help me, but he was busy in school and it didn't fast enough to suit me so I didn't wait for him and as a result the job wasn't too good. I got some pre hung doors and the men put them in. It was finished after a fashion the ceilings and walls were covered and I had Sears come and put some red carpeting on the floor which made it seem warmer. I papered the ceilings in the bathroom and Rons room and the walls of the bathroom. This left shelves in the fruit rooms, shelves for Kurts den, the kitchen to finish until time and money was again available. It was cozy and comfortable for Uncle Bob and it was good to have that much of the house done.

In 1976 Uncle Bob had gone and his corner of the house needed a lot of cleaning. So I cleaned and scrubbed, We had the kitchen finished and carpet put in the hall and bathroom so it could be used as a temporary apartment. The last of Oct. Lou Tegges were looking for a house and they lived there until just before Christmas.

Ron left for his mission Feb 5, 1977 and six months later David and Gary left and Don left for college and Glen was already at B.Y.U. What an empty empty house. We had Harold until he went back home the 15th of Oct. Then we were really alone. Just before school started Karma Cox suggested we offer it to school teachers so I called Dist 91 and 93 to ask if they had any teachers that would be interested in a basement apt. Laurie Wilcken (from Seattle) was our first one. We decided to go ahead and finish the basement entirely then. We had Herb Curtis come and build a hallway through the shop so the entrance from the garage was better. He put on closet doors, trim, new ceiling tile and at last in late 1977 the house was finished. We spent about 1200.00 on the basement, this time.

Kathy Anderson had been living at Cox's and she decided to move in with Laurie in Oct. Lynn Scott - former roommate of Lauries moved in in Nov. so we had three wonderful girls who seemed like daughters to us and also some one to take care of our house while we went away to Boise for the Legislative season.

The original loan for the house was \$40,000. Which included money for drapes and some new furniture. The house as it was delivered without siding and garage cost \$19500.00 Approximately. It cost another \$10,000 for basement, garage bricking, plumbing etc.

THE STORY OF OUR CARS

The first car that came in to the life of Kurt and I was before we were married. When we first started dating it was in a panel truck that belonged to Kurt's Uncle Milo Hendricks who Kurt was working for.

Not long after that Kurt bought a used Ford. It was a 1937 brown and tan color and cost \$350. or \$400.00. It was a good little car and we have many happy memories of it. We had been engaged for a week when Kurt left for the service and I felt terrible sad when Kurt kissed me Goodbye, but I didn't cry until I saw the train leave and as I walked to the car and knew Kurt wouldn't be in it for a long long time then I really cried.

He sold the car to Max who had it painted another color, Green I think. We still used the car when Kurt came home on furlough, and it was that little car that took us to Salt Lake where we were married in the Temple.

When Kurt was out of the service we didn't have a car at all and it was a handicap. At first we lived a few months with Mona and Loy in Rexburg where Kurt went to college at Ricks. After 3 months Kurt decided to farm so we moved to our present farm off of East River road only the house was up at the other end of the field and I knew we had to have a car. Uncle Bob had one but we didn't want to bother him for rides. One day Jean 1 yr. old fell and cut her head deeply. I asked Uncle Bob if he would take me to the hospital to get it sewed up. He said no, the sunshine would heal it. Later he brought me some soiled gauze to put on it. I didn't know at that time that he was a Christian Scientist and did not believe in Doctors or hospitals.

After the war getting a car was nearly impossible because they had stopped manufacturing them to make war machines and car production hadn't started again.

I started to search for a used car. Kurt was busy farming and didn't have time to look for one. In the newspaper I noticed an ad for two used cars, one a pickup and one a Chevrolet coupe. The name of the owner of the Pickup was A.P. SALVAGE E or the people who had advertised it that way so I called and asked if the cars had been sold. When a lady answered I said, "is this Mrs. Salvage? Have you sold your car yet. She sounded rather angry when she answered and said " no this is not Mrs. Salvage and No we havent sold the cars yet. Later Kurt told me why she was mad, A.P. Salvage was an auto parts salvage instead of the name of the people. Apparently they had found a lucrative business in salvaging old cars and selling them.

Julie drove me to town and I drove the ancient black pickup and she drove the Chevrolet coupe out to the field (Marshalls) where the men were shoveling ditches. I knew Kurt would choose the coupe if he chose any, because the pickup looked so terrible. It was strategy and Psychology because I was desperate for a car.

We decided to get the Chevrolet even tho it had a knee action suspension system and the wheels slanted inward. It was a greenish black 1934 Deluxe model. I think we got it from Don Killian or he was the one who repaired it for \$450.00. It had a front seat then a space behind where the kids could stand and it was enough for Kurt and I and Jerry and Jean.

I felt like I had been liberated. Being isolated without a telephone or car didn't suit my personality at all.

When we had first moved home after Kurt was out of the Service we had put our name on all the car list in town. It seemed hopeless. There were so many people needing cars. About two years after we got the Coupe I checked with Ellsworth Brothers to see if we were moving up the list. The answer was no, the cars just were not coming in fast enough.

One day I was getting meat from the locker for Grandma Johnson I took a package of Steaks (they were huge, about 14 inches long) and took them to Fisher Ellsworth. He was standing on the street talking to some Men. I gave them to him and said "these are not to bribe you, but it is a thank you for listening to me every time I come and ask if you have a car for us yet." He seemed so pleased to get the Steaks (meat had been rationed too during the war) I can still see me that day giving him the steaks and his surprised look. No one else would even listen when I asked about cars and we knew the Coupe wouldn't last too long.

It was only a few weeks after the Steak episode, that Fisher called and told us he had a car for us. It was intended for someone else but the door had been damaged in shipping and he didn't want it. It was brand new a Plymouth 1948 for \$2000.00. We were thrilled and happy and the door damage didn't show but it never shut very easily or tight unless we were very careful, but it was the most beautiful car. I wish I could describe how I loved that car and how I felt on that day we got it. It was a Tan color and the dashboard had a lot of chrome trim and was fancy and the interior so attractive and we were so extremely proud of it. We paid for it with a cow My father had given Kurt as a dowry for marrying me (joke) He gave all of his new son in laws a cow (he was so happy to be getting sons at last) Kurt chose an old cow that wasn't a good milker and sold her and sent to Tillamook Co. Oregon for some Heifer calves and they were ready to sell so we always said that Dad bought us our Plymouth.

There was just one sad episode connected with this car. The doors opened at the center post and I always had a bunch of kids with me and one day Jimmy Rawson leaned against the weak door and fell out and was hit by the door as he fell and received a bad skull fracture. He recovered O.K. but I felt terrible about it and always locked it and watched it carefully afterwards.

It was a good car and gave us no trouble at all. One day Kurt was in at the garage and they gave him a good offer on it so he traded it on a newer model Plymouth which was gray inside and outside. It was a 1951 model and cost us \$800 or \$900. 00. I could never feel the affection that I had for the first Plymouth and I thought it would never wear out. We drove it about 7 years. As soon as we got the new car we left for a trip to Calif. Just Kurt and I. Jean stayed with Paul Blaylocks so she could go to school kids Jerry, Clint and Celia stayed in Rexburg where Jerry was already staying and going to school. (He had been Struggling in the overcrowded Idaho Falls schools and Grandma Keppner wanted us to bring him to her friend and teacher Blanche Hendricks) so we let him go there during the week and he was home on weekends. Blaylocks wanted to keep Jean because they didn't have any girls (permanently) later they also wanted to keep Cecelia because they thought I was too busy with the twins.

Our trip was in January and was so cold and they didn't have the heating facilities that we did so I about froze all the time we were there.

We drove the gray Plymouth until it started giving us some trouble and it was time to cast my eye about for our next car. Kurt was hesitant to get another one because of what Uncle Bob would think of us spending the money. The kids were getting bigger and we had 7 by now and they all wanted to sit by a window. The older ones didn't like to go with us because the little ones would step all over them.

On the 24th of July I was watching a parade and Frank Smith a car dealer drove a beautiful Red Volkswagen Minibus in it. It was love at first sight. There were three large seats in it and 21 windows and a space in the back carpeted and we called it the Playpen. Previously we had seen one at Dr. Rees's office when I had been there for an appointment and had thought OH for all this room with all our kids. Lynn Richards had given us a ride in his and we couldn't get over how roomy they were. They were very economical to drive about 22 miles to the gal.

I had to have one but How. I layed awake night scheming. Kurt kept insisting we couldn't afford one and we would get the Plymouth fixed so it would last a little longer. Still I was obsessed with the idea that we had to have that Red Minibus so the older kids would still want to go with us. It cost \$3000.00. I called Blair Hammon the dealer and asked how much we had to have down. I found that with some cash we had from an inheritance from Great Grandpa Johnson and our old Gray Plymouth as a trade in I could get it. It was the middle of August and Kurt and I had to go to Rexburg for a relatives funeral so I decided that was the day/ The Plymouth had quit on me a few days earlier and I had had it, but I was scared of what Kurt and Uncle Bob would say, but I had to do it. Kurt liked the V.W. but still insisted that we couldn't get one now.

I made all the arrangements, got the title and the license and completed the agreement and drove it home. I was so frightened that my hands wouldn't stop trembling on the steering wheel. I was glad Kurt wasn't in when I got home to give me time to calm down, then I went out to go get him up in the field to go to the funeral and I couldn't get it into reverse so one of the kids had to go get him. When he came he said "WHATS THAT DOING OUT THERE?" He looked very stern. "I bought it for you" I told him. "What with?" he said. "I traded our old Plymouth in and used our savings". "What did they give you for the old car?" "I'm not sure, but he is going to try to sell it for as much as he can and will give us at least \$400.00 or more if he can get it". Kurt.. "That car is worth more than that and he will never try to get more than that out of it".. and he didn't.

About this time I'm sure he was wishing he could trade his wife in on a new model. He went to the funeral and showed it to the relatives in Roxburg. By the time we got home Kurt was starting to enjoy it and I was glad he was driving because I couldn't get it into reverse.

The Volkswagen did bring us much fun and happiness with our family. There were picnics and outings where we could take a crowd with us. I remember one Sunday we went and got Bernard Prices Family and the two biggest families in the ward could all get in to it. Often we had 21 people in it at a time. Grant with an M.I.A group took it to June conference. It took the girls to girls camp whenever a lot of transportation was needed.

Best of all was a carefully planned trip to California. It was Jerry's last year home and we wanted to have one long trip together before the family started to leave. We had a bigger heater put in because the heater was too small to heat so much space but it never worked very well and always smelled oily.

We traveled all of the first night through Boise, Oregon, Northern Calif and got to Concord Calif to Ingrid's place at 8 p.m. the next night. We spent one night in a Calif Motel then on to Margits in Southern Calif. Where we spent Thanksgiving. and stayed two nights. We went to Disneyland and Knott's Berry farm. To Hoover Dam on the way home. We stayed one night in a motel in St. George and then home. The cost of the gasoline and oil for the trip was \$55. 00. This included one tire repair.

When the bus was getting older we had one awful night when the McCracken family and ours went to girls camp for parents night. (The men were in the Bishopric) The logs loosend and ruined the wheel and we kept having flat tires and getting a man out of bed in Driggs to fix them. Then Kurt got a ticket in Sugar City for speeding 50 mi. per hr. at 2 a.m. We didn't get home until 3 a.m.

The last trip we took with it was on a camping trip to Salmon for a family outing. We had our Son in law to be Morris with us. As we were driving along the

Salmon river it stopped on us. We had to be towed home and never as a family did we have a jaunt in the old bus. We'd had a lot of repairs, overhauls, new engine gear shift etc. We felt that what we had saved in gasoline we made up with repairs but our lives wouldn't have been as much fun if we hadn't had the bus. The memories of it are dear to us.

Charles took it and fixed it up for his sewing machines but it was expensive for him and he probably does not have good memories of it at all.

While the bus was getting older so were our teenagers and we had to have extra transportation so we had some odds and ends of old used cars at times. One was Lee and Jeans Red Buick. It was a snappy looking car and needed a new transmission. Jean and Jerry and Clint drove it quite often Jerry also drove a black Chevrolet that we had got from Howard Swendsen. There was also an old red pickup that Kurt and Max owned that was around some.

After Jerry left for his mission and Jean was in her Senior year at High School we decided to look for another car even before the Salmon trip.

We had a good friend Jim Smith that we wanted to get a car from so we ordered a special Chevrolet from him. When we ordered it we kept it simple hoping for economy and for getting the most for our money. The price was \$2700.00 When it came we were dissappointed. The inside was drab. It was supposed to be fawn colored. It was stiff to drive after the Volkswagen. It was a standard shift and had no lights that lit up when the door was open. The gas mileage was not good in spite of our effort to keep it simple. We seemed to sit too far down in the seat when we drove and couldn't see well. The younger drivers always had to use a cushion when they drove. Needless to say I was never too happy with that car even though the motor held up well.

When Kurt was elected to the Legislature we decided to add a good reliable pickup. In December we found one, beige in color. The first winter he was in the Legislature we had both outfits with us. The pickup served us well with only occasional repairs.

After we had driven the tan Chevrolet for four years Jerry was back from his mission and needed a car so we turned it over to him.

We had enjoyed our Plymouths and had a desire to try its big brother the Dodge. When Kurt was in Boise I had found a Dark red or Maroon Dodge that was a good looking car. It was August that we became serious about getting it. I shopped around to nearby towns and they had lower prices so I told Ellsworths what we could get it for and they met the price. We got the Dodge for \$3185.00 Just a little more than we had paid for the old Chev. and it had so much more to offer. It was our first power steering car with the exception of

Lee and Jeans old Buick./ It was heavenly to drive. It had power brakes too and beautiful durable upholstery. I always felt that I was floating in that car.

We had many trips to and from Boise, to and from Utah and even two trips to Denver. One of those trips to Denver was for Colias Graduation from Nursing.

When the car had 90,000 miles on it I was driving to Sunday School one morning. It was Oct. 31 and we had our first storm. I came around the curve too fast on Dunbar Dr. (20 mi per hr.) and went in to a spin and bumped in to Kelley Laird and Totalled out both cars. I was so scared that I had hurt Kelley, but he was O.K. and our insurance got him a new car too so he didn't care.

Kurt and I shopped from Blackfoot to Rexburg for a new car. Kurt had a desire to find a Chrysler. The one that appealed to Kurt the most was at College Motors in Rexburg.. It was a demonstrator. It had a lot of extras such as a mileage counter, cornering lights, automatic temperature control, map lights etc. I wanted a new car but I couldn't feel enthused. Perhaps it was because I had wrecked the old Dodge. I felt that a Chrysler would be too pretentious. However I had my dreams of cars in the past realized and I wanted Kurt to have what he liked. With our trade in money from the old car the price was only \$200.00 more than we had paid for the Dodge or \$4250.00

It was nice to drive and we traveled a lot to and from Boise and Utah. It took Clint and Cliffie on their Honeymoon trip to Minneapolis. It took Kurt and I and the Sitting up boys and David and Paul also to Minneapolis. It used a lot of gasoline. Towards the last getting about 8 mi. Per Gallon. Ron was driving it in town one day and was in an accident so it was time to look around for another car. Again we shopped and shopped and decided again to try another smaller Chrysler so the day after my birthday in 197 we brought home our Chrysler Cordoba. A sporty two door. Cinnamon in color with a white top. It had black leather upholstery which was easy to clean and keep up around the dusty farm driving. It was economical on gasoline and fun to drive. I called it our Grandpa and Grandma car because there wasn't too much room in it. We are still driving it after 3 years and like it very much.

In 1973 Kurt needed another pickup so he got a little Blue Datsun. Jerry had been driving one and liked them. We liked this one too to dash here and there and it was fine for Kurt to drive around the farm irrigating and for the boys and Foster boys to drive. It got banged up at times. Don banged up a door Steve drove in to a fence, I backed into it with a big potato truck, but we are still driving it. It is now in Nampa to spend the winter with Jerry to help with the car shortage there but we will soon get it and move home as the Legislature ends in a few weeks.



Orval Dunckley Benson

ORVAL DUNKLEY BENSON

Having been born of goodly parents as Nephi of old. I had a very happy childhood. I had a very honest Father and a very honest and kind, darling Mother. I never heard my Mother raise her voice to correct a child in our home. For it was a happy home. My Mother had a sense of humor that she could solve most any problem that came up and we were all happy again. My Father was much loved by all the men in the county especially when he was a field man for a long time. Everyone would say whenever your Father made a promise we knew it would be kept or else we would be told why not. So under those circumstances that kind of a life, I was very happy.

My earliest recollections were on the farm of course. Since I was four years old, I had a pony that was my greatest joy. I was to ride as far as Fairview before I was old enough to go to school. Your Aunt Linda Benson had a brother who taught school at Fairview. Each weekend I would get on my pony, I was probably about five years old, ride clear down to North Fairview, get him on a Friday afternoon, bring him up to stay with his sister Aunt Linda for the weekend.

When I started school; Sister Tanner was my first teacher, Jenny Tanner. I loved her very much. One day with my pocketknife I cut out a little chip out of my desk. The next day I was to bring a nickel to pay for that. That was a great lesson to me. And I was only six years old. My next teacher was Aunt Linda. She took me as a son. I learned to love her very much. This was in the little red school house in Whitney. It had three rooms. The first and second grade in the first room; third, fourth, and fifth in the second room; and sixth, seventh, and eighth in the third room.

When I got in the third grade, I had a Miss Niles. She was the prettiest little dark, complected girl. And we all fell in love with her, especially us boys. But we were all rather mischievous now at this age.

On April Fool, I remember once Serge, Karl, and I decided we wanted to play hooky. So we left school to play hooky that day. As we came back to school the next morning, Mrs. Foot, who was the principal, she called us in and told us that we would have to stay in every recess for a week. And, of course, for us to stay in Miss Niles had to stay with us. Those were happy recesses. She made it so pleasant, we kind of wished we could stay in all recesses.

2

I used to wrestle a lot at school and we used to play marbles. Gerald Weaver was the champion marble player at the Whitney School. We'd play marbles some nights so long that we'd be late going home. He would win all my marbles and then he would give me back some more so we could play longer. On our way home, the Weaver family was on the corner, where Gerald lived. Sister Weaver was a wonderful Mother. We'd stop in a little while and she would give us lunch and when I got home my Mother wondered why I wasn't hungry. But I'd stopped off at the grocery store on the corner, the Weaver home.

We used to have wrestling matches. The one thing that I was best in was wrestling. I was never thrown by anyone who was anywhere near my age.

We used to have our basketball standards out in the open, we didn't have any gyms in those days. And we used to play basketball when we were just little kids there at the school house. Then as we got a little older, I remember that ball diamond. Every recess, every noon, and every night in the summer time we were on that ball diamond, the same one that is still there today, just about the same position. So I learned to love to play ball. Maybe I should brag just a little. I used to catch for a long time. But I didn't like it very well. So soon as I could get somebody to catch, I would play in the centerfield. That was the place I liked. I got so I really loved to play field. One day, later on, we were playing ball and the fifth ward were holding a 24th of July celebration. They challenged the Whitney ward to play ball with them. So I was in centerfield. When the game was over there was a prize for the winner, and the fifth ward had beaten us. But one of the men that was in charge said, "Shall we give the prize to the fifth ward or to our ward." It seemed that that was one of my better days.

When I got up to the sixth grade, Karl, Serge, and I were given the privilege of doing just about as we pleased, because we had good marks and the teacher kind of liked us. So whenever we wanted to go out we could go out without asking and it was a happy time to go to school.

Then the next year when I got into the seventh grade. Karl and Serge had both been promoted, took the sixth and seventh grades together and so nothing would do but what I take the seventh and eighth grades one year. So we all graduated together. We three graduated together. We were the three muskateers. We had many good experiences together.

One day as we were going fishing, we three, on the way we took our 22's with us to shoot squirrels. We were on our way out to Battle Creek, we were going up to fish in the Bear River. There was a dog off to the side of the road.

3

Karl said to me, "Let's see you scare that dog." So I took my 22, tried to aim just far enough over it to scare it good and I hit it. That's how good of shot I was. Killed the dog. The owner wasn't too far away. We started on our way, which we shouldn't have done but we did. And he caught up with us, took us back to the judge in Preston. That's the only time in my life I have ever been before a judge. But when the judge, who was a good friend of all of our fathers, saw who we were, he turned us loose. He gave us a little talking too, but he turned us loose. So that was my only experience in court.

As I said before I had a happy life at home. I had other experiences, I used to have to herd the hogs and also the cows out of the North forty. We didn't have many fences at this time and I would be on my pony. It would get tiresome those long hours. And so one day there was a large bull coming down the road, a holstein bull, and I was herding the herd of cows with our little own bull in the herd. I thought of how it would be fun to see a bull fight. I'd seen bullfights before and so I opened the gate and let the bull in. He hit our little bull right on the front leg and broke his leg. That was the only time that my father ever spat on me. I didn't blame him. He came up and I was on the pony and he gave me a spat on the leg and then a talking too. But my father was a very kind father and he was out of patience that day. That was the only time that he ever got really out of patience with me. I got out of patience at him a time or two.

Well while we are on the subject of father. The summer between my sophomore and junior year in high school, father and I had words, we didn't look at something alike. We had a problem between us and it made me mad. I came into the house and said, "Mother, I am going to leave home." I went upstairs to pack my belongings, which weren't very many. There was a drape between the downstairs and the upstairs and I could hear downstairs. A little later father came in after he'd finished the chores and I heard my mother say, "Taft," that was my father's middle name, "you go up there and make it right with that boy." I was wrong and Father was right, but he came up and made it right with me. I always knew when mother really meant what she said. She had such a sense of humor that sometimes we didn't know when she was serious or when she wasn't. But when we heard her say "Taft" to father we knew that she meant what she said. Father loved Mother so much that he would never go against her wishes and so Father came upstairs and we made amends. I didn't even get out to the front gate to leave home.

We used to go to church in the old rock schoolhouse. It had a big stove in the middle of the chapel. I remember one night we went down to practice a play for the MIA. I rode my white pony down, so I loved very much, I

7

tied him up at the store and it was one of those telephone poles that had hooks on that you walked up. While I was in there he had cut the rope that was around his neck and one of those hooks and backed up and it choked him. When I came out there he was just hanging dead. That was one of the most unhappy days in my whole life. Father soon got me another pony. Father and Mother both knew that I was a rather mischievous and shall we say, peppy son of a boy and they must have something for me to do always and so I can never remember a time that I didn't have a pony to ride. So soon I had another pony. All the time up until I went away to school there was always a pony on the farm for me to ride.

Now we used to go to the picture show on Saturday afternoons quite often over to Preston. We would ride our pony over and go to the show and there were always good shows in those days. Tom Nicks and wild west stories there were. Our parents never needed to worry what kind of a show we were going to they were all good.

When I was in high school I used to ride a horse. I'd get up in the mornings, milk the cows, ride over to Preston, tie up my pony, go to school until four o'clock. Then get on my pony, ride back home, four miles, then go home and milk my cows.

Then when I got into Jr. High School I still did the same but I stayed for basketball. We'd practice basketball from about four to six and then it would be dark. I would ride my horse home and in those cold winter nights, went out and still milk my cows. My Father was a very wise Father. No matter what else we had to do or wanted to do we always had our cows waiting for us. He knew that that would bring us home every night. Those were happy two years.

In school I was a substitute guard the first year and my junior year. Then my senior year I was one of the regular players as a guard. That year we went to all-state. The tournament was at Salt Lake City. That was the first time I had been to Salt Lake City. During that year we played Logan High, South Cache, North Cache, and Westside. But the Westside wasn't in our tournament however. But that was probably the best sport for me.

The next year, I'll follow along with the athletics. The next year I got a letter from Burns Brixton in the BYC. He was the coach at the Jr. college in Logan. Inviting me to come down and play basketball, so I loved it so much that I went down. Elmo Keller and I were the two that were on the Preston team that were invited down to play with the BYC. That year we had a wonderful winter of basketball. We played with Ricks College, Dixie College in Ogden,

5

one down in Ephraim, it was called the Jr. College, Utah / Idaho Jr. College League. That year we were in the finals down at Ephraim. Our last game we were playing Ricks for the championship. We beat them one point in the third overtime. You know I thought that was the happiest a person could be. That night as we beat Ricks. On our way home, it was so far you know clear to Logan in those days, that we just came to Salt Lake and we had to take the Bamburger on up. We stayed overnight in Salt Lake. We stayed at the Newhouse Hotel and we were celebrating. I remember that night we really had a pillow fight. We all were staying in one big room and I guess the management got rather out of patience with us that night because we did keep people up longer than we should have done. But we really had a pillow fight that night. Well I would of gone on to school and played basketball but my arches, I had flat feet, and this last year I had to tape up my arches every time I played. So I just decided I guess I will have to give up basketball as far as playing for a college team.

So rather than go back to BYC, the next year I went down to BYU. But I didn't go out for athletics anymore. But I used to play at home some and in the gym in the Whitney Ward, but the church didn't have any athletics at that time. So we didn't have any church leagues. So about all I did was just practice with the boys in Whitney for fun.

That year at the BYU I met Thomas Martin. He was the Agronomy professor at the Y. All I wanted to take was religion and agriculture. I didn't want to keep journals because I didn't want to go on in school and teach or anything. He gave me A's in all my studies and I didn't have to keep any journals so I learned to love Thomas Martin. The following year I went back to the Y. During those few years I took all the courses that they taught in agriculture and agronomy and also in Livestock. Just took what I wanted and took notes of the things that I wanted to remember because I knew I was going to be a farmer.

Well let us go back now to days on the farm, the work. The earliest I can remember of real work was thinning the Sugar beets. Father was called on a mission in 1911, when I was about seven years old and so T and Joe and I were the only three old enough to really work. I didn't do much the first year. But we used to go off and thin a lot of Sugar Beets. Then from then on until I was out of high school, every spring I used to thin sugar beets and every fall I used to top sugar beets and then of course hoe them.

When Father came home from his mission, then of course we did it on the farm more.

6

But while we were gone the farm was rented so it wasn't in beets. So we went off to work for my uncles.

At one time I had seven uncles in Whitney. My Fathers and my Mothers brothers and my Aunt Kates husband, which made him Uncle George. Those uncles were wonderful men to me and those aunts; anytime I would come to their places I had to have something to eat and I did work for all those uncles on the farm. In the hay and the sugar beets and they were so kind and good to me that I just learned to love them all. Later on they were still there most of them when I was made Bishop of the ward and oh how they did support me as a bishop. But that's getting way ahead now let's go back to the farm again. We also

We also had a dry farm. In the fall of the year we would go to cut the grain and I used to run the headerbox. On those old west, facing west slopes along in August, when we were cutting those dry heading, it go so hot that oh how I wished I could get down in that green beet patch, where it wasn't so hot. But we had to get the grain cut and then we could go down in the green beet patch.

We named one of the farms Jerusalem, because it was so steep where we used to cut the grain.

I had many happy memories of Henry Mockli, who just passed away this summer at the age of 95. He used to work on the header all the time. He was from Switzerland. He was one of the happiest, honest, men that I ever knew. He used to be the loader on the headerbox, the hardest job of the whole header crew, which consisted of about six men and twenty or twenty-five horses. He used to come from one headerbox over to the other just wringing wet from the hot sun but he would smile and say, "Everything is just running smooth." That was a great lesson to a teenager, to know that no matter how hard the work was if you took the right attitude you were happy. He was always happy. So that was really good for me during those years that I work with Brother Henry Mockli on the header.

As I said before, every night after work, we would go down to Whitney Square and there we would play ball until it got dark to play a game and then we would just knock flies until it got so dark that we couldn't see a ball in the air at all. Then we'd go back home, go to bed, get up again the next morning about five o'clock, milk the cows, and get ready for another days work, either on the header or out in the sugar beets. They were hard days but oh how we would enjoy them. We didn't seem to get tired because we still had pep enough every night to go down to the square and play ball.

6

7

Well, during those years we had some happy times in the church. As I said this one time we were practicing I believe that's the only play I was ever in. I can't remember the name of it now, was when my horse hung himself. But we had many good teachers in Sunday School. I was kind of a tender-hearted chap when I was little. I had Aunt Kathinka, Father's youngest sister as my first Sunday School teacher. When it came time for me to be promoted to the next class, I said to Mother, "I don't want to be promoted, I want Aunt Kathinka." And I just cried and cried, because I had to go into another class. So my church activities in Whitney were happy days. Except this one time. As I got older and went into the mutual, we had some exceptionally happy times in the MIA. In those days about all MIA was was learning to sing and playing games. When I was about fifteen, scouting came to Whitney.

It had been in the church for about a year or two, but not very long and oh what fun we had. Bid Weaver and T were our scoutmasters. One year, the first year, that we had scouting in Whitney we decided to all go to Bear Lake. We were supposed to hike to Willow Flat. We went up to Willow Flat. We had two buggies to carry our food and bedding; and I had the privilege of driving one of the buggies. As Brother Bodily said, "You can take my horse if Orval drives." It was 'Little Nellie' and she was a runaway horse. So we couldn't take her unless I would drive her because I was used to driving her. So I got to ride all the way. I really did want to hike. That night at the Willow Flat, it rained and rained and we all got soaked. So instead of going over the mountain as we were going to do we went around the Old German Dug Way. Got to Paris that night in Bear Lake and we hung our clothes bedding all along the fence to dry. Then we hiked to Fish Haven the next night. We stayed there for two weekes, played games, cooked our own food; twenty-four of us and our two scoutmasters. We also had boats and went across the lake to the hot springs and had swimming in the hot springs. Swam in the lake everyday and had a wonderful time.

We went back by way of Logan Canyon, everybody hiked but two of us who drove the buggies. We got down into Logan Canyon and camped. Then the parents came with cars and took them all home. Then I drove the buggy home to North Logan one day, camped that night, then drove the buggy home the next day. So that was one of our happiest scout trips in my day. Now let's go to the farm again.

After I became about twenty-one, T and I purchased the farm from Father. The first experience I had on the farm was when we got lambs. Another experience was when we had . We'll go from there now. That was a year before I left for the mission field. We built a dairy on the farm where we bottled milk, took the milk to Preston and delivered it. That was quit an experience.

5

In the Fall of 1927 a 90-pound year-old young girl came up from American Fork to work for her sister. I'd seen her before a time or two, met her a time or two before. But, that summer we were together most of the summer. One of the experiences we had was with Willis Dunkley and his girlfriend and Lourena and I. We took our horses and went up Cub River. We rode those horses over through Franklin Basin and got lost. It was getting dark so we found a stream and followed that stream. We were going to go to Willow Flat that night but we got lost, so we knew we couldn't get back over there. So we found a stream that was going towards the East and we just followed it down and we came to Bear Lake, it was way after dark and we were tired. And were the girls tired so we stayed there that night. The girls stayed in a house with a family and we slept out in the barn. Then the next day we got on our horses again, rode up over the mountain, and then back into Willow Flat and we got home that night. That's how I tested my future wife to see if she could take it. She sure could. We spent the rest of that summer three or four nights a week going to Bear Lake and going on different trips.

Then that Fall, in October, I got a call to go on a mission. I was to go on a mission to Denmark. We went down to the mission home.

Lourena had gone back to American Fork, it was time for school to start. She was, I think a junior at the BYU that year.

It was really a good mission home, that we should be in our rooms by nine o'clock. But I wanted to go down and see Lourena. So I went down to American Fork and made arrangements with one of the other missionaries, because I knew that I couldn't get back by nine o'clock, because the train didn't come back that soon. So I made arrangements with one of the missionaries in the mission home to let me in when I came back. So I got back about one o'clock and he opened the door for me so I could get in.

Well the next day we took off for Denmark. Lourena, Father and Mother, and one or two other members of the family were there to say goodbye to me; which was along in October. It took us about three weekes before we made it to Denmark. We stopped along the way a time or two in the states. At the Hill Cumorah and some of the other historical landmarks.

We got in Denmark, we didn't know any Danish whatever. It was nearly time for Christmas. It was about the first of December now. I was sent with Elder Hansen over to Silkeborg. Christmas came along, the week of Christmas, Elder Hansen wanted to go and visit some of his converts for the holidays. So all of us left with Brother and Sister Thompson and their six children to spend Christmas. They couldn't speak a word of English and I couldn't speak a word

9

a word of Danish; I'd only been there a few weeks. I spent a week with that family. I truly learned to love them. They kept me from getting home sick, even though we couldn't understand each other. It was a glorious week with them.

I spent over two years in Denmark on a mission. I had a patriarchal blessing and I had a blessing in the mission home which said that I would lead souls into the church. I'd been there about sixteen months; had been transferred over to Aarhus and hadn't had a convert yet with my contacts. I was beginning to wonder what was wrong. Was it something I hadn't done that I should have done.

One day I went tracting. I went alone, I went alone a lot on my mission because I was a companion to two district presidents. These presidents would go and visit their own districts and the other missionaries. So that left me alone in the office so I could either work in the books or go visiting the saints or I could go tracting if I wanted to. So I did most of the time, even though it wasn't the best to go alone most of the time.

This day I decided I wasn't going to get on my bicycle and go out into the country. I was just going to take some charts and just go around a couple of blocks. This mission home where we were living had been there for many many years. And yet a block and a half from the mission home a lady invited me in. Sister Nielsen she became. I had the privilege from that home, of baptizing Brother and Sister Nielsen, two teenage daughters, Sister Nielsen's brother, and I believe one other. Just from that one contact that day. Now this Sister Nielsen, she became quite a lady. I baptized her just as we were leaving to come home from my mission.

Later on I got a letter from one of the saints that said she had become rather inactive in the church. First she became president of the Relief Society in the Aarhus Branch. But then the war was out. And then I get a letter after the war was over, that was World War II. That Sister Nielsen had been on the underground for her country; a spy for her own country. She couldn't tell the saints what she was doing. That's why they thought she was inactive. But she had become very active again.

Two of her daughters immigrated to Salt Lake. One day on Temple Square, not too long ago, one middle-aged lady came up to me. She said, "Hello, Elder Benson, you don't remember me. I'm a teenage daughter that you knew in Denmark forty years ago." Then we started to talk and she said, "do you remember after I was baptized I came to you and said, 'Elder Benson, my boyfriend wants to get married but he doesn't belong to the church, should I marry him?' Do you know what you told me? I said, 'I don't remember what I told you.'" She said, "You told me I wasn't to marry him until he was a good faithful latter-day saint." And you know I went and told that and he was so mad, he could of killed you.

10

Well, I'd like to introduce him to you. This is the young man he's a bishop here in Salt Lake now.

Well, we never know when we baptize a person in the mission field just what will happen thereafter. Well, let's go back now to the mission field.

I had the experience of laboring in Aarhus for about sixteen months. I had the privilege of being district president the latter part of that time. I had the privilege of baptizing different others. We had a young lady who used to come and play the piano for us all the time. She never said anything about she wanting to be baptized, but she was there all the time. We'd mention it, but she wouldn't say anything. Finally, just before I was released, she came up to me one day and said, "Elder Benson, I'd like you to baptize me before you leave." So I baptized her. I had the privilege of baptizing nine into the church who were my contacts. So I was happy again that I had been promised before I left that I would be the means of helping those not knowing the gospel to come into the church.

Elder Larsen and I were released from our missions together. It was along in the late fall of 1929. We traveled down through Europe, Germany, France, then crossed the English Channel and boarded the Great *Leviathan*, the greatest boat afloat. We'd been told that it was a very happy voyage across the ocean on the Great *Leviathan* and we were looking forward to it. About a day out everyone seemed to be so sad and gloomy. We went to the Captain to ask him what was wrong. He said, Haven't you heard? and we said, Heard what? The stock market has priced New York. Well, what did the stock market mean to two missionaries who had been teaching the gospel for two years. Didn't have any meaning to us. Well, we were happy coming across but everyone else was so sad.

I got home New Year's Day. That night I went up to the farm, Father had built a new home in Whitney across the road from the church while I was gone. And so the farm was a mile and a half up the road. I went up to the farm and milked the cows that night. We had a lovely herd of holstein cows, purebred cows.

I owed for my mission, at this time, and I owed for those cows. Butterfat was 70¢ a pound and I figured out in two or three years I could be out of debt. In just a short time, Butterfat was down to just 17¢ a pound. Then it got down to 15¢ a pound. I went into the bank where I owed the money. Brother Salsbury was there, he

smiled as I came in and he said, "Would you like some advice?" I was taught to never take advice from in the church, I did my way. Well, I said to him, "I sure would like some advice." He said, "First, you better sell the cows." I said, "Sell the cows, that's my life's work." He said, "I know but this is going to last too long, you'll lose every month you keep it." Well, I knew now that stock market had priced in Whitney, Idaho. He said, "Go sell the cows and then come back in and we'll talk about the debts that you owe here." I went and sold those lovely \$250 cows for \$35 and \$40 a head. Came back in and I said, "Brother Salsbury now how will I pay you back." He said, "We'll just make out a note here and you sign it. When you can pay it, you come and pay it, I won't bother you." What a wonderful bank. It was four years before I paid one penny on that bank.

Well the depression is bad. Everything is cheap. Seems like somebody had gathered up all of the money and buried it.

Fall came along, this would be the fall of 1930 or 1931. We had to feed on the farm. We hadn't paid Father anything on the farm except the interest to this time. I had to feed by Barley and Hay, you could sell it, but you wouldn't get any money for it. No one had any money. I sold one stack of hay a couple of years later. It was ten years later before I got paid for it. That's how tough it was to get money.

So Brother Salsbury was the first man who came into my life during those depression years. And I'd like to pay tribute now to five men along with him. Four others that came to my rescue because I wasn't prepared financially for a depression.

I went to Father, I'd been on my own now for years. I went to Father and said, "Father would you go to your bank and sign your name with me to borrow money to buy something to feed this feed too." I couldn't borrow money from my bank. There was two banks in Preston at this time. Father said, "Well, I guess that's the only thing we can do." So he did. We bought some land.

Later on that fall, the first of December. Father was in the Stake Presidency. Brother Carlson said to Father one night after meeting, "Why doesn't your missionary boy get married?" Father jokingly said, "I don't know, but it could be he hasn't got enough money to buy the furniture." Brother Carlson said, "You tell him to come get anything he wants. He can pay for it when he wants too."

12

I knew a girl that wanted to get married. So I said to Lourena, "let's do it." So we took Brother Carlson up on the furniture. We didn't pay him anything for almost four years on the furniture. We got married December of 1923. After we had courted two years after the mission and a year before the mission. They were happy years but they were hard years.

But when we got married I didn't have any money to buy groceries. For two years I had eaten with Mother, had my feet under her table and Father had bought the groceries. A young bride can live on love for a little while but she soon gets hungry.

Uncle Lou Ballif was running the Whitney store. I went in and said Uncle Lou we need some groceries but I don't have any money. I can't pay you until next Fall and then maybe I can't pay you. He said, "Okay, come and get what you need." That was the third man that came to my rescue.

Uncle Lou and I had become good pals though. We had corresponded with each other for two years while I was in the mission field. He ran the store and the post office together. Every week when Mother would write a letter and she wrote faithfully every week. Uncle Lou would write a long on the edge of the outside of the letter, "News about Whitney." And when I'd write Mother every week I would write on the outside of the letter, "News about Denmark." So we had corresponded for two years without any extra postage. So we had become real good pals.

The next fall, rolled around, it was a happy year. We had made just enough money from sugar beets to pay our grocery bill.

So I said to Father again, "Father should we try it again, you know we didn't lose anything." I have to pay tribute to Father who, if we would of lost anything, he would of lost it. Because I didn't have a penny to lose. Father was having a hard time, many of the young children were still at home.

We borrowed money again. This year we bought cattle, we bought choice feeder steers for 4¢ a pound; 120 of them. Had them until the next April and sold them for 4¢ a pound, we just broke even. Paid not what the feeders were. Hay at \$4.00 a ton and beef pulp at 25¢ a ton. So we didn't make any money that year.

Now that we come along until the fall of 1934. In August of 1934 Father passed away. There I was, owed Brother Salsbury at the Bank. The other bank had loaned us money, for about three years with Father's signature. I owed Brother Carlson for our furniture. And Uncle Lou for

13
the groceries for a year. But we did get enough from our Beef check so we could pay him a little later after Father died in August.

I went to Father's bank and I said to the cashier, "Can I borrow some money?" He knew how much I owed at the other bank. He said, "Well, I guess. Take this check here," because I wasn't checking there. I was checking over at the other bank, that is, I don't believe I was checking at all. "Take this check, go buy your cattle, get them home, and then come in and sign a note to cover this check." So I bought cattle that fall, 3 1/4 a pound. So you can see how cheap things were. Went back into the bank. And the cashier shook his head. He said, "We just can't. And I couldn't see how he could either. There I was I had the cattle home and I had this check that wouldn't be any good. And the man I bought the cattle from was losing money more than I was. I was in a pickle. I needed another friend. I already had Brother Salsbury, Father, Brother Carlson, and Uncle Lou that had come to my rescue and now I needed another.

So I turned to Thomas Heath, he was the superintendant of the Sugar Factory. Father had been working for him, he had been his field manager for seven years. I'd never done it. Mr. Heath, he was the only one that wasn't a member of the church in Whitney. He lived in Preston, however, but his factory was in Whitney. I went into his office at the Sugar Factory and I said, "Tom", I guess I said Mr. Heath at that time, but I always called him Tom after that. We became bosom friends after this. Told him my story. He never asked one question. He just wrote a little note on the pad on his desk signed his name to it. He said take this to a bank in Pocatello that is just opening up, the PCA, and see if they will give you money. He didn't say they would he said just see if they'll give you money to cover that check.

So Lourena and I got in the old model A Ford that we had been borrowing from Jo, my brother, Drove it up to Pocatello, about the longest trip it had had. We got the money, came back and paid the note at the bank.

Then along in November the roof fell in. That's a matter of speech. Brother Barton came down and President Barton came down to Whitney, to sustain me Bishop of the Whitney Ward. I didn't want to be Bishop. I was in too financial difficulties at that time to be Bishop. A Bishop is supposed to be able to advise the people in a temporal way. I could tell them what not to do but I couldn't tell them what to do.

14
But you don't say no in this church. That is, I wasn't taught to say no in the church.

Father was gone, I owed all this money. We were expecting our second child, Kent. Oh, I forgot to tell you about Orval C, but I'll tell that later. Now we better tell it right now.

The night that Orval C was to come into the world, I think it was on a Tuesday night. I decided not to go to MIA because Lourena said she didn't feel too good. But we were sitting there, eating candy or popcorn or something and we thought that's what it was. She started having pains, low and behold they kept coming. And we were in four feet of snow, couldn't get to our place only in a bobsled. So we called Dr. Cutler, and told him to come down to the Whitney church. After we called Dr. Cutler we called George T. down by the church in the new home, and asked him if he would get a sleigh ready so that when Dr. Cutler came he could bring him up to the farm and get through with his car. So George T. did, he brought Dr. Cutler and his sister up and Orval C. came into the world.

You might say he was born in a snow drift.

Our next son, our next child, was Kent. He was born in the new home Father had passed away by this time and we were living in the new home. For that winter while they decided what to do with it. But when he was ready we called Dr. Orval but couldn't find him. We were beginning to get worried but finally Dr. Allen called and said, "Do you need any help and we said we sure do. So Dr. Allen came and delivered Kent into the world. The next child was Mignon.

Mother went to the hospital for Mignon, she was born with a weak heart and only lived for a short time. This was the first real sadness that came into our home. She was so weak that mother had to feed her with an eye dropper, she really didn't have strength to even nurse. She was a beautiful little girl.

Our next child was Larry. Larry was really welcome into our home because when you lose a child or a baby a new baby helps take away the pain and the sorrow of the one we lost. So he was really welcome in our home. He was also born in the farm home with Dr. Orval.

The next child was Morris, now Morris he waited so long that Christmas was almost here. Mother was going to go to the hospital to get Morris.

73

But when he waited so long she didn't want to be in the hospital. During Christmas time she waited right up to the time then called Dr. Orval and told him to come up to the farm so Morris was born on the farm also in the farm home so that Mother could be home for Christmas.

Our next child was Marsha. I think Mother decided she wanted a daughter badly. Well, Mignon was born in the hospital so maybe if I go to the hospital I'll get a daughter so she went to the hospital and lo and behold Marsha came and she was a daughter. She was a girl and was she welcomed after having four boys in the home out on the farm. So for Marsha to come to our house she was really a welcome.

Our last was Vaughn, our last child. Now Vaughn was almost born on a load of hay. That day Mother was going to go up with the family to plant the garden up at the waste ditch. And then she said, "You children go up and plant the garden and I'll go with daddy to get a load of hay. We went down to Fairville to the Jensen farm and we both got the load of hay. But Mother decided she had to hurry to get to the hospital, she wasn't going to the hospital she was going to Sister Harris' home, and so we went up to the house. That lady at the house there where we got the hay didn't have a car. So we went up to the neighbors and found a lady there that had a car. She drove us the rest of the way to Preston and when we got to Sister Harris' home and no one was home we went in and I got on the telephone and tried to call doctor and Mother got on the bed and Vaughan came with just Mother and I in the house and I was trying to get the doctor on the telephone. No pain but he was alright until the doctor came and all things worked out.

You as a family have only brought joy into my life, I am very proud of you just continue on as you are doing. You will be happy and the Lord will bless you. I would like to bear my testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel to you. That the gospel is true, Joseph Smith the prophet did see the father and the son in the sacred grove. That all the prophets since his day have been called of the Lord and are true prophets. Now the greatest thing in your life is to build up the kingdom of God. God does live, our Savior lives, it will bring you the most joy of anything you can do as you have found already. So give it all you've got. The scripture says faith without works is dead, is surely true.

16

My Father gave me some advice along working in the church at one time. He said don't worry or concern yourself about those who are put in authority over you in the church. The Lord will take care of them, you just concern yourself about those you might be in charge of and the Lord will bless you and even if those over you do wrong, if you follow them you will be blessed and be happy. And I have found that that is very true. Now let's go back to where I left my life story on work in the church.

I was released as Bishop after seven years and the happiest years of my life up to that time and then I was called on the high council. The day that we were called, three of us, called at the same time, President George Albert Smith, he was president of the Qurorum of the twelve at that time. He came to our stake and he took we three brethren in to the high council room and said, "Now these chairs are occuppied by the high council. You sit according to seniority on the council. I didn't know that before. He said, these three chairs you will occupy now you are junior members of the high council. Then he gave me some wonderful advice, "remember the Lord expects you to voice your opinion on every question and every problem before this council." He didn't say, we expect to or the stake presicency expects you to. But he said the lord expects you to. That was a great lesson to me. That when we except a job in the church we are working for the Lord only and the lord expects us to give all we got and voice our opinnon on any question or problem that comes before any council that we might be on. I was on the high council for fourteen years. I was chairman of the Melchizedek Priesthood, first, and I was chairman of the Aaronic Priesthood next under the Stake Presidency. I enjoyed my work on the high council very much. The thing that was hardest was to go to the wards to preach on a Sunday in Sacrament Meeting that was my hardest job in the church. But the Lord blessed me. I never went but I went before the Lord in Prayer and generally fasted for a meal or two before and then the Lord was always there with his spirit so I did enjoy it after it was over. Especially after those fourteen years we three figured we were going to be released because we figured we had been on too long. Elder A. Binnion came to our conference took us in the same high council room and said, "Brethren, I had a few moments with President McKay before I came and we went over the agenda of the conference. And then President McKay thought for a moment and then said, "Elder Bennion if those three brethren don't want to be released you are not to release them." Tears came to our eyes when Brother Bennion said that. To think that we had been on the council for fourteen years and then a kind prophet who only knew us by name wasn't going to hurt anyone's feelings alright alright he said, if any one of them doesn't want

to be released you are not to release them. That taught me a great lesson that when you can work in the church if you are doing what the Lord wants him too without hurting the feelings of anyone. Well, we were released in just a short time. I was called to be President of the High Priest Quorum. Then for the next five years that was a happy experience. We had had a livestock project in the high priest quorum and we had been very successful for five years. Then this the last year we knew we were to be released because they were changing the form and putting it under the direction of the Stake Presidency. At the time it came to sell our 90 head of big holstein steers that the members of the quorum feed some of them a year, some of them six months. We couldn't sell them and get as much as we'd payed for them. So we went to the Lord to ask him if it was alright if we put them on feed. We weren't going to take our loss yet ~~if~~ it was alright with the Lord. We presented to the quorum and they left it up to us as a quorum presidency. So we three presidency and our two secretaries, one Sunday afternoon in our council meeting. We all got on our knees and we asked the Lord if it was his will we wanted to put these cattle on feed and not take any a loss at this time. We generally had someone to open our meeting and the others would sit. But this day we had to know so we got on our knees, when we got up off our knees one of the brethren said, 'Well, no question now is there.' Wasn't any question. Everyone of us felt the same that we were to feed them. Well, I won't tell you the details of the next two months. But we fed them for a little over two months. Every thing came right for us we found somebody to feed them and we found some feed that we didn't have to pay for until after we had them fed. We sent them down to Ogden and Swifter Company killed them. The price had come up in the meantime, fat ones were higher, so we sold them. It was one of our best years.

The Stake Presidency wouldn't take over the high priest quorum until this project was over. They said they didn't want a thing to do with it. So as soon as the project was over why the next Sunday we were released.

That Sunday night at home I asked the Lord if I could teach in the Whitney Sunday School. I hadn't had a teaching job too much teaching for a long while. I had been Bishop, on the high council, superintendant of the Sunday School, and High Priest Quorum. During all those years I hadn't had much chance to teach. I taught Sunday School before I went in the mission field, I though I'd like to teach. And Believe it or not before the next Sunday, in fact, it was on a Friday evening, the superintendancy of the Whitney Sunday School came out and asked if I'd teach the young marrieds in the Whitney Sunday School. So if you want a job in the church you don't tell the Bishop you don't tell the Stake President or the Sunday School Superintendant. You just tell the Lord and he'll relay it in

15
the proper channel. I'm still teaching the class it's been thirteen years and it's been one of the greatest joys of my life.

Now let's go to something else in the city play. I worked on the grain growers committee, Franklin county grain growers for many many years and I worked on Franklin county Beet growers first and then the grain growers for many many years. Then I also worked as chairman of the Whitney Nashville Water Works.. The culinary water for many many years. Those were happy jobs. A lot of good men in Franklin county that worked iwth during those years. I was on those committees for 25 to 30 years.

A few of the men that I worked with was Brother Thomas Heath again. The one that had did me a favor younger in life. Father had died and I was working on the committee and closely after work with the Franklin commission I ran into a problem between the wheat growers and the sugar beets. And I was the one to go and see Thomas Heath because of Fathers friendship with him. So I became very good friends with Thomas Heath. He always gave us what we wanted. Oh, He'd argue with me and say we didn't need a dime, this wasn't the right thing to do. Then another day or another week he'd always come and give us what we asked for. So those were happy years. Those were happy jobs, along with my church work.

One or two things, experiences I've had when I lived home. When I was just a boy, Grandfather Benson, Goerge T. Benson Sr., been our bishop in the Whitney for 23 years was moving to Logan. He loaded some of his furniture on a hay rack and with a team of horses, he and I took that furniture clear to Logan, It took us all day long. He left me in Logan to play with Wilbur Parkinson. While he came back and got another load it took two or three days. So I had two long nights, two long days, with Grandpa Benson all along on a hay rack going to Logan and back.

Another experience I had. One 24th of July after I came from the mission field. They were having a rodeo in Whitney, we always used to have them before I left, and I used to like to break wild colts and ride bucking calves when I was a boy in my young life. Home off a mission and they were holding a rodeo in Whitney. Nothing would do but I come out of the shoot on an animal. Well, I didn't want too, I was out of practice for two years. But they talked us into it. So Howard Ballif and I came out on a bull. The old bull just walked out, stood there, then all at once, threw us both into the air and I came down on my head and I lost my memory for three days. Well, that was the end of my riding wild horses or calves or cows or anything. I felt now that I was out of practice and was too old. I kept riding my pony, but I didn't ride anything that had to be broken after that.

My lifes work in farming has been very enjoyable. Especially the cattle. The cattle has been very good to us. We made a good living. We didn't get rich but we made a right-good living.

Some of the things I used to say and I still believe. That an apple a day will keep the the doctor away. So I give that as my only advice on health. An apple a day will keep the doctor away.

Well, I don't know what else I could say that would be of worth as a life history. Except that now I enjoy my grandchildren. And Today I am down in Tennessee with Marsha and Dale and their six children. Remember they just had a new baby girl. So we had to come down and see the daughter.

But if I think of something while I'm still here, I'll add to this. But for right now, Goodbye.

I don't believe I gave an experience when I was bishop. We as a bisopric decided that depression or no depression every boy and many of the girls were going on missions. As I remember in the seven years there was three that didn't go . One of those that didn't go here, a few years ago, when his own son was coming home from a mission, in the foyer of the Whitney Church he came up and said, "Bishop Benson, do you remember where we were when you asked me to go on a mission?" and I said, "Well, I don't remember where, but I must have asked you because we asked everyone." He said, "We were out in the west field, I was on the cultivator and you came out and asked me to go on a mission and I turned you down. I said, I won't go on a mission. My Father is just too poor." Then he said, " I'm no richer today than I would of been if I had gone, I just as well had gone."

One of the others that didn't go. While I was up in Idaho Falls at the auction visiting Orval C., was down in the front row buying cattle. A middle-aged man came over and said, "Bishop Benson, How are you?" I said, "I'm just fine, but who are you?" He said, Do you remember about 35 years ago in the Whitney Ward there was a young man who wouldn't go on a mission because he wanted to get married? I said, I sure remember a young man that didn't want to go because of marriage, because that was the only one that didn't want to go for that reason. He said, "Well, I'm that young man." We talked for a while and then I said to him. "What are you doing in the church?" He said, Well, I'm a bishop trying to get every young man to go on a mission." This was during the depression and almost every person that could go under any condition all went on missions.

Another experience on the farm. Mother and Father when they got their home, the home where we're living now. They made it a rule that no tea or coffee would be served in that home. The Thrashers were coming and they were going to eat supper and breakfast and dinner there. And Mother knew that some of those men dranked coffee. And a man that drinks coffee and can't have his coffee in the mornings is not happy at Breakfast. Well, Mother with her wonderful disposition and sense of humor, those sparkling black eyes. She made some good mormon coffee, you all know what it is, and then she went around to each Brother she'd call them by Brother. Brother so and so would you like another cup of coffee. Then she'd smile at them, Would you like another cup of coffee? And you know by the time they were through, those three meals and all that wonderful pumpkin pie and apple pie that she made at dinner. They all still loved her just as much if she served coffee or not.



Lourena Mary Clayson Benson

LIFE HISTORY OF LOURENA MAY CLAYSON BENSON

Lourena May Clayson, the seventh child and fourth daughter in the family, was born in the spring month of May. Lourena was named for Lorena Chipman, who later became Mrs. Harvey Fletcher, and the nineteen hundred sixty-six American Mother of the year. When Lourena was named, a gold bracelet with three gold heart was presented to her by Lorena Chipman, which she wore for many years. This started a lasting friendship between the two.

At an early age her love for education was shown by her aptitude for reading. This ability was appreciated by a father and mother who were loving and kind. Many mornings found Lourena in her parents' bed, reading the papers to them. This early attention proved to a blessing in encouraging her progress.

Her father had spent many years teaching school, and on school boards, so the family had a great desire to measure up in scholarship and leadership, and be their better selves. The motto of "Never Be Late" carried Lourena through the first grades of school with certificates for being neither absent nor tardy.

Mrs. Music Lady was a title given to Lourena wherever she lived. Throughout her life, her talent in music has been shared with, and has blessed many people. At an early age she had a desire to play, and showed talent for harmonizing melodies. She devoted long hours to acquiring skill on the piano and organ. In the sixth and seventh grades at the Forbes School in American Fork she played the marches and songs. At twelve years she accepted the organist work for the Third Ward Primary organization. since that time she has continuously occupied some position in the church music field.

The early church organs were reeds. Pumping with both feet, while pressure came, and resting both knees against the side expression swells made the instruments far less exciting to play than the lovely pipe organs which have been installed in our modern stake centers, or the fine electric organs afforded the wards now throughout the church. This early experience gave her a desire and appreciation for fine instruments and interest in their care. this appreciation has been instilled into students and church music associates throughout her life through private lessons, and supervision of church music courses.

Through sacrifice on the part of the parents, this love for music was rewarded with lessons from good teachers, both in high school and college, and during many years of adulthood. The family tried diligently and profitably to use time and money to become accomplished enough to give unselfishly for others. Through high school and college Lourena acted as private accompanist for Mr. K.J. Bird, music teacher in American Fork. She played with the orchestra, operas, glee clubs, choruses and vocalists. Piano was studied with Ernest Paxman, William F. Hanson, and Dean Gerritt DeJong. During her married life she traveled from Idaho to Salt Lake to receive organ instruction from Dr.

Frank Asper. she has been widely appreciated for her accompaniment ability and interpretations.

In high school she graduated as an honor student, both from the school and the LDS Seminary, and participated on both commencement programs. Her first organ entertainment was a solo for Seminary graduation on the pipe organ in the stake house at American Fork. She remembers hearing Brother John J. McClellan play the dedicatory program on that organ. Sidney Sperry was at that time Seminary teacher, and instructed Lourena on the solo. She worked with the MIA recreational work while Jessie F. Steel, her junior high school principal, was supervisor of the Stake Mutual Dell summer program in the canyon.

Several seasons found them directing the Timpanogos glacier hikes, and sliding the glacier. Many evenings were spent with singing around the campfires, while Lourena played the piano. This activity with groups brought much happiness to many people. She could quickly sit to the piano, without music and play the accompaniment for singing.

She was activity counselor in the American Fork Third Ward MIA, and with Bishop Frank Shelley organized an orchestra that played for dances and programs. She received her gleaner pin from that ward. While at BYU she worked with the activity roadshows at the Manava Ward in Provo. The ward won first place.

She attended the BYU for four years, graduating in 1929 with a BS degree. Her major was physical education and playground recreation; her minors were dramatics and music. She was a member of several sport teams, dance groups, and recreation leadership committees. With Miss Wilma Jeppson, then head of the Woman's Physical Education Department, she conducted many social activities under the direction of the BYU. Lourena would socials, as well as accompany for Miss Jeppson. She served on the Public Service Bureau as accompanist and soloist. At that time the student body numbered two thousand.

The Leadership Week were then all held at the college. A week of planned parties was given and assist ward leaders. Social dances for ward parties were demonstrated. The piano was used for all accompaniments for these events.

In her senior yea she was president of the Deca Semi Fe social unit. This unit was composed of many good students, and the unit received top rating scholastically. Lourena was also one of six representative students. A song contest was sponsored by the student body, and Lourena won it for the music and lyrics. Prof. LeRoy Robertson was one judge.

The prize money was turned over to the unit page in the Banyan publication. During this time at BYU she also helped with some grade school operettas. After graduation she taught at Provo High School, where she played for Lyceums at the school. She created Maypole dances which were used for the county play day at BY stadium, for the Physical Education Department.

In December of nineteen thirty one, following a five year courtship, the Music Lady, Lourena, changed her role, and became Mrs. Orval D. Benson. this move took her over the Idaho border the beautiful Cache Valley, the Little Switzerland of the West. Many saints have chosen this valley as home because of the mountains and the cool summer nights.

Orval and Lourena came from sturdy, faithful Latter-Day-Saint families. Both had generations of pioneers, who gave up much to embrace the gospel. Orval was a great grand-son of Apostle Ezra Taft Benson, who crossed the plains as a leader with Brigham Young. He was the fourth son of seven in the George Taft Benson home. Grandparents o both families had left countries across the waters to be part of the westward movement, for the sake of the church.

It was little wonder that this couple set their goal for a life of missionary work. they were blessed with five sons and two daughters. One daughter died at the age of two months. All five sons and the one daughter completed full term honorable missions. Orval Sr. led the way with a mission to Denmark before marriage. All have been married in the temples. A seventh missionary was also supported by them. Seven of Orval's brother filled missions, and six of Lourena's brothers and sisters have also.

Their motto has been "The family who plays together, stays together." Family unity and participation in civic, religious and social life has been observed. The parents have supported their every activity wholeheartedly, whether it was track meets, baseball, football, operas, or church activities at home or away. they also believe that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." When the work was done on Saturdays they enjoyed the canyons, swimming, or some form of recreation. the big family lawn provided a neighborhood ball diamond, and in later years was an ideal family park for the grandchildren. There was always good food from the kitchen. Outdoor suppers entertained many families for reunions, or travel treks, when passing through. Pony rides and swinging in the barn on the big rope can be remembered by children of many friends, as well as the family.

Lourena has received three Eagle mother pins and one silver Explorer pin as the boys received their scout awards.

This couple worked together to encourage others to be active in service in the church. While Lourena served on both Primary and MIA stake boards, Orval acted for seven years as bishop of the Whitney Ward. HE also served thirteen years on the Franklin Stake High Council. Part of the time he was senior member. The next five years he was stake high priest president. During these years the stake was successful in operating a beef project, netting money for stake purposes. Beef was annually presented to the Logan Temple. Dinner was served annually to all stake high priest members and their wives. Visits were made to the sick, and a beef treat was given to all the widows at Christmas time. These kindnesses are still remembered by ward and stake members.

Orval and Lourena worked at the Logan Temple. Lourena has been Franklin Stake

organist for twenty five years and helped with organization work. she is a member of the American Guild of Organists, with the Ogden, Utah, chapter. She is a member of AAUW (American Association of University Woman). She has also accompanied for State Farm Bureau conventions.

Their home as always been open to converts and saints from the mission fields, who have come to attend the temple, following their baptism into the church. Many college friends have spent vacations with the family. Many hours of sadness have been made brighter by their unselfish comfort.

They both participate for services in church and funerals. their highest ambition has been to raise an honorable family, who will live to call them blessed, who will love the Lord as have their parents and grandparents, and who will likewise raise honorable families.